The Saturday Evening
POST
April 20, 1957 — 15¢

APR 15 '57
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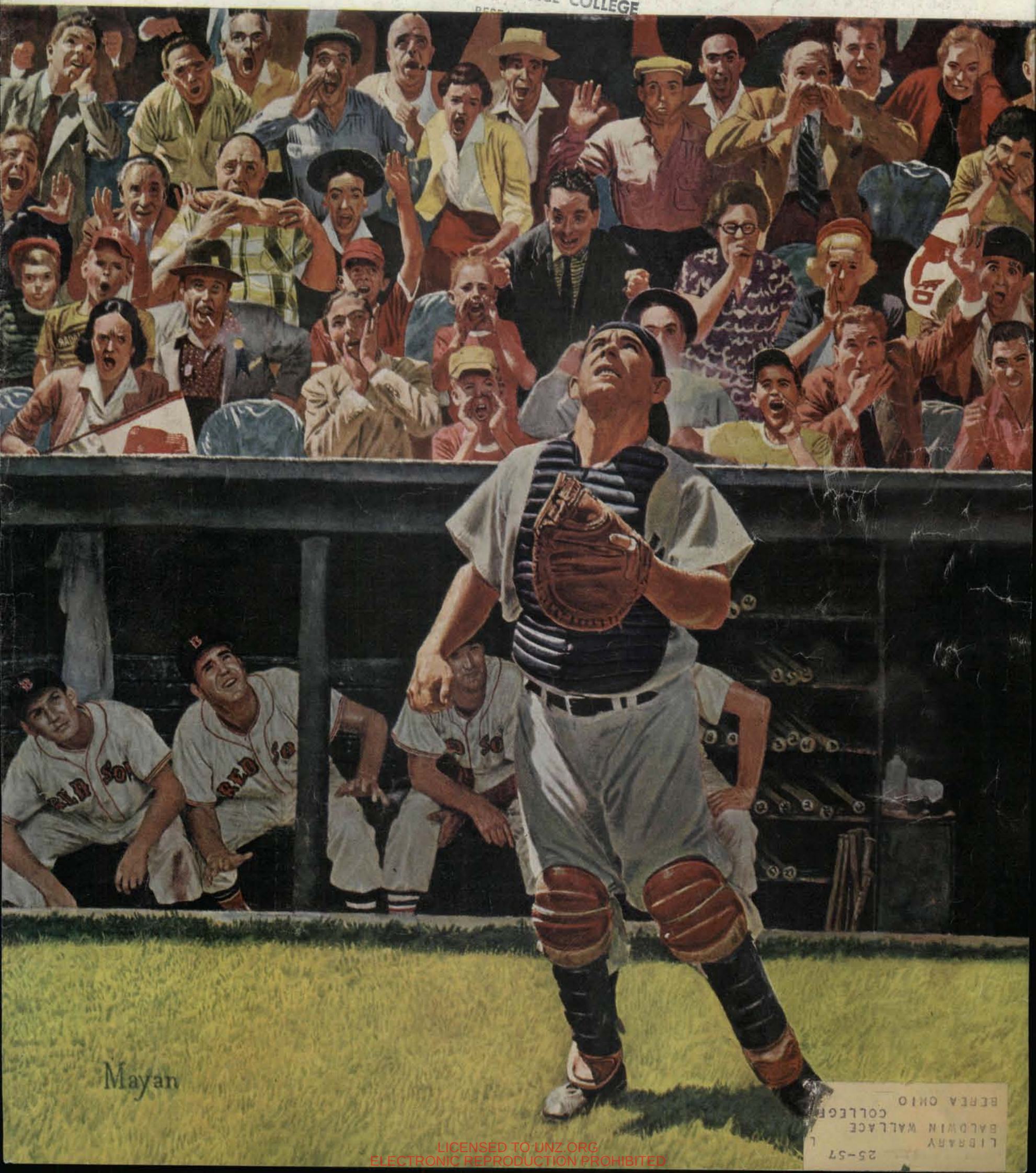
You Can't Afford a Divorce

Warren Spahn Says,
Milwaukee Will Win the Pennant

Singer Harry Belafonte



Mayan

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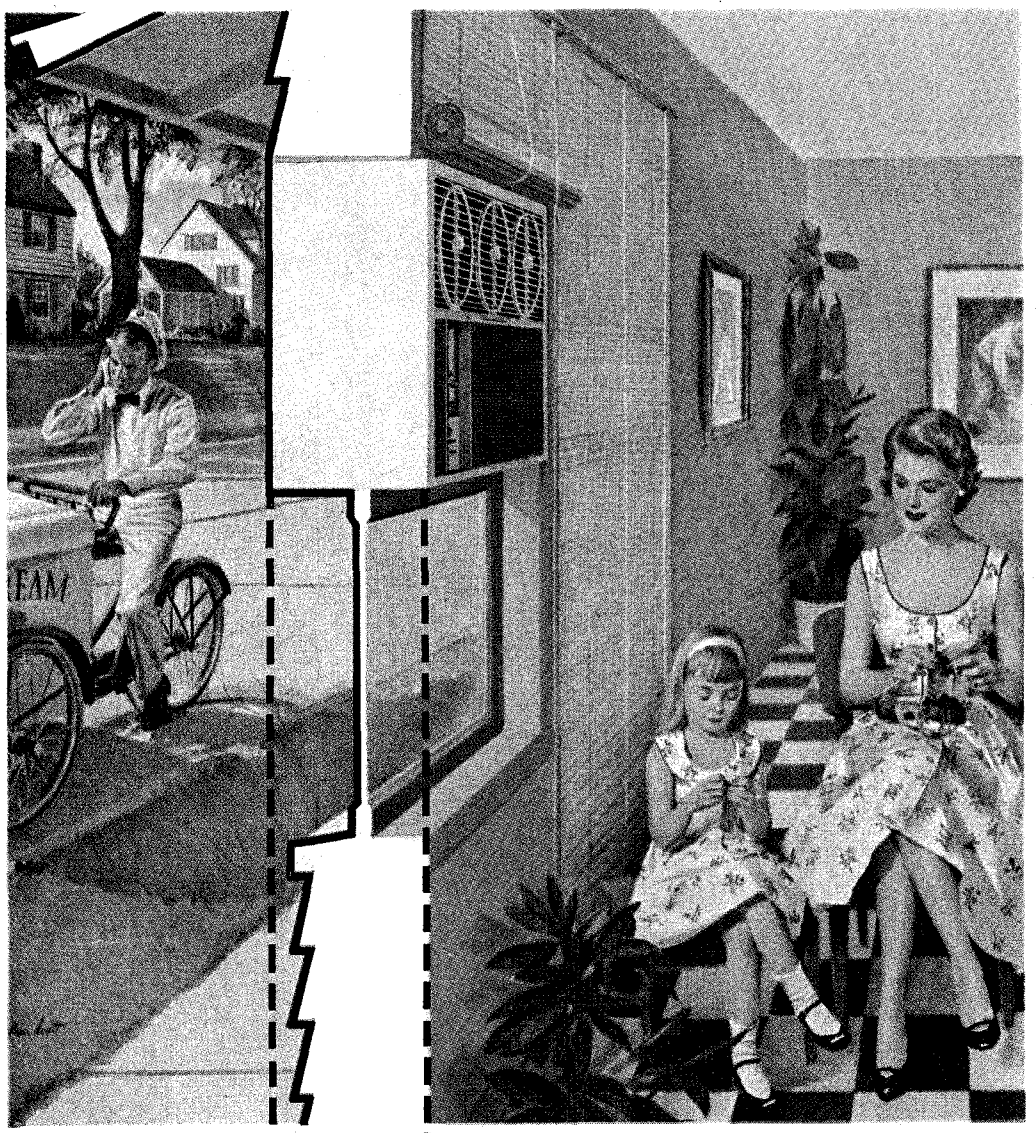
General Electric Thinline Air Conditioner has no unsightly overhang—inside or out



No matter what kind of windows, wiring, color scheme or budget you have, you can have the cool comfort of a modern General Electric Thinline.

Here's why the ideal air conditioner for your home is the General Electric *Thinline:*

It fits anywhere. So compact (only 16½ inches thin) that it fits almost any kind of window. Flush with inside wall, no unsightly overhang outside, takes up ⅓ less space than previous, old-style models.

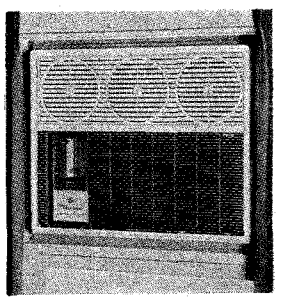
It fits any wiring. Some *Thinlines* work on so little current that there's one to fit the electrical service you already have.

It fits any color scheme. Six cheerful spray-on colors blend your Custom *Thinline* models with any décor.

It fits any budget. Both the Custom *Thinline* (shown at bottom) and the even lower-priced De luxe model (left) are temptingly priced. So *now* there's really no reason to do without cool comfort. They come in ½, ¾, 1 and 1½-horsepower models, range from 5500 BTU's* to 13,350 BTU's.* Accessories include a *permanent* electronic filter (at extra cost).

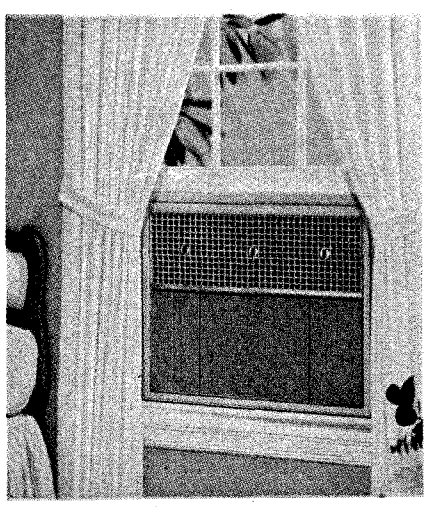
See your General Electric dealer now. General Electric Company, Room Air Conditioner Dept., Louisville 1, Ky.

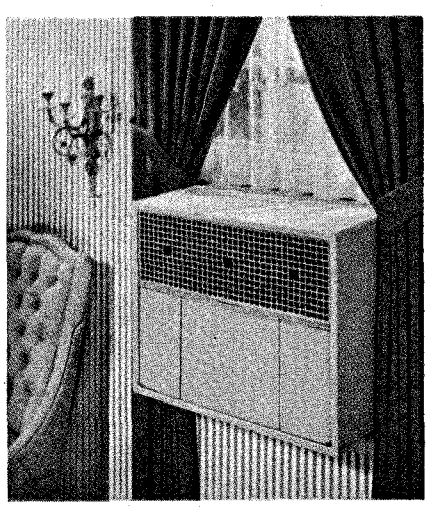
New 115-volt, 1-HP Thinline packs a 9,000 BTU* cooling capacity. Another *Thinline* works on 7.5 amperes, has a rating of 6600 BTU's.* Both are De luxe models, at hard-to-resist prices.

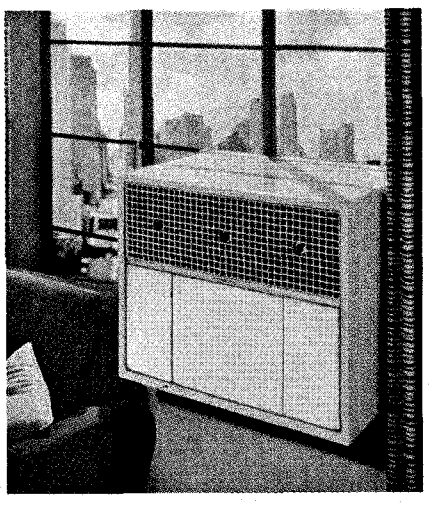


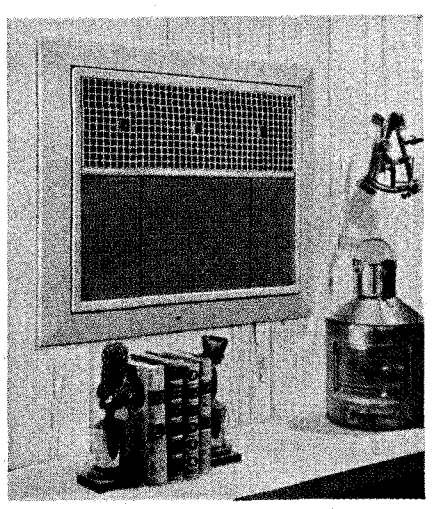
***Cooling capacities** are tested and rated in compliance with ARI (Air Conditioning and Refrigeration Institute) Standard 110-56 and are stated in BTU's (British Thermal Units).

Only 16½ inches thin—takes up ⅓ less space, fits almost anywhere









FITS IN UPPER HALF . . . OR LOWER HALF . . . CAN GO ALL INSIDE OR ALL OUTSIDE . . . IN CASEMENTS . . . OR RIGHT THROUGH THE WALL

There are two General Electric *Thinline* styles—Custom and De luxe. Custom models, shown in four typical installations above, give you a choice of colors.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

LIVE BETTER ELECTRICALLY

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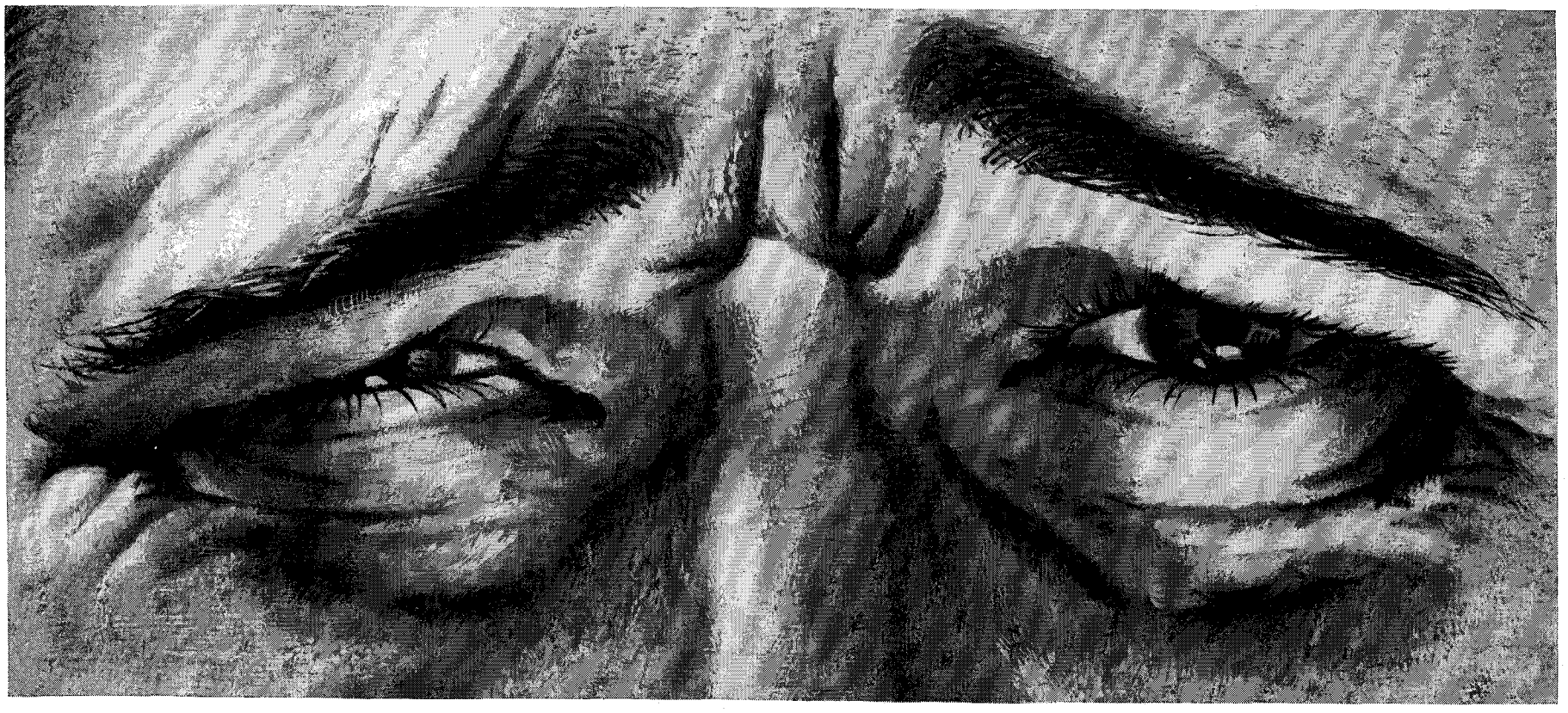
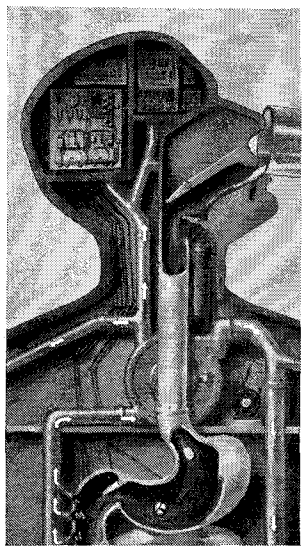
Headache?
Cold miseries?
Muscular aches?



Take Bufferin®...acts twice as fast as aspirin!

Won't upset your stomach as aspirin often does

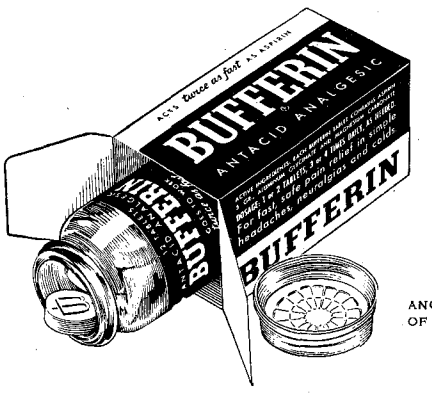


1. Medical science knows that a pain reliever must go through the stomach and into the blood stream in order to relieve pain.

2. Bufferin combines aspirin with two antacid ingredients which speed the pain reliever out of the stomach and into the blood stream *twice as fast* as aspirin.

3. So Bufferin acts *twice as fast* as aspirin to relieve pain. Take *two* Bufferin tablets the very next time pain strikes. You'll find you get *fast*, wonderful relief.

If you suffer from the pain of arthritis or rheumatism, ask your physician about Bufferin.



ANOTHER PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

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Folks sure go along with Garry on that **WINSTON** taste!

How about you? Wouldn't you say Winston has the true *cigarette* taste smokers want! It's wonderful how that exclusive, flavor-saving Winston filter—*snowy-white and pure*—really lets the fine tobacco flavor come through. If you aren't already enjoying America's best-tasting, best-selling filter cigarette—get a pack right now! You'll find out why there's so much good talk about Winston!

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., WINSTON-SALEM, N.C.

Enjoy **WINSTON**...the snow-white filter's in a cork-smooth tip!

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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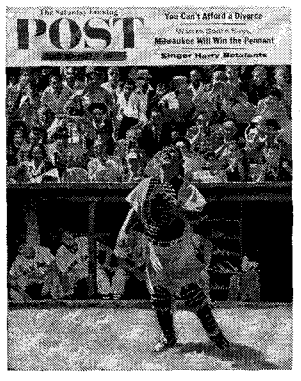

THE COVER

One fears that at the climax of a baseball match in Boston, a local batsman has struck a foul ball and will be declared out, resulting in victory for the visiting rascals. One also fears that some improper Bostonians in the multitude are calling the sinner epithets. What they should do is cry cheerfully, "Well tried, old chap! Better luck another day!" and all go home grateful for the relaxing entertainment they have had in the hot sun and ozone. That's catcher Yogi Berra, of the proper New Yorkers; he posed in Yankee Stadium after Earl Mayan traveled to Boston to see him play there and, yep, it rained. And those writhing faces belong to Huntington, Long Island, friends of Mayan's; they were real nice-looking people till he asked them to look like baseball fans.

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How to read expiration dates from your address label on the cover: The first number shows the expiration issue; the second the year. Post Number 1 is the first issue in July (the number of this issue appears on this page). A few examples: 46-57 or May 18, 1957; 18-57 or November 2, 1957.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILA. 5, PA.

Send old address with the new, enclosing if possible your address label. The Post Office will not forward copies unless you provide extra postage. Duplicate copies cannot be sent.

The LION'S ROAR

Published here monthly... Column No. 221 — The greatest star of the screen!

"This Could Be The Night" presents that most innocent of heroines, a schoolteacher, in a setting where neither we nor the Board of Education ever expected to find her.

★ ★ ★ ★

The surprising locale is backstage at a hot-spot night club run by an ex-bootlegger with indigestion and his young partner who thinks nice girls should be home before dark.

★ ★ ★ ★

Jean Simmons is the pretty teacher who is kept after school, serving as the secretary-of-all-work at The Tonic, a little club which has a large band, a small floor and more smoke than a three-alarm fire.

Paul Douglas, as the older owner, is convinced that Jean is the greatest thing since the invention of the cover charge.

★ ★ ★ ★

The other partner, played by virile newcomer Anthony Franciosa, is a romantic guy who doesn't know about good girls and doesn't want to learn.

★ ★ ★ ★

M-G-M put this trio together in a breezy story with mood and music to match (hear the songs in the M-G-M Records album).

★ ★ ★ ★

Fun, frolic and a flock of surprises follow as surely as a morning-after follows a gay night on the town.

★ ★ ★ ★

Before "This Could Be The Night" is over, you've had a really wonderful date with a Runyonesque assortment of people—strippers, singers, dancers and mobsters.

★ ★ ★ ★

This picture is rich in personalities.

★ ★ ★ ★

There is seductive Julie Wilson (the torch-swinging tops of "Pajama Game") and the newcomely Neile Adams (in a sensational headline dance number, "Hustlin' News Boy").

★ ★ ★ ★

Plus such talents as Joan Blondell, J. Carrol Naish, Rafael Campos, ZaSu Pitts and Ray Anthony and his orchestra.

★ ★ ★ ★

Joe Pasternak produced with a knowing eye on life and night-life. Robert Wise directed wisely and well.

★ ★ ★ ★

Isobel Lennart, who wrote the amusing screen play, based it on stories by Cordelia Baird Gross.

★ ★ ★ ★

"This Could Be The Night" is a good tune to whistle and a good CinemaScope movie to go see.

★ ★ ★ ★

We figure it is for anyone who has ever known a pretty schoolteacher, ever visited a smoky night spot, or ever enjoyed a really relaxed night at the movies.

★ ★ ★

This could be the night for it. You'll have an awfully good time.

—*Leo*

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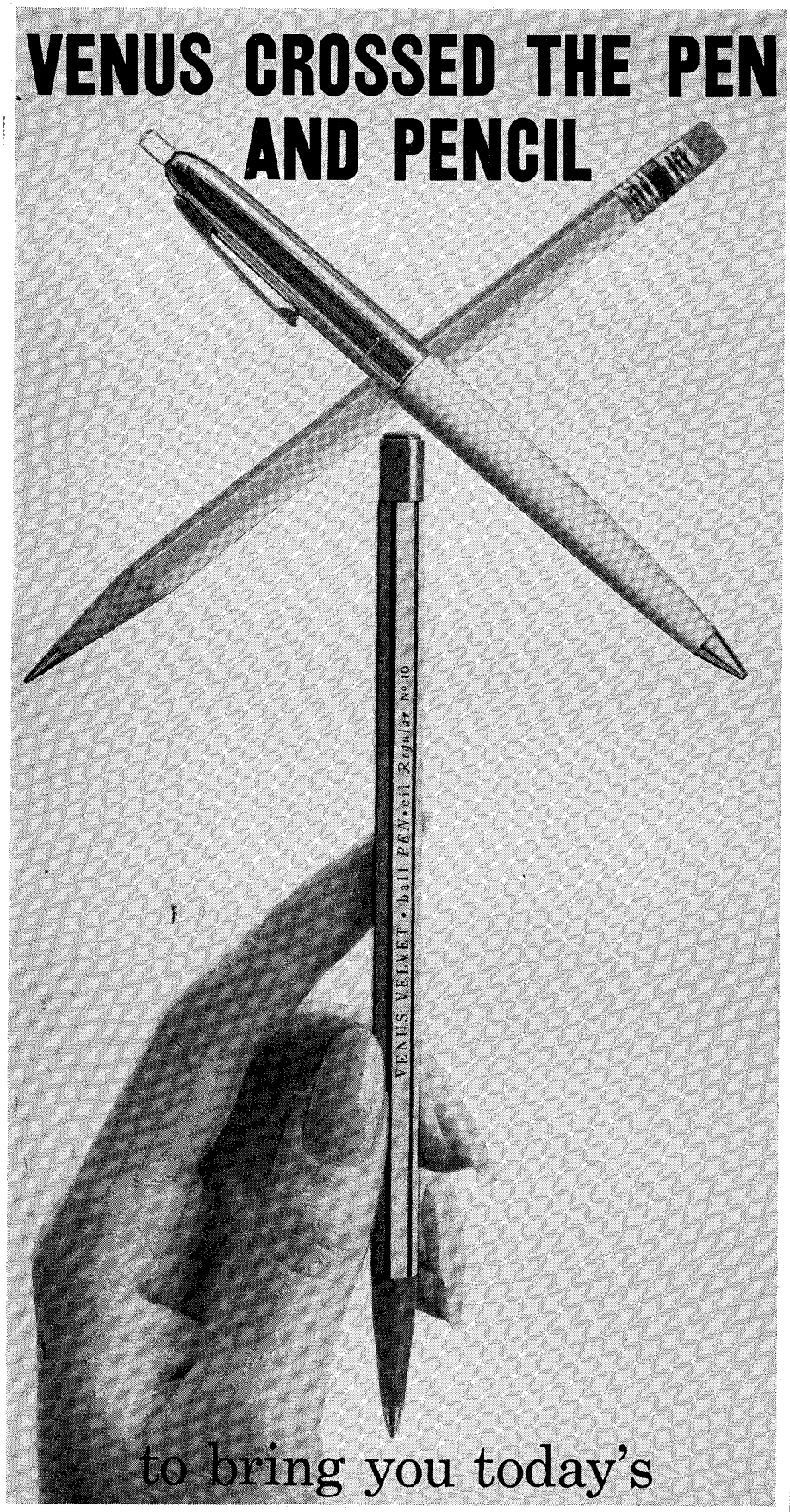


to bring you today's

new writing tool for the office

Thousands of leading firms in business and industry have switched to the Venus Velvet ball *PEN* • cil because: it combines the best features of a pencil and ball point pen • wood barrel has lighter, comfortable feel of a pencil • finest ball point mechanism • no point to wear down or sharpen • nothing to press, click or turn • improves record keeping, lowers costs, raises efficiency • ink supply lasts for months. Available in 4 styles for every writing job: *Regular:* for all general purpose writing. *Double Duty:* double ink supply doubles writing mileage. *Super Fine:* for extra-fine writing. (All in blue, black, red or green ink.) *Liquid Velvet Lead:* for Liquid Graphite pencil writing... and erasability. Sold only through stationers and selected stationery departments. 29c and 39c each. Less by the dozen.

©Venus Pen & Pencil Corporation, Hoboken, N. J. Prices slightly higher in the West.

Buy the dozen packs

VENUS velvet ball *PEN*·cil®

Letters

The Most of the Post

Dear Sirs:

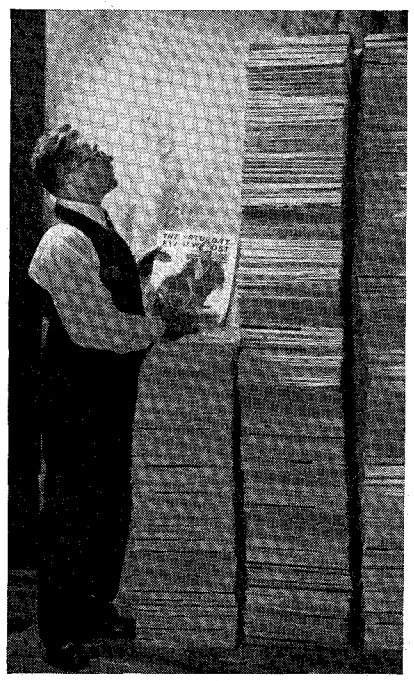
I was impressed by Mr. A. R. Tucker's letter and photograph in the February 9th issue of The Saturday Evening Post. I have been collecting the Post for over a year now and have some 70 copies. My total will not beat Mr. Tucker's 16 year collection, but our opinions are the same. Even in Scotland I can think of no better buy than The Saturday Evening Post.

GEORGE A. MC GOWAN
Hawick, Scotland

Dear Sirs:

Yes, I can top Mr. Tucker's stack of Posts. Mine go continuously back to June, 1935 (much to my family's disgust, I might add).

MRS. CHARLES R. HODGES
S. Londonderry, Vt.



Twenty-five years . . .

Dear Sirs:

In November, 1931, I began saving the Post for future reference, and I have every single copy issued since—covering over twenty-five years [see photo, above].

The Post has always been my favorite magazine. . . . All of my seven children and some of my thirteen grandchildren also read the Post.

D. J. ST. GERMAIN
Springfield, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Tucker is a piker. I started saving Posts in May, 1929. I have them all, not as neatly stacked as Mr. Tucker's, but nevertheless I have them, and to me they are worth something more than a million.

ALAN VAN VLECK
Savannah, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

My wife says our house will raise up six inches when I take the Posts out of our attic. I have every issue since the middle of 1928 stacked up there.

ROGER E. THOES
Wichita Falls, Texas

Dear Sirs:

My personal collection takes up the larger part of my dressing closet and is stored in paper cartons, each marked with the year. It is a fairly complete collection from 1920 to the present.

GRACANA JOHNSTON
Portland, Oreg.

Dear Sirs:

My collection of Saturday Evening Posts . . . contains more than two thousand copies, dating back to 1900 (wish I had the missing issues).

It has been invaluable to me in my work of tracing the development of advertising practices.

WALKER NETTLETON
Guilford, Conn.

Dear Sirs:

Can we top Mr. Tucker's stack of Posts? I don't know; I'm afraid to check—we might be way, w-a-y ahead.

GORDON A. NORBERG
Wilmette, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

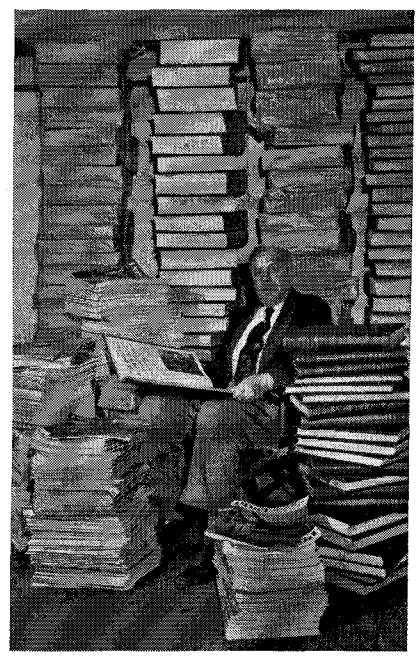
No, I cannot beat Mr. Tucker as regards saving the S.E.P., but perhaps I can best him in the length of readership. I have read every issue of the Post since February, 1899, 5c the copy. On August 22, 1900, I sent in my first subscription, $1.00 per year, and have kept it up ever since.

P. N. PETERSON
Faribault, Minn.

Dear Sirs:

You asked for it!

I began taking the Post with the May 6th issue of 1899 and since that time I have not missed an issue. I have bought it in such far-away places as Paris, Jerusalem and Cairo and have paid as much as 45 cents for it when the price was only a nickel. I have made such a hobby of it that my wife calls it my "bible."



Fifty-eight years . . .

The main point of this letter, however, is that I have saved every issue. I have a complete file since 1899. . . . [see photo]

If they were piled up the pile would be 43½ feet high. I have about 3011 issues. . . . I intend to take the Post as long as I live.

CLARENCE E. RACE
Denver, Colo.

● *On the evidence we declare reader Race the champ. Thanks to more than 200 other contestants.—ED.*

(Continued on Page 6)

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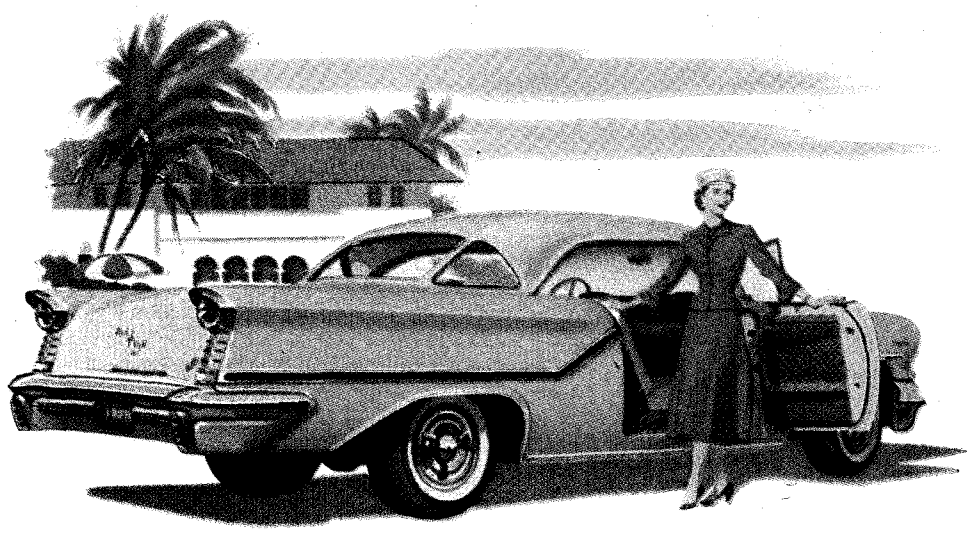
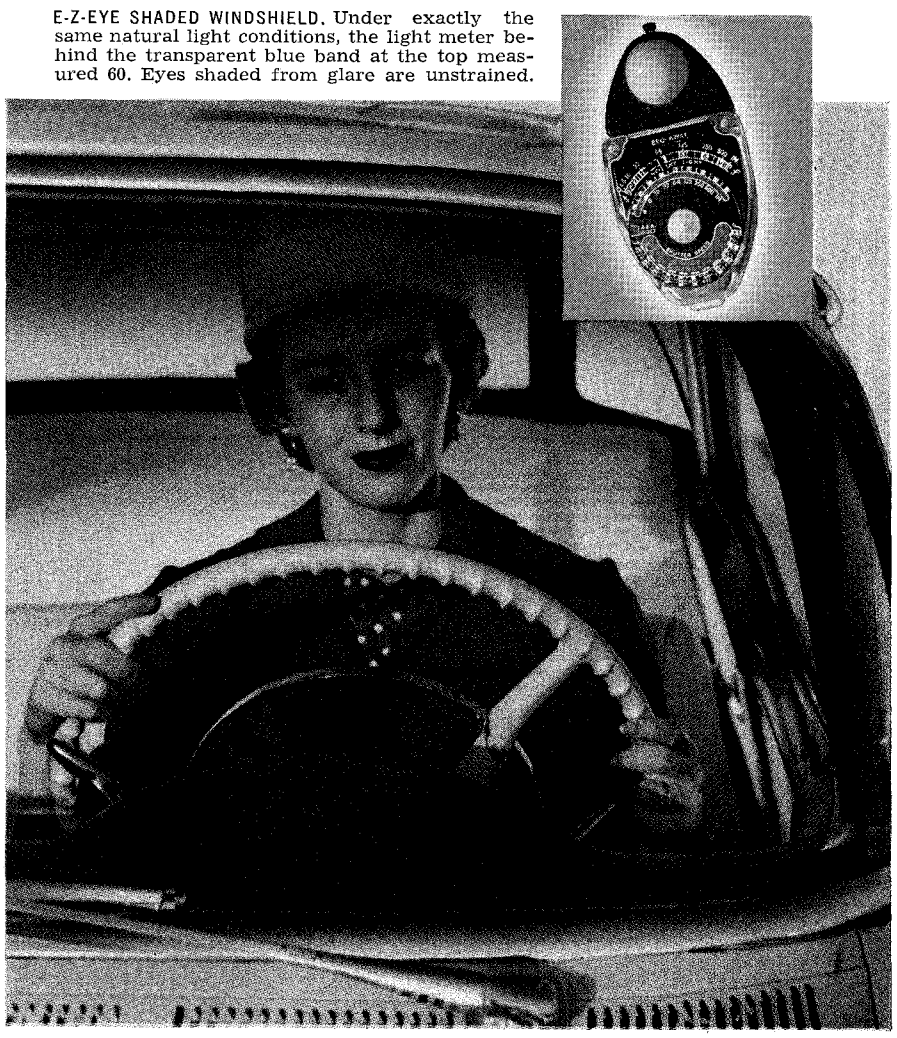


RELAX-
UNSQUINT-
STAY COOL...

(in your next new Oldsmobile for instance)

ORDINARY CLEAR GLASS WINDSHIELD. Sky glare alone, even without direct sunlight, causes squinting and fatigue. A light meter reading at the top of the windshield measured 140.

E-Z-EYE SHADED WINDSHIELD. Under exactly the same natural light conditions, the light meter behind the transparent blue band at the top measured 60. Eyes shaded from glare are unstrained.



Even when you drive on a hazy day, sky glare can make you squint . . . tense up . . . wear you down. That's "glare fatigue."

And that's why it's such a relaxing relief to have E-Z-EYE Safety *Plate* Glass between you and the glare.

It's like cruising along in the cool, clear shade of a tree. For high on the E-Z-EYE windshield there's a transparent blue-tinted band that protects your eyes from sky glare, yet gives you clear vision ahead.

And below the band (and in the other windows) there's a faint greenish tint that absorbs heat from the sun to keep you cooler in summer.

Ask your car dealer to give you a trial run in one of his E-Z-EYE-equipped cars. E-Z-EYE is optional equipment on Oldsmobiles and other General Motors cars. (According to national surveys, "tinted glass" is one of the most wanted features on new cars. It's also one of the least expensive.)

E-Z-EYE SAFETY PLATE

E-Z-EYE SAFETY PLATE GLASS

with the shaded windshield

Reduces Glare, Eyestrain, Sun Heat

LIBBEY · OWENS · FORD GLASS COMPANY · TOLEDO 3, OHIO

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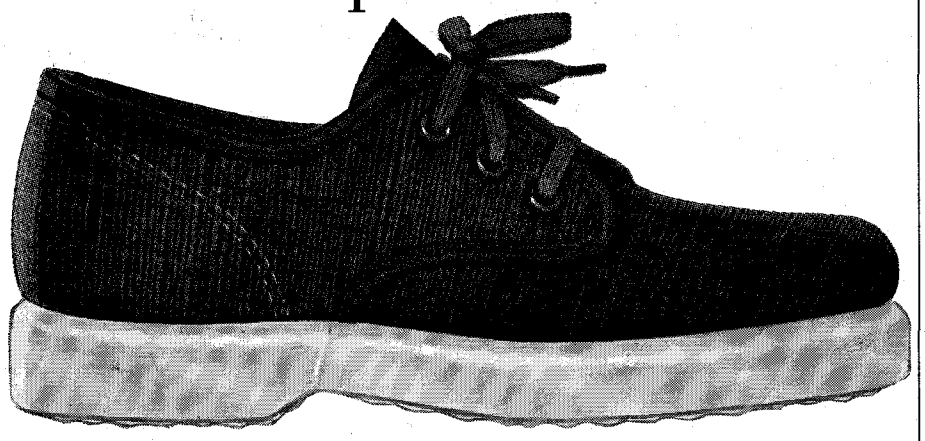
Your first step

toward fun

is a step in U.S. Keds



LOOK FOR THIS BLUE LABEL

U.S. Keds®

The Shoe of Champions

US RUBBER

United States Rubber

ROCKEFELLER CENTER, NEW YORK 20, N. Y.

SEE THINGS YOU NEVER SAW BEFORE. VISIT U. S. RUBBER'S NEW EXHIBIT HALL, ROCKEFELLER CENTER, N.Y.

Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

That Bloated Budget

Dear Sirs:

Thanks and congratulations from millions of your fellow Americans for that timely editorial in the March 9th number, TO CURB INFLATION, SQUEEZE THE WATER OUT OF THAT BUDGET!

In this connection, many of us can't help but wonder what in heck has happened to Ike's thinking. Didn't they teach any economics at all at Columbia!

DAN W. FLICKINGER
Indianapolis, Ind.

Dear Sirs:

Relative to your timely editorial . . . I suggest that the first order of the day should be aimed at squeezing the water from the heads of the members of the Congress.

JAMES HARRIS
Tucson, Ariz.

Coydogs

Dear Sirs:

William Byron Mowery is to be congratulated on his fine article, AMERICA'S NEWEST WILD ANIMAL, March 16.

He points up a great evil of today: the needless destruction of animals not harmful to man.

WILLIAM STANFORD
Chatham, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

More such articles should help towards better understanding of what is true conservation.

MRS. ULYSSE AUGER
New Bedford, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

When the author represents coydogs as harmless we advise him to give the field a second look. One such animal in Southwest Virginia killed around $50,000 worth of sheep before it was finally destroyed. Another here in Georgia ran up a similar record.

FRANCIS L. BAILEY
Alto, Georgia

Integration Episode

Dear Sirs:

In your editorial, "INTEGRATION" ISN'T AN EARTH-SHAKING PROBLEM WITH OUR YOUTH, March 23, "a gentleman who lives in a good-sized New England town" tells a tale about some school children. Is this tale fiction or truth? If fiction, what is it doing on your editorial page?

PHILIP H. TROUT
Roanoke, Va.

● *The writer of the editorial witnessed the episode described.—ED.*

Dear Sirs:

The gentleman who thought the two little colored girls signified something of great moment betrayed his lack of grasp of the situation. Such ignorance would be comical were the situation less serious.

MRS. JOHN D. BRITTON
Kingstree, S.C.

Dear Sirs:

In the present racial matter, no school of thought would seem to be in a position to dictate the correct answers. Clearly the whole nation is confronted with a problem of dangerous potential. Thus, no responsible person or publication should permit itself to toss out frivolous or half-baked solutions, thereby adding fuel to an explosive situation. If ever mature judgment, restraint and tact were called for, now is the time.

T. PATRICK MATTHEWS
Winnsboro, S.C.

No Self-Pity!

Dear Sirs:

This is to thank you for the service which your article THE OLD TANKER RIDES AGAIN [by Milton MacKaye, March 9] has done for Norwich University. Norwich has served too long without more acclaim in the popular press. . . .

She accepted her fortune as it came, and when the going was rough, there has never been a whimper. Recently, when there may have been an inclination to whimper, General E. N. Harmon replaced self-pity with a will to fight.

This attitude can be illustrated by the story of the cadet thrown from his horse some years ago in Norwich's old riding hall. The cadet had broken his arm and received various cuts, scratches and bruises, and as he struggled to his knees on the floor, the supervising officer rode up to him.

The boy looked up at the officer, underlip trembling and eyes about to puddle up. "Who," demanded the officer, "told you to dismount?"

The boy's lip stopped trembling and his jaw became set. "No one, sir!" the cadet replied. "And if you will excuse me, I had better go after my mount."

General Harmon's leadership reminded Norwich that she was made of very stern stuff indeed, and she was a long way from being licked.

R. J. WAHLIN
Schenectady, N.Y.

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

4–Earl Merrill, Pat Coffey. • 23–Ollie Atkins. • 24, 25–Ollie Atkins. • 26, 27–Bernard D'Andrea. • 28–Two by Gene Lester; Jack Holmes. • 29–Three by Jack Holmes. 30–Amos Sewell. • 31–Sid Avery. • 32, 33–Frank Ross. • 34, 35–Eugene Kammerman. 36–United Press, Bill Shrout, United Press. • 37–Robert Meyers. • 38, 39–Frank Ross. 40, 41–Peter Stevens. • 42, 43–Gus Pasquarella. • 44, 45–Earl Mayan. • 49–Fred Otnes. 62–Gus Pasquarella. • 73–International. • 102–United Press. • 132–Anonymous, J. Frederick Smith, two by Jack Holmes; anonymous.

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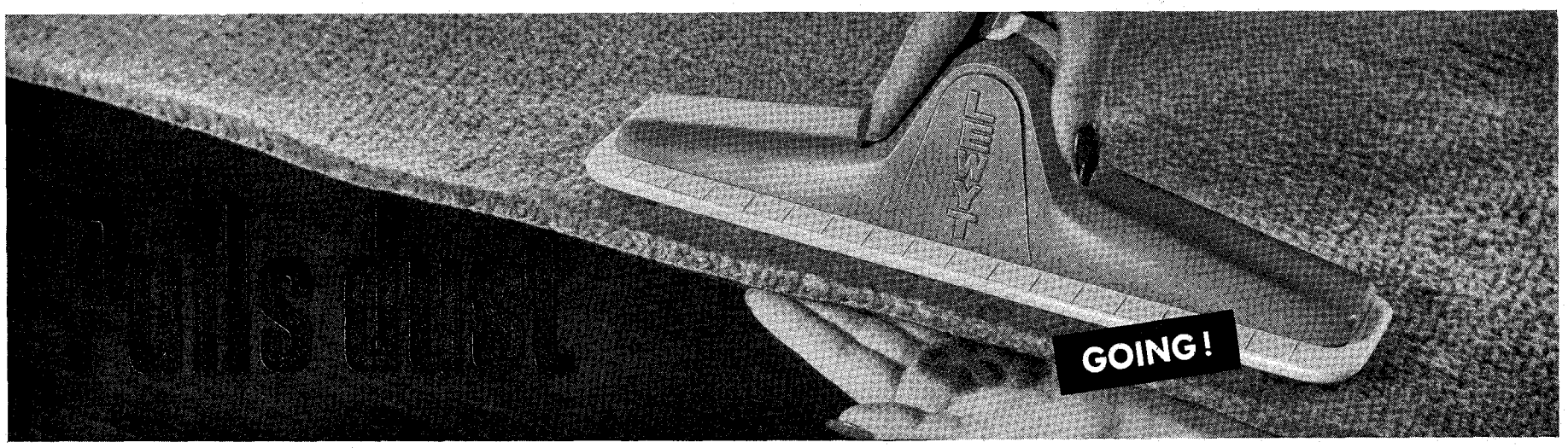
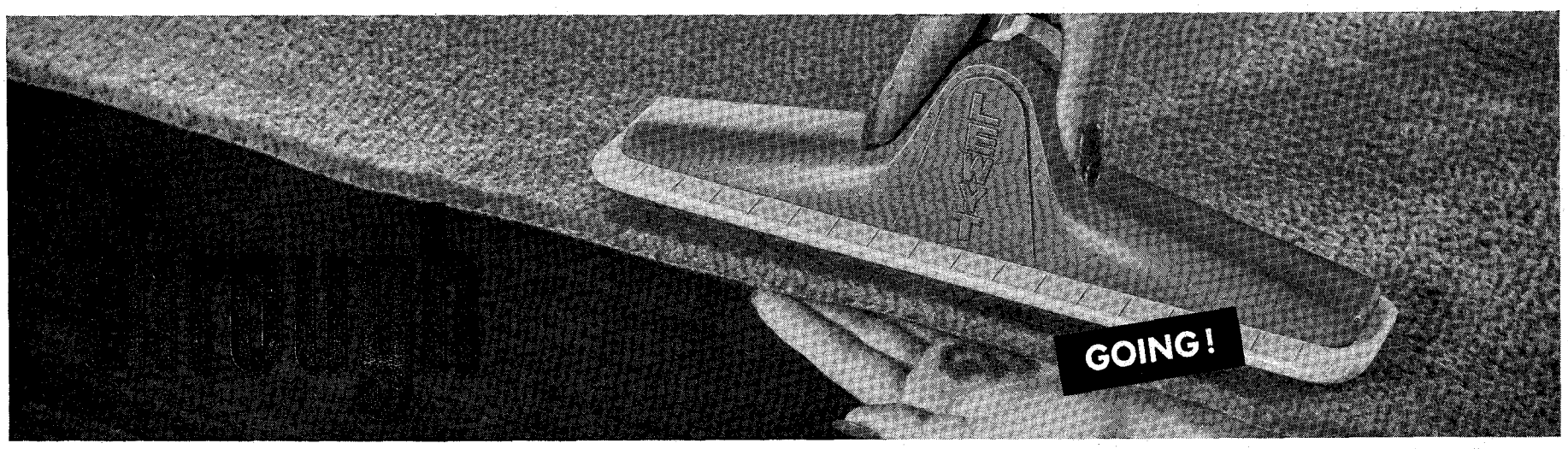
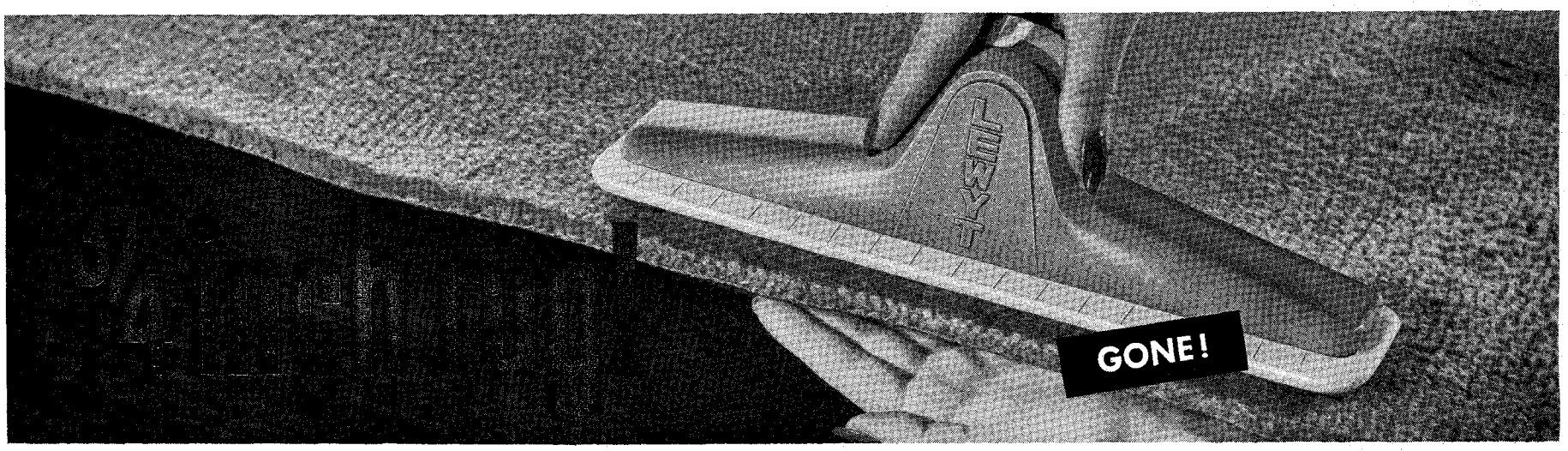


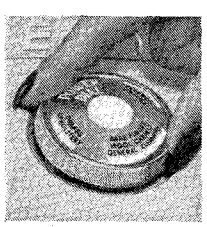




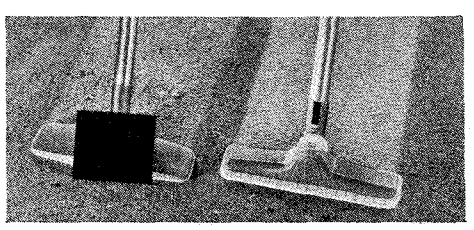
Look! Haven't you always wanted this much rug-cleaning power to make housekeeping easier than ever before? Only the new Lewyt Power Cleaner gives you the exclusive, leak-proof SEALED POWER SYSTEM that provides 24% MORE SUCTION—24% more cleaning power...to pick up embedded dirt, threads, lint, even pet hairs.

And, no other cleaner is so easy to use because the all-metal Lewyt Power Cleaner is on easy-rolling Big Wheels! Tools ride right along, 2-in-1 Rug 'n Floor nozzle rolls, too. Instant dirt disposal. Extra quiet—thanks to new *Sonic* Silencer.

See your Lewyt dealer now! He's listed under "vacuum cleaners" in your phone book!



Only Lewyt has Power Dial that lets you "dial" *exact* suction.



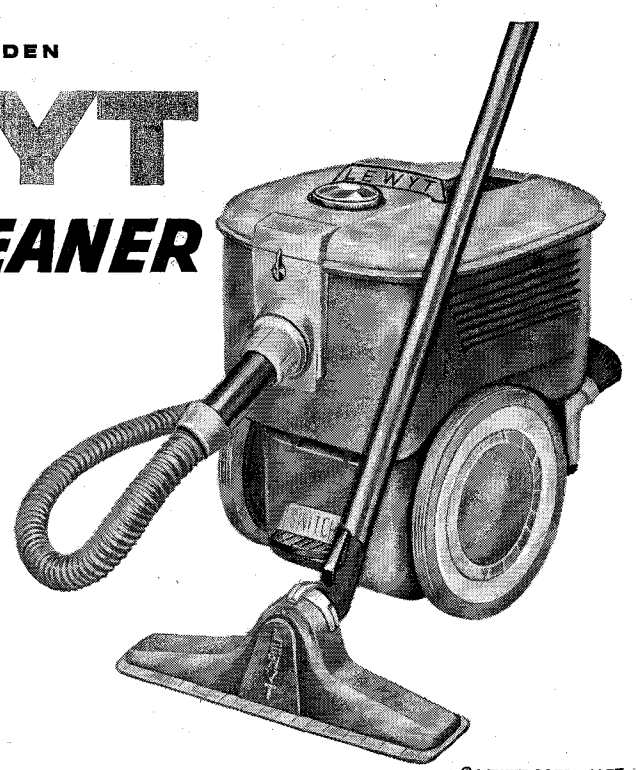
At left, rug partly cleaned by ordinary cleaner!
At right—rug power cleaned by new Lewyt Power Cleaner in one easy stroke!

NEW 1957 GOLDEN

LEWYT

POWER CLEANER

Easiest cleaner in the world to use. Lewyt's Big Wheels roll easily over sills, rug edges. *Compact, only 12½" high.*



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Sold at leading stores in U.S. and Canada
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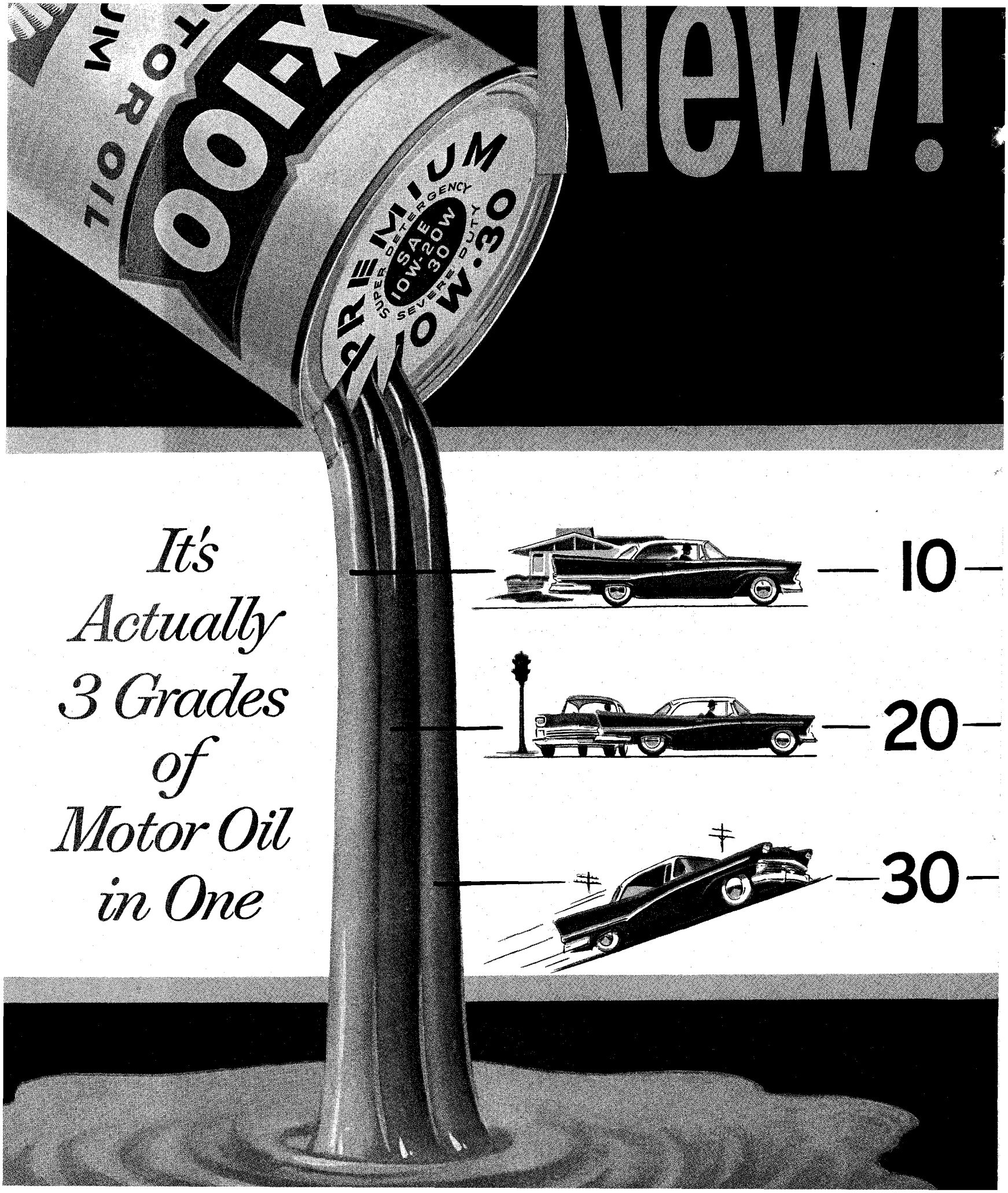

NEW!

It's Actually 3 Grades of Motor Oil in One

A Thermostatic motor oil... adjusts automatically to the extreme temperature changes in today's engines

Prevents low-temperature sludge, which clogs oil passages and damages vital engine parts

Holds its body—protects under the highest engine temperatures

Neutralizes acid action—the major cause of engine wear

For *cold* starts it's a lightweight oil. The moment you step on the starter it flows freely and gives you full power.

For short-trip driving, it's like a medium-weight oil that gives you perfect lubrication when your engine is only *warm*.

For sustained driving when your engine runs *hot*, it's like a heavy oil that holds its body . . . keeps on protecting.

EVERY DAY of the year your engine goes through temperature changes of over 100°F—and new Shell X-100 Motor Oil Premium adjusts to all these changes *automatically. It's actually 3 grades of motor oil in one.*

Here's what this means to you:

Since you seldom use more than a small fraction of your car's power, your engine seldom fully warms up—and neither does your motor oil. Until it warms up, ordinary oil can't flow freely. Your engine wastes horsepower just pushing it around. What's more, cold-engine operation, typical of today's driving, also causes *cold sludge* which clogs oil passages and can result in costly engine repairs.

X-100® Motor Oil Premium flows freely on the coldest day. It has a special property that prevents the formation of low-temperature sludge.

This thermostatic motor oil adjusts itself to heat, too. Because it contains a specially developed ingredient, it resists thinning out at the greater internal temperatures today's engines develop at highway speeds.

And here's another big point: The greatest threat to the life of your engine is acid action, which can wear away metal hundreds of times faster than friction from normal running. And even the tiniest loss of metal from your engine's cylinder walls can cause loss of compression . . . resulting in loss of power and greater gasoline consumption.

X-100 Motor Oil Premium neutralizes acid action. This protects the life of your engine and prevents power loss and saves you money in operating costs.

It comes down to this: *Shell X-100 Premium* is beyond question the finest motor oil you can buy.

Get it in the new white container

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Editorials

Whatever Became of "Trade, Not Aid"?

The newspaper accounts of the report by President Eisenhower's Citizen Advisers on the Mutual Security Program bore down so heavily on the advisers' dreary conclusions concerning the probable duration of the need for foreign aid and the vast amounts we should expect to pay, that they missed the gist of the whole document—namely, the investigators' views on private investment abroad.

In discussing foreign aid, these advisers declared that "foreign investment of private capital is far more important than investment by Government"; and that, "to the extent that private capital can proceed, the burden on the American taxpayer can be reduced without impairment of that economic development of the free world which is so essential to the realization of American aspirations."

This is hardly an endorsement of the current defeatist assumption, which would be a surprise to the original sponsors of the Marshall Plan, that only by Government contributions can America assist other nations to attain a better way of life. Indeed, in view of its views on the primary function of private investment it is disappointing to find these advisers committed to virtually permanent foreign aid at present levels.

The role of private investment abroad is usually ignored by the group which is continually pressing, not only for more foreign aid but for a system under which American contributions would be divided up by United Nations bureaucrats. Actually, foreign investment has been increasing at a fantastic rate, already reaching the levels achieved in the 1920's. The American Enterprise Association, which was commissioned by the Senate's special committee on foreign aid to study the matter, reports that for the year *1955* "the flow of direct investment to underdeveloped countries" amounted to $458,000,000, a figure which compared impressively with the $373,000,000 of nonmilitary governmental aid to the same underdeveloped countries.

The American Enterprise study goes into one phase of the subject which the President's Citizen Advisers do not deal with specifically: the possible deterrent effect of foreign aid upon private investment. Says the report: "Hopes of receiving large-scale grant aid tend to induce foreign governments to be less receptive to private capital." Obviously a government which is reasonably certain of receiving large sums of foreign aid with no strings attached will be in no hurry to carry out reforms necessary to attract foreign investors. According to Eugene W. Castle, in his provocative book The Great Giveaway (Regnery), "Our foreign-aid program . . . supplants the private investor. It interposes the sterile hand of the State between human wants and demands, and the private initiative which can supply them." There is plenty of evidence that this is at least a powerful tendency.

The President's Citizen Advisers hint at means for promoting conditions conducive to private investment in underdeveloped countries: "In cases where private investors cannot act alone because of restrictions imposed by foreign governments, and where a few reasonable changes in policy by the foreign government concerned would make the foreign investment possible, the United States should administer its assistance in a manner designed to overcome the obstacles to investment." In short, turn on the heat—just a little bit, anyway.

Surely the President's Citizen Advisers and the American Enterprise Association can get together on the following statement made by the former group:

"Foreign areas can get most from economic co-operation with us if they accept us for what we are: That is, a nation in which the reservoir of industrial ability, skills, and capital resides, not in government, but in private hands."

At Last American Students Can Get the Facts on Marxism!

Unless we understand that Communism is wicked and immoral, we can never win the struggle against it. Military defenses, big spending, diplomatic jockeying and strenuous propaganda can succeed only if backed by the courage and determination that come from a belief that Communism is morally horrible.

It was for this reason that a group of leading churchmen "of the major faiths of America" three years ago set up the Foundation for Religious Action in the Social and Civil Order—called FRASCO, for short. Its purpose is "to strengthen the moral and religious foundations of democracy."

"Thousands of schools," says Dr. Charles Wesley Lowry, chairman of the foundation, "do not make any attempt to teach their students anything about Communism." Maybe this is just as well, because most schools at present are simply not competent to teach the subject.

To meet these obstacles, FRASCO has joined hands with the American Political Science Association and picked an able man to head a Committee on American Education and Communism. He is Prof. William Yandell Elliott, of Harvard. Professor Elliott has held many important Government offices. He turned out several valuable books on Soviet tactics when he was staff director of the House Committee on Foreign Affairs.

Professor Elliott understands Communism and, what is equally important, he understands teachers. He and his committee are preparing educational materials to be used by teachers. They will train some high-school teachers of social sciences. And they will start pilot programs in selected schools, colleges and adult groups.

Of course there will be some teachers who can't or won't teach the facts about Communism unless somebody builds a fire under them. That is one of the problems which face Professor Elliott. If he can solve it without being tagged a "Fascist Beast," he will be entitled to some sort of Congressional medal.

"National Origins" Should be Kept in Immigration Law

Those who oppose immigration laws based upon the national-origins system would burn the barn to roast the pig.

The national-origins system means that new arrivals to our shores would not upset the balance among racial and national groups which now exists. The system was adopted in 1924, after years of debate. It was described as sound democratic policy by Robert C. Anderson in last spring's issue of Law and Contemporary Problems, published at Duke University. Mr. Anderson was engaged from 1938 to 1954 in advising upon immigration and refugee matters in the State Department. The principal provisions of the 1924 law were codified in the Immigration and Naturalization Act of 1952 (the McCarran-Walter Act) after five years of public hearings and study.

President Truman appointed an executive commission which spent two months in organizing, one in listening to selected opponents of the act, and another in writing a report. The document was of tremendous propaganda value for the National Committee to Repeal the McCarran Act. It excited the interest of the Senate's Internal Security Subcommittee, which attempted to extract from Abner Green, executive secretary of the Committee for Protection of Foreign Born, an admission that he had a part in setting up the Committee to Repeal the McCarran Act. Green took the Fifth Amendment on every question relating to the committee.

Of course, there are many sincere opponents of the national-origins system. Most of their strength is in the big Eastern and Northern cities where most descendants of recent immigrants live. Support of the present system lies mostly in the people on the farms, in the villages, towns and smaller cities.

We should open the door for as many worthy aliens as we can. But we must hold fast to our policy so that the cultural characteristics of our population will not be materially altered.

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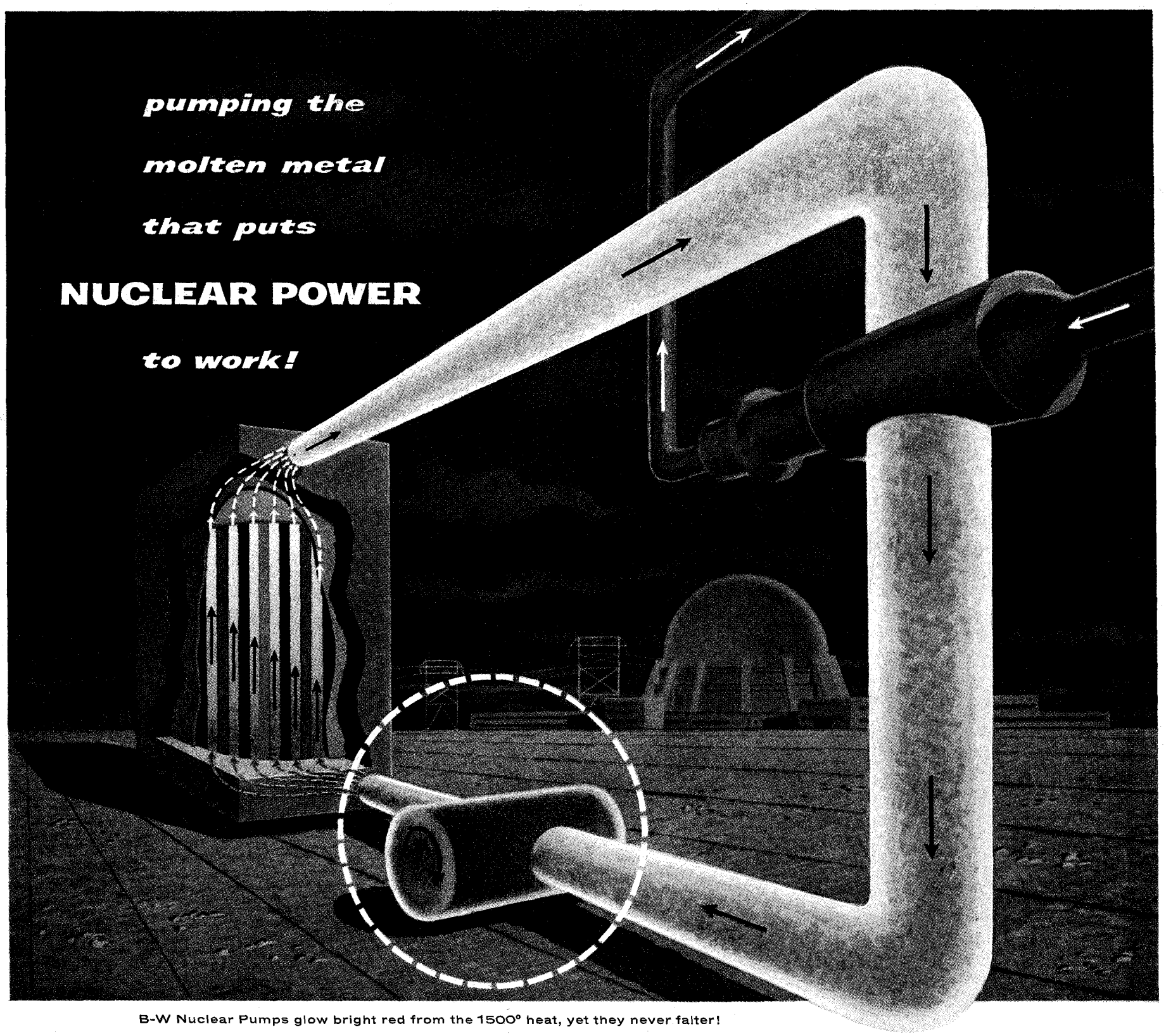

B-W Nuclear Pumps glow bright red from the 1500° heat, yet they never falter!

Borg-Warner ingenuity today means growth in more ways than ever before!

In atomic power plants now operating—in others being built—the fierce heat of nuclear fission is used to create electricity. Special pumps are made by Borg-Warner to extract this heat from the reactors to produce steam for whirling the generators.

They do this, in one type of reactor, by forcing molten metal (sodium) through the atomic "fires" at a 12,000 gallons-a-minute rate. Today, Borg-Warner is a leading maker of nuclear pumps of many types. Almost every reactor in the U.S. has pumping equipment designed or built by a division of B-W.

In the fields of greatest challenge and promise, you'll find Borg-Warner engineering skills contributing importantly. Examples: *chemicals*—B-W creation of a new, tougher plastic; *electronics*—perfection of new sensing devices for missiles; *aircraft*—development of split-second control units for "over 1000-mph" jets.

And B-W creativeness is at work in the ever-expanding fields of petroleum, building, automobiles, home appliances, and many others. All benefit from B-W's guiding principle "design it better—make it better". *Borg-Warner, 310 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago.*

Almost every American benefits every day from the products made by

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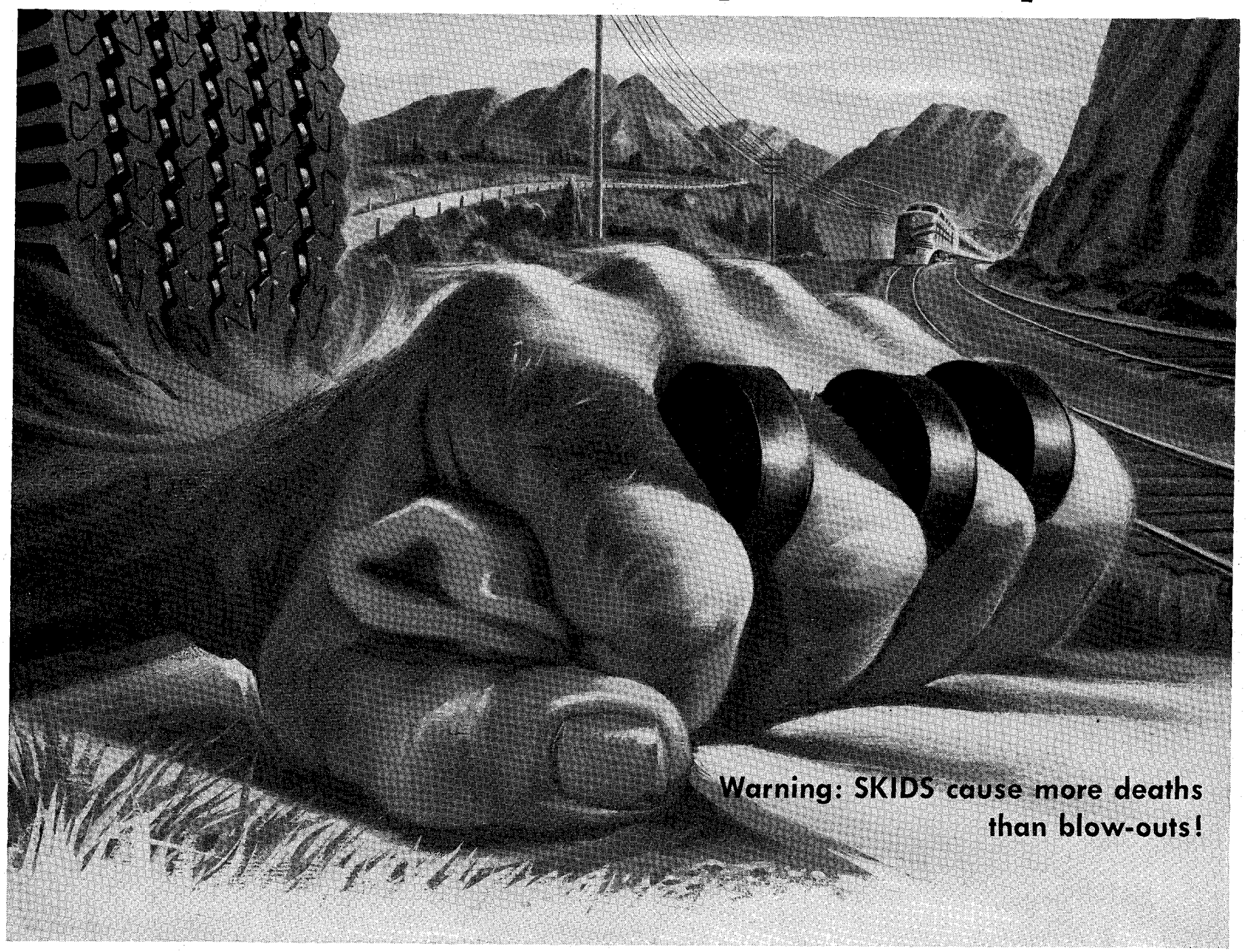
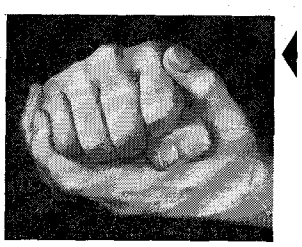
ARMSTRONG TIRES'

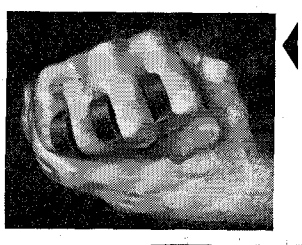
"Ounce of Prevention". Grip can save your life



Exclusive Safety Discs Grip Road, Stop Skids As No Other Tire Can



LIKE A SQUEEZED FIST, TREAD RIBS OF ORDINARY TIRES COMPRESS under braking pressure into a smooth, slippery surface . . . lose their grip. Without warning, a sudden skid can bring disaster! Even brand new tires can "go smooth" this way—*and you skid!*



LIKE FIST AT LEFT, ARMSTRONG TIRES CAN'T SQUEEZE SMOOTH. Safety Discs keep tread open so it *always* grips, no matter how hard you brake. Look for these patented Safety Disc Tires when you buy. They stop skids as no other tires can, yet cost no more.

ARMSTRONG
SAFETY DISC TIRES

UNCONDITIONAL ROAD HAZARD
LIFETIME GUARANTEE

The longest, strongest
guarantee in the industry.

Find Your Armstrong Dealer In The 'Yellow Pages'

ARMSTRONG Rhino-Flex TIRES

MAKERS OF ARMSTRONG *Pure-Foam* FOR FURNITURE AND BEDDING • HOME OFFICE, WEST HAVEN, CONNECTICUT

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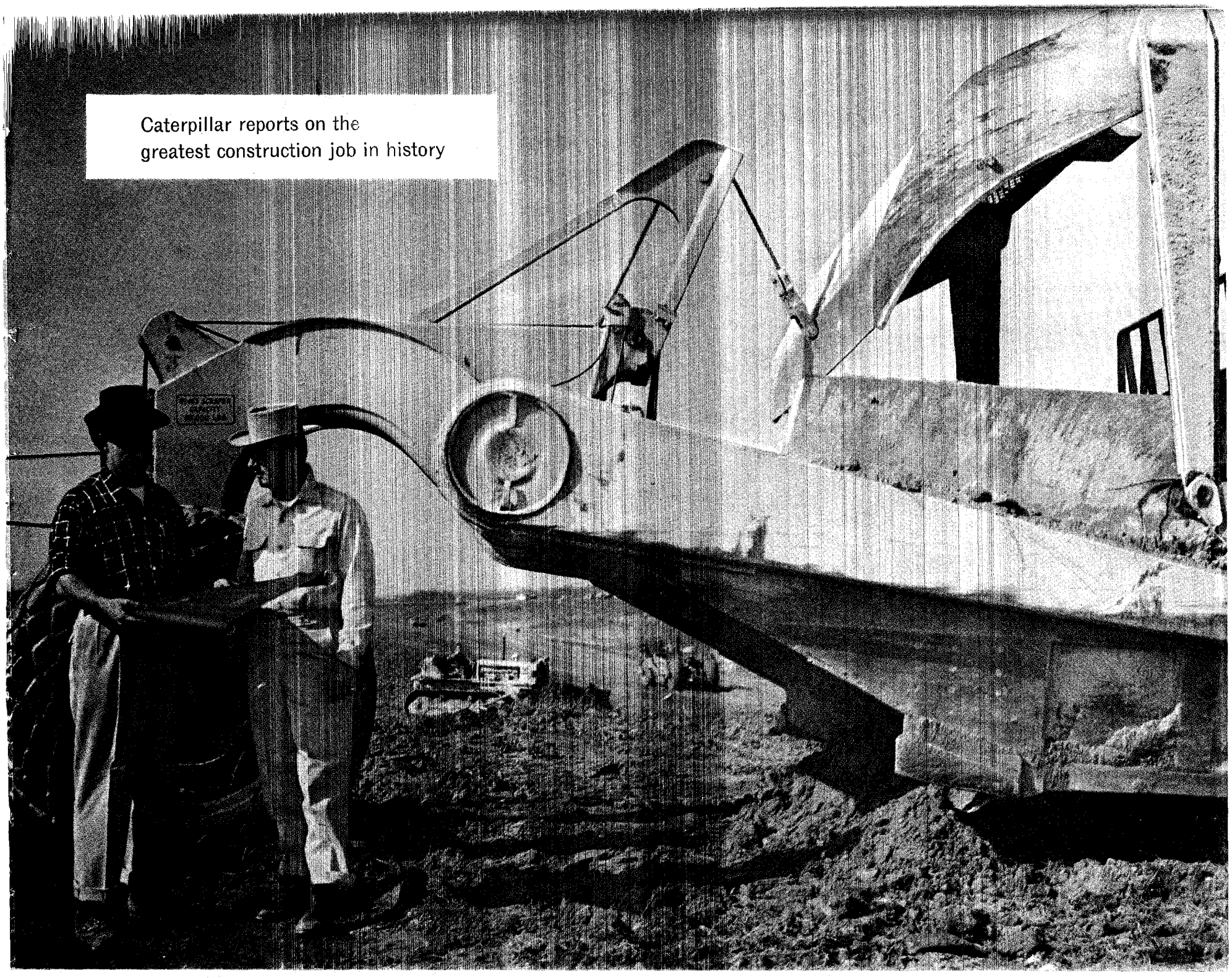

THE 50 BILLION DOLLAR QUESTION

Can 6,200 contractors, with 580,000 men and modern heavy-duty equipment, double highway production in the next 14 years?

With the new Federal-Aid Highway Act to back them, the 48 states are launching a $50 billion highway building program—the biggest ever undertaken—to be completed by 1971.

But money by itself won't build this vast highway system. The real job will be done by men—determined men with courage and know-how—and by the mighty machines they use so well.

The contractors of America have checked their resources. After a hard, realistic look at the job ahead, they estimate that at full capacity they can build over $7 billion worth of roads per year *right now*. With a projected yearly maximum of $8 billion to be spent during the 14-year program, their confidence is justified.

A few of the 6,200 contractors ready to bid on the new highway work are "big" firms. But the smaller ones will carry a major share of the load, growing in stature and skill as they go on. They are training men for key supervisory jobs, ordering new equipment. And bankers, who recognize a sound investment, are backing them wholeheartedly.

One reason why the construction industry can meet this challenge is the development of bigger, more powerful machines that make manpower twice as productive as in 1948.

There will be no shortage of such equipment. Manufacturers are expanding their facilities. Caterpillar alone has vastly increased its plant capacity in the past three years and is continuing to expand. And every big yellow machine that comes off the production lines these days is more efficient than ever before because of Caterpillar research.

Facts you should know

Will the new freeways serve your town? How much will they cost you? Get all the facts in the free booklet, "The Road Ahead." Write today to Dept. 4, Caterpillar Tractor Co., Peoria, Illinois, U. S. A.

CATERPILLAR

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DIESEL ENGINES • TRACTORS • MOTOR GRADERS
EARTHMOVING EQUIPMENT

THE WORLD'S NO. 1
ROAD BUILDING EQUIPMENT

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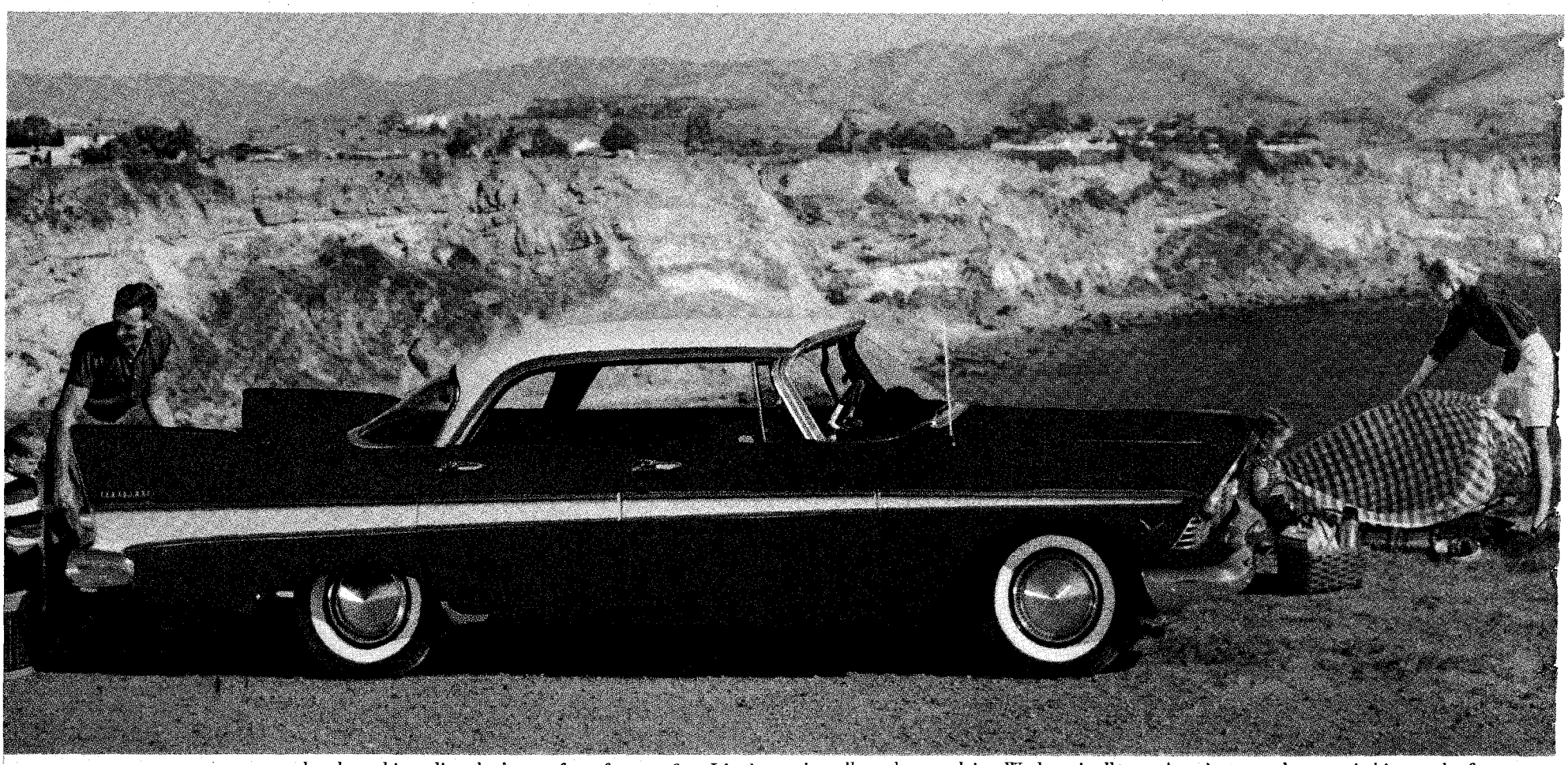
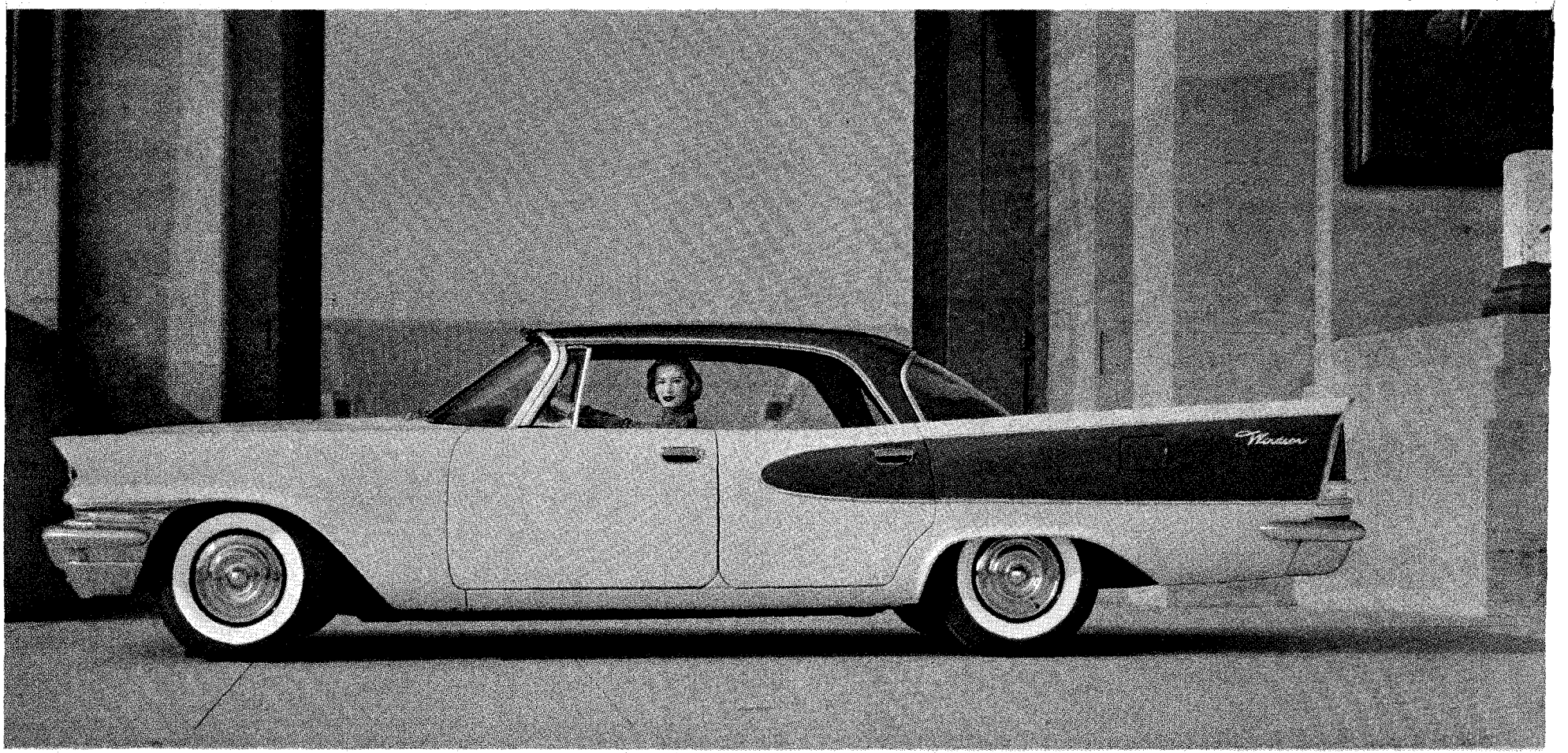
On every side you see and hear-

THE SWITCH IS ON TO



PEOPLE EVERYWHERE say they love this styling that's new from front to fins. It's the New Shape of Motion, and this PLYMOUTH BELVEDERE 4-door hardtop Sport Sedan shows why it really gathers acclaim. We hear it all over America—people are switching to the five cars of The *Forward* Look—the cars they themselves are calling the most *beautiful* of the year!



NEW TORQUEFLITE automatic transmission—available only on Chrysler Corporation cars, gives you unmatched smoothness and surge. Its *pushbutton* panel is by far the most modern, most convenient drive selector available today. Take out a Chrysler and *prove* it to yourself. (The CHRYSLER WINDSOR 4-DOOR HARDTOP is a luxury car right down in the *medium* price field!)

In over 30 years of building cars, we've never heard anything like this. Never have we heard so much enthusiasm so fast for new cars. Never have we heard people so clear in their reasons for switching to these new cars.

"IT'S GREAT STYLING," they say of new low lines, of distinctive fins that *steady the ride.*

"IT'S GREAT ENGINEERING," many say, in response to brilliant new features like Torsion-Aire Ride . . . Pushbutton TorqueFlite . . . Total-Contact Brakes . . . and many others.

"IT'S THE TOTAL NEWNESS," others say, in recognition of the fact that in no other cars today do they find so much that's new and *good.*

Yes . . . a powerful trend is rolling up as people see and drive these cars and compare them to all others right down the line. But don't simply take it from us. Listen to your friends and neighbors.

Listen to what people say . . . as the switch goes on to the newest new cars in 20 years . . . the all-new cars of Chrysler Corporation.

PLYMOUTH • DODGE • DE SOTO • CHRYSLER • IMPERIAL

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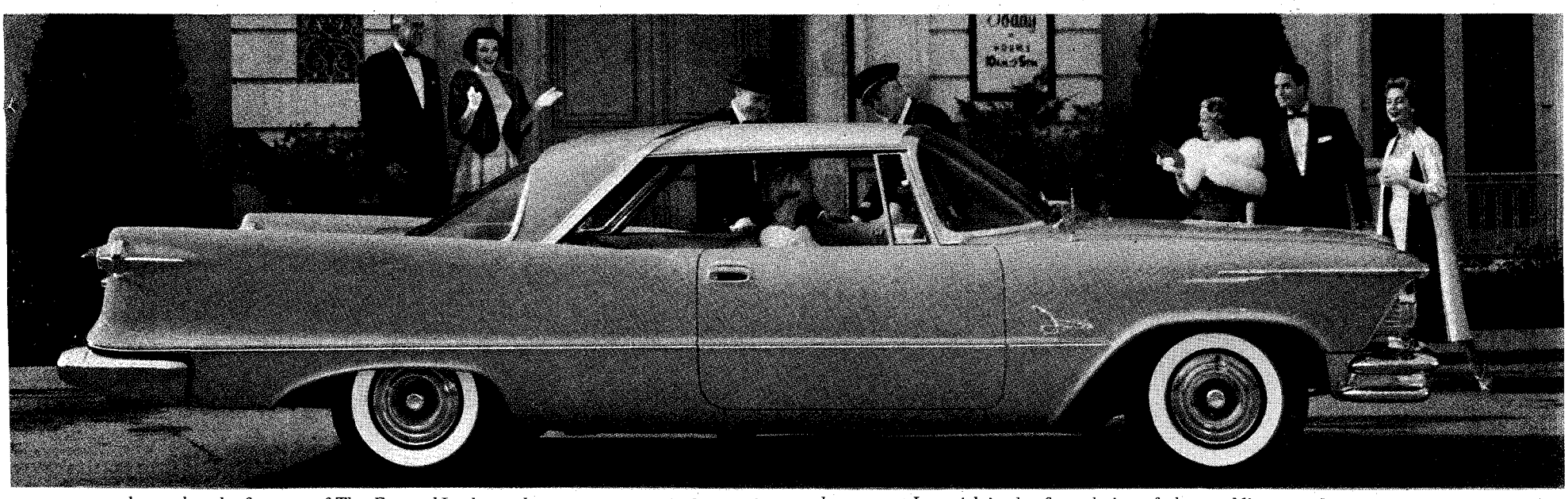
THE ALL-NEW CARS OF **CHRYSLER CORPORATION**

FOR THE FIRST TIME, here's the best of both worlds: new Flight-Sweep wagons (like the DODGE SIERRA above) have all the *carry-all capacity* to slave by day—all the *big-car glamour* to celebrate at night! And Torsion-Aire suspension cradles all contents from china to children with the gentlest kind of care. You can choose from 5 excitingly styled models.

EVERY CHRYSLER CORPORATION CAR—like the DE SOTO FIREDOME convertible shown here—has new Torsion-Aire ride, *the* engineering advance of the year. It isolates road shock, lets you take corners without tilt, and stop without jolting dive. With the widest range of models ever, De Soto is now a luxurious competitor with the *lowest* priced cars!



DOORMEN know that the five cars of The *Forward* Look are *the newest new cars in 20 years!* Shown arriving here is the IMPERIAL 2-DOOR SOUTHAMPTON. With an excellence that puts it in a class apart, Imperial is the first choice of the world's most discriminating car buyers! But take time to see for yourself why the switch is on—everywhere.

SEE CHRYSLER CORPORATION'S GREAT TV SHOWS, "CLIMAX!" AND "SHOWER OF STARS" THURSDAY NIGHTS, CBS-TV

Join the switch to **THE *FORWARD* LOOK**

CHRYSLER CORPORATION

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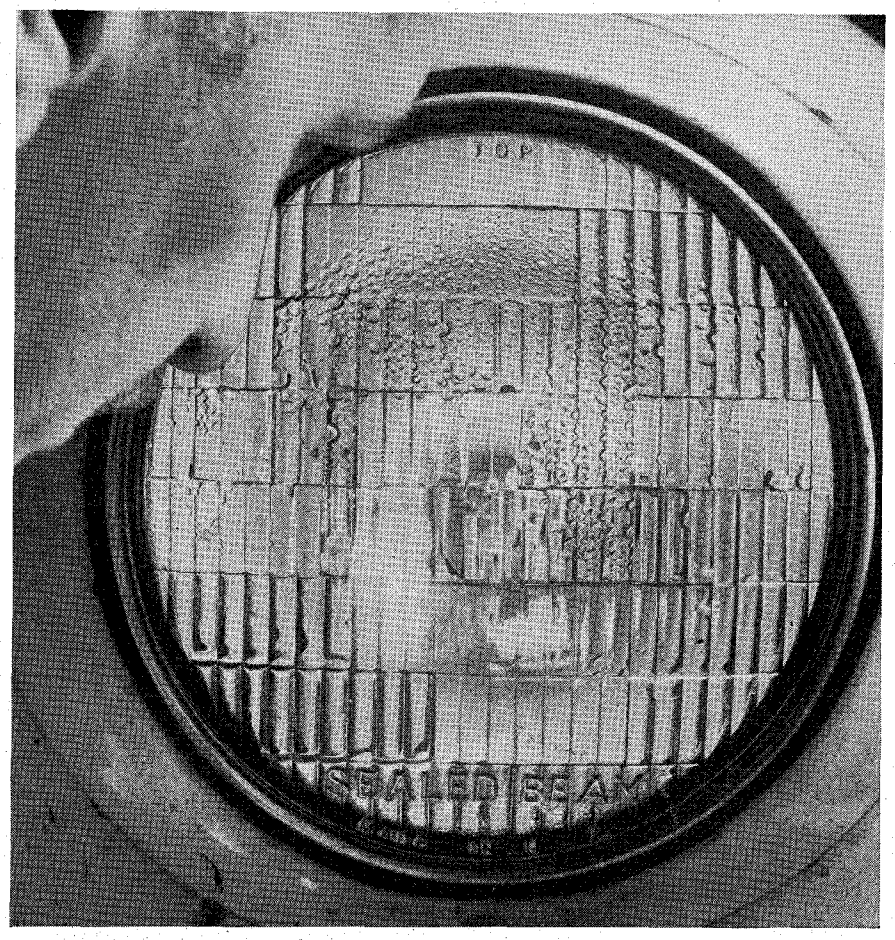
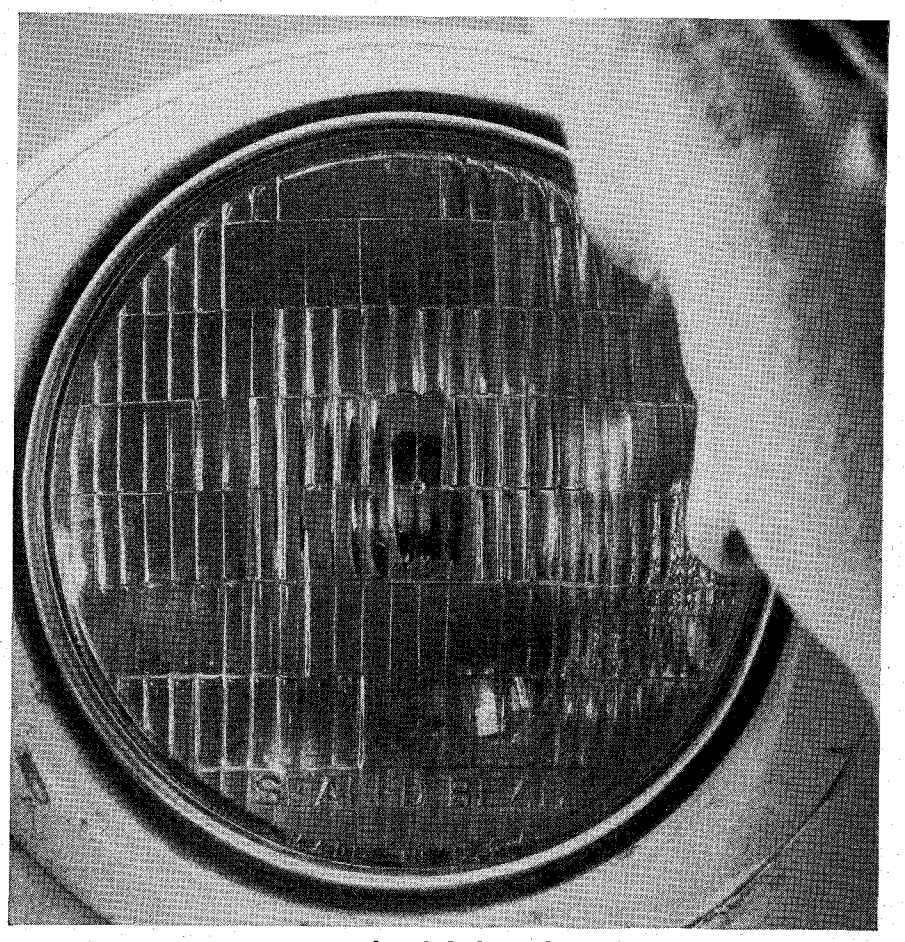
If your headlamps look like these—

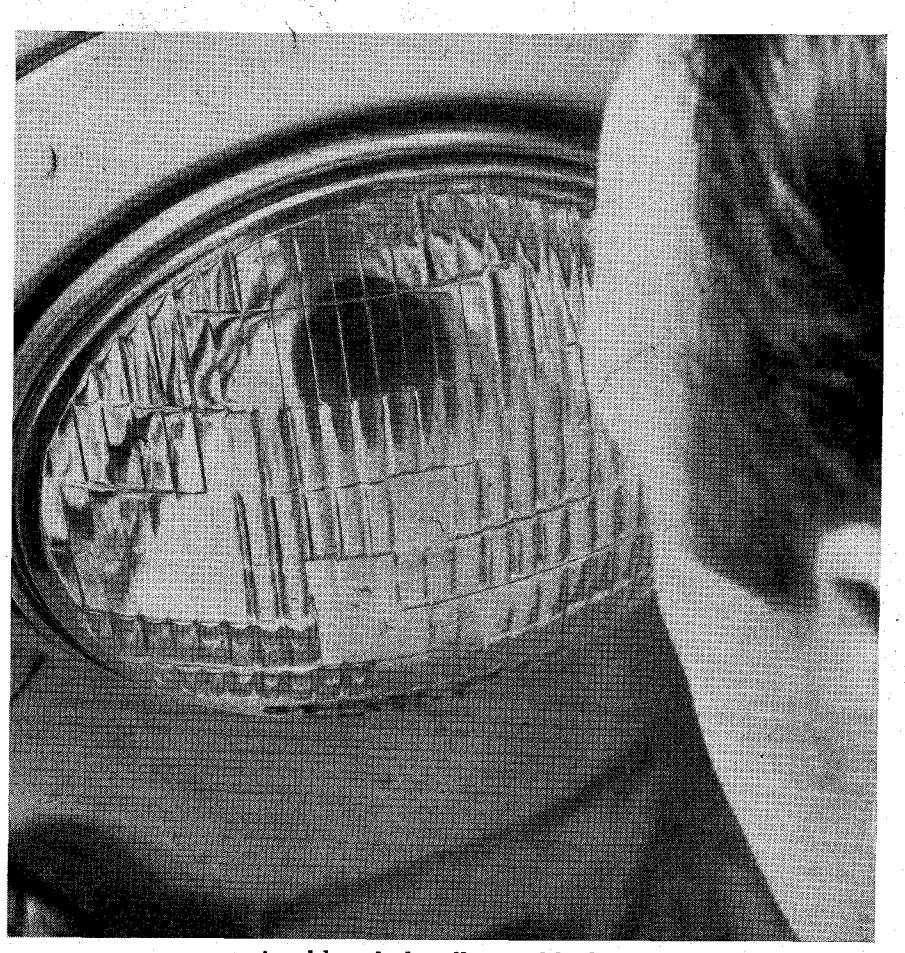
YOU NEED A PAIR OF NEW G-E *All-Weather* HEADLAMPS; YOU'LL GET LOTS MORE LIGHT



WATER DROPLETS inside the lens not only scatter the light, but they also help discolor metal reflectors. This can't happen with G-E *All-Weather* Headlamps—*moisture can't possibly get inside.*



DISCOLORED REFLECTORS absorb light rather than reflect it, causing a loss of up to 50% of the original light output. Dirt and moisture can never enter G-E *All-Weather* Headlamps so the *reflectors always stay shiny.*



BLACKENED BULBS in old-style headlamps block out the light from the filament and cause a dangerous drop in light output. This can't happen with G-E *All-Weather* Headlamps because *there are no inner bulbs!*

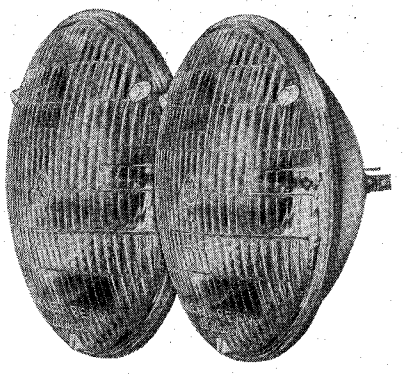
G-E *All-Weather* HEADLAMPS GIVE YOU LOTS MORE LIGHT . . . PLUS:

Better seeing in fog, rain, snow—The lower beam filament has a special shield that cuts down reflected glare and lets you see better in any weather.

Lower beam puts twice the light 300 feet ahead at the curb—You can see much better against the glare of oncoming traffic.

Upper beam that reaches far and wide—For open road driving, the upper beam filament is left unshielded to let you see curves, dips—even side roads.

So, for safer night driving, get a pair of new G-E *All-Weather* Headlamps today—and have your dealer aim them when he puts them in. You'll see the difference tonight! General Electric Co., Miniature Lamp Dept., Nela Park, Cleveland 12, Ohio.



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GENERAL ELECTRIC

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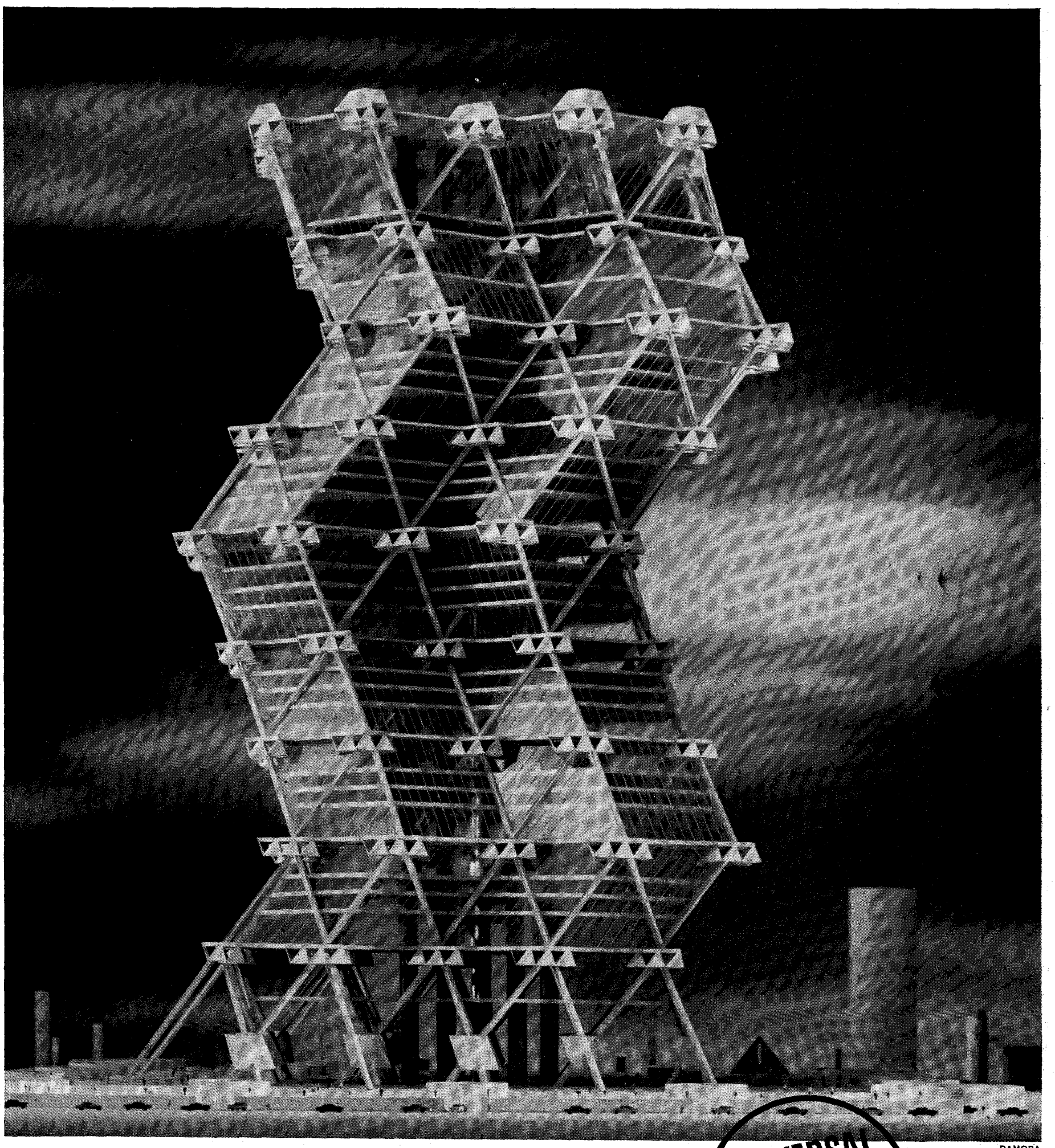

DAMORA

TOMORROW'S CITY HALL: high-rising tower of triangular concrete frames

"Utilizing one of nature's strongest, simplest shapes—the triangle—these triangular frames of precast, prestressed concrete buttress this high-rising structure. It grows upwards in a succession of pyramid forms to provide maximum areas of easily divided space, with a variety of ceiling heights. Through the hollow concrete sections run arteries which carry air conditioning, heating and other service lines, while a central core consolidates elevators and stairways. Thus, a meaningful form evolves out of a municipal structure's needs—and is expressed in concrete, the versatile building material."

LOUIS I. KAHN, *Architect;* Anne Tyng, *Associate*

■ When such concrete structures of tomorrow are built, Universal Atlas will supply, as now, a major share of the essential building material—cement. If you'd like to know more about this building method, write to Universal Atlas, 100 Park Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

UNIVERSAL ATLAS CEMENTS

USS

UNIVERSAL ATLAS CEMENT COMPANY—MEMBER OF THE INDUSTRIAL FAMILY THAT SERVES THE NATION—**UNITED STATES STEEL**

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Say . . . what's happening here?

She's coming back for more. That's what happens when you find something that fills your needs. For instance, last year, over 2,000,000 families bought cars on the GMAC Plan. Many have enjoyed its advantages over and over again. When you finance on the GMAC Thrift-Guard Plan, you can arrange terms that fit your family's budget. There are nearly 300 GMAC offices in the U. S. and Canada to help you in an emergency away from home. Ask your General Motors Dealer who uses the GMAC Plan to explain all the benefits of financing where you buy.

GMAC

GENERAL MOTORS ACCEPTANCE CORPORATION

TIME PAYMENT PLAN

WISE CAR BUYERS KNOW . . .

The best way to buy "on time" is to pay down as much as you comfortably can—then pay the balance as soon as you can.

GENERAL MOTORS ACCEPTANCE CORPORATION

THE PLAN THAT HAS HELPED MILLIONS BUY CARS "ON TIME"

ASK YOUR DEALER in CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • BUICK • CADILLAC new cars, and used cars of all makes; also FRIGIDAIRE • DELCO APPLIANCES

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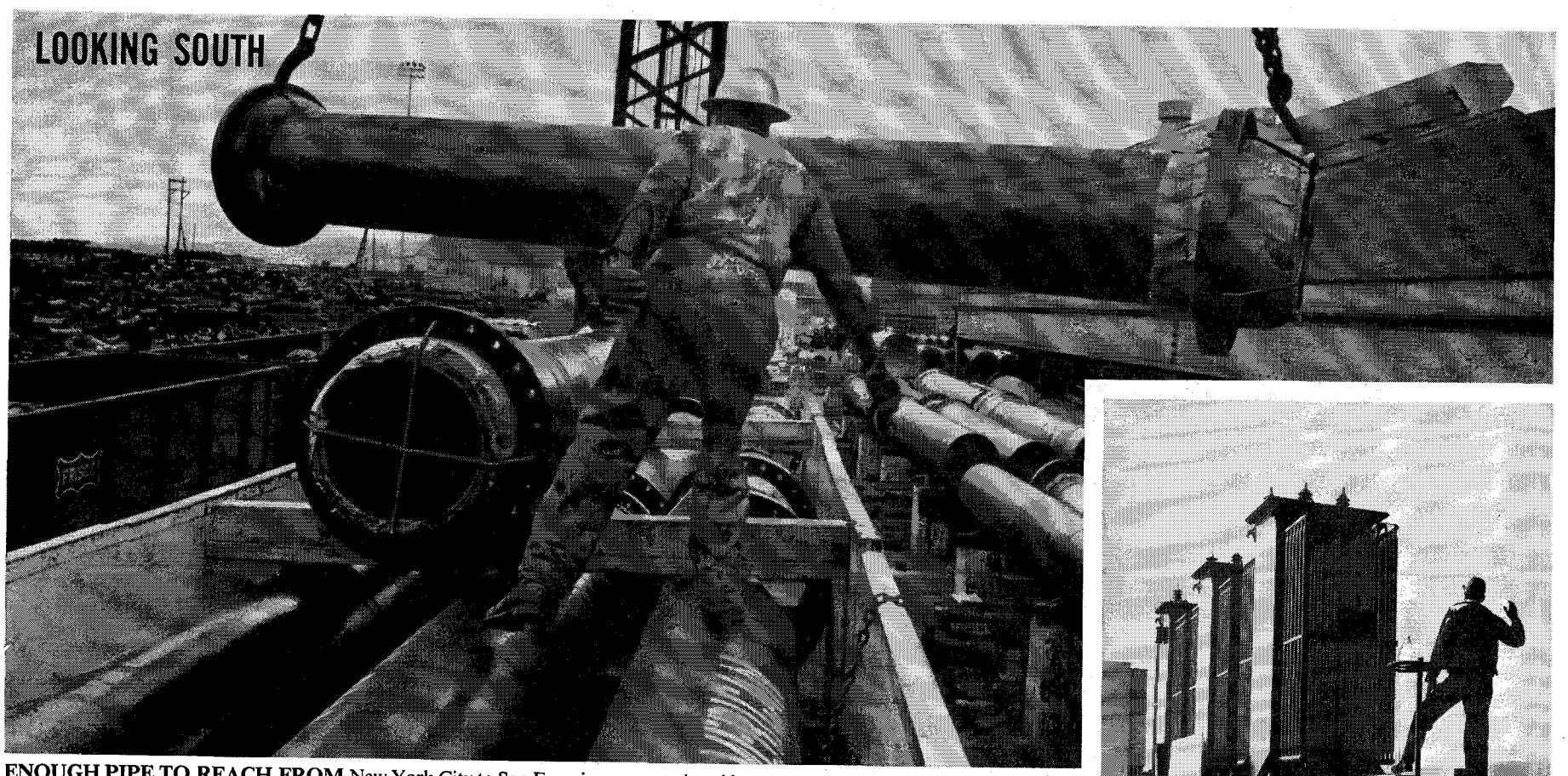


ENOUGH PIPE TO REACH FROM New York City to San Francisco was produced last year at American Cast Iron Pipe Co., Birmingham, Alabama. Here, in the pressure pipe center of the U.S., pipe is manufactured in diameters of two to 48 inches for water, sewer, oil, gas and chemical systems.

ELECTRIC POWER TRANSFORMERS are shipped all over the world from the recently established General Electric plant at Rome, Georgia, with almost 2,000 employees. Rome is headquarters for G.E.'s Medium Transformer Department.

"Dixie's" Accent Sounds Good to Business Ears!

THE ESTABLISHMENT of new corporations in the South last year was at a rate *seven times* greater than that of the nation as a whole!

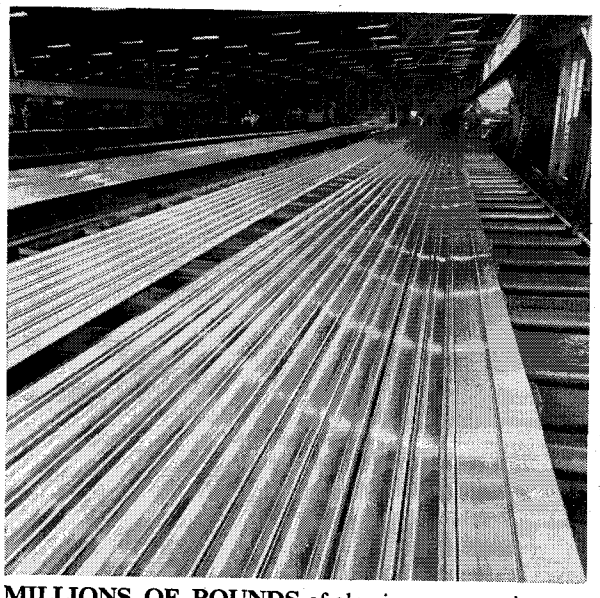
Bank debits gained 9.4%. Electric power production was up 13.6%. Industrial payrolls increased 7.5%.

Dixie's business is good—and getting better—because of *buying power!* The golden cycle of progress continues . . . the South is on the march!

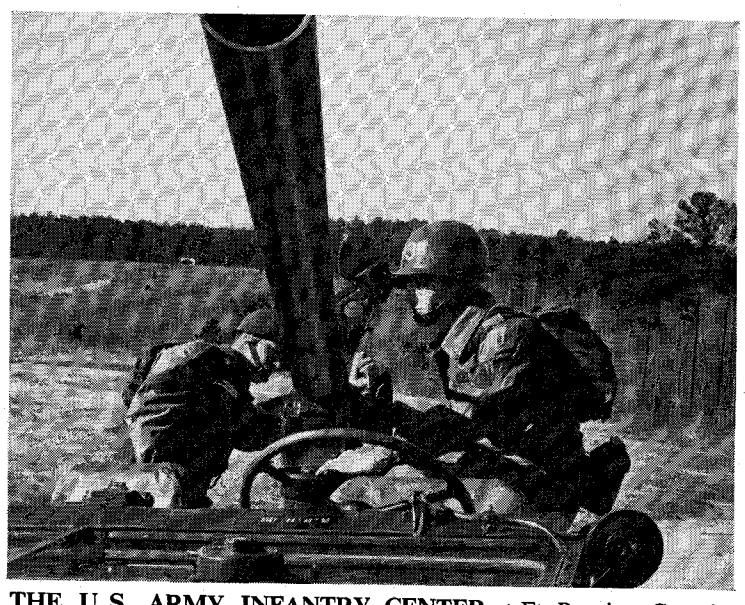
The investor-owned electric power companies of The Southern Company will continue to have ready ample electricity to meet the needs of this impressive growth — firm in their belief that "the last half of the twentieth century belongs to the South."

Statistics, first nine months of 1956—latest available.

FUN IN THE SUN! Sparkling, white beaches like this one near Panama City, Florida, offer a wide variety of summer and winter recreation. Similar beaches are also found along the hundreds of miles of Alabama, Georgia and Mississippi shoreline.



MILLIONS OF POUNDS of aluminum are used annually at this Olin Mathieson aluminum extrusion plant at Gulfport, Mississippi. The plant was established in 1954 to meet the South's increasing demands for aluminum products. Another unit was added last year. Most of its production is in irrigation pipe, architectural exterior trimming and material for residential use.



THE U. S. ARMY INFANTRY CENTER at Ft. Benning, Georgia, is one of many permanent military installations in the South. Benning makes important economic contributions to the area with annual payrolls and purchases of around $75 million. Pictured are soldiers being trained in the use of the new Battalion Anti-Tank recoiless rifle, which is capable of knocking out any known tank.

Shaded section designates area served by the four investor-owned electric power companies in The Southern Company system.

Alabama Power Company, Birmingham, Alabama
Gulf Power Company, Pensacola, Florida
Georgia Power Company, Atlanta, Georgia
Mississippi Power Company, Gulfport, Mississippi

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HERE'S THE *BIG BU*
BUILT WITH *TRIPLE*

Can't be

Triple-Tempered by Goodyear's exclusive "Tension, Temperature and Time" process, Triple-Tough 3-T Cord licks **Heat, Shock** and tire **Fatigue**

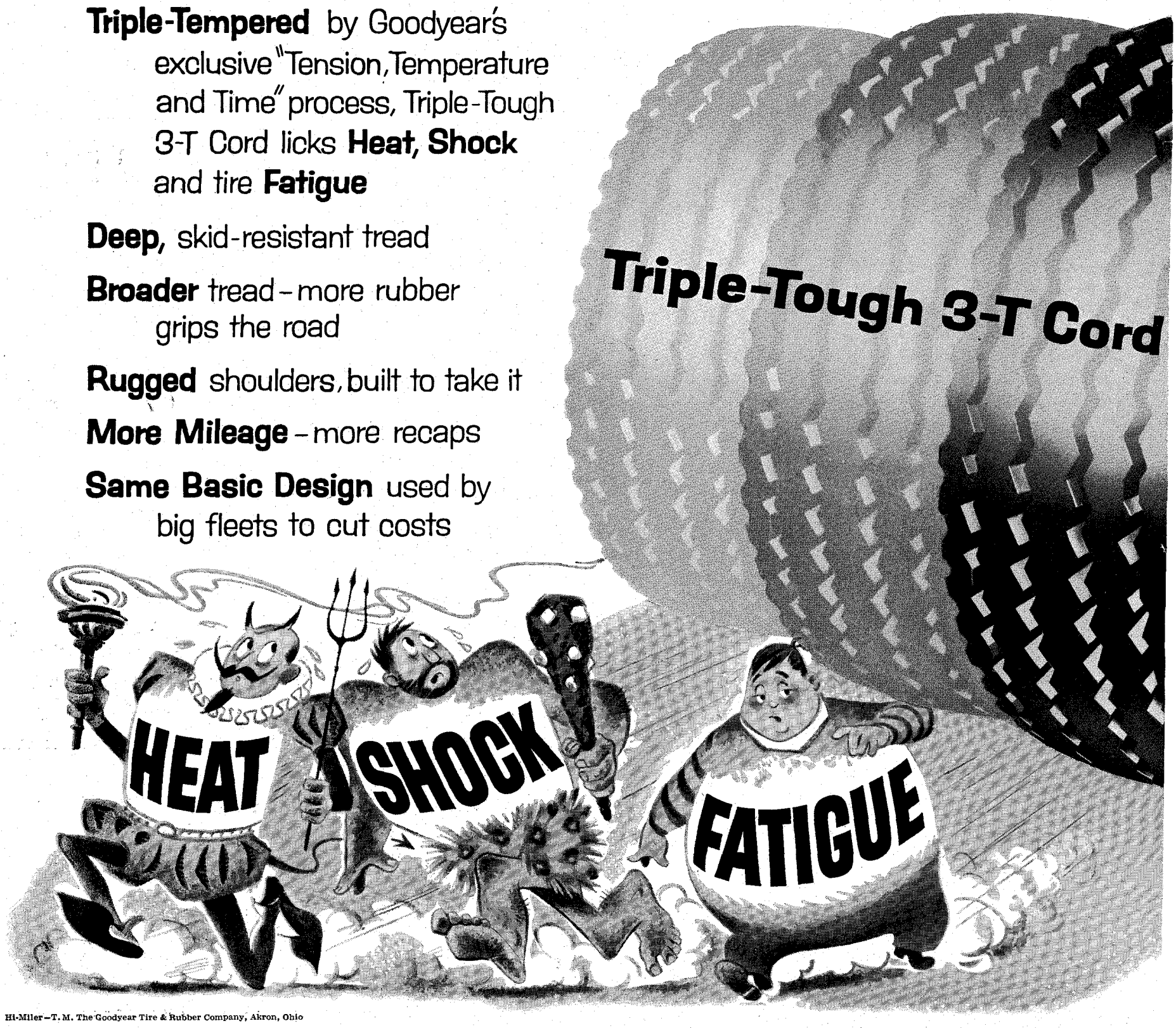
Deep, skid-resistant tread

Broader tread – more rubber grips the road

Rugged shoulders, built to take it

More Mileage – more recaps

Same Basic Design used by big fleets to cut costs



Hi-Miler—T. M. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

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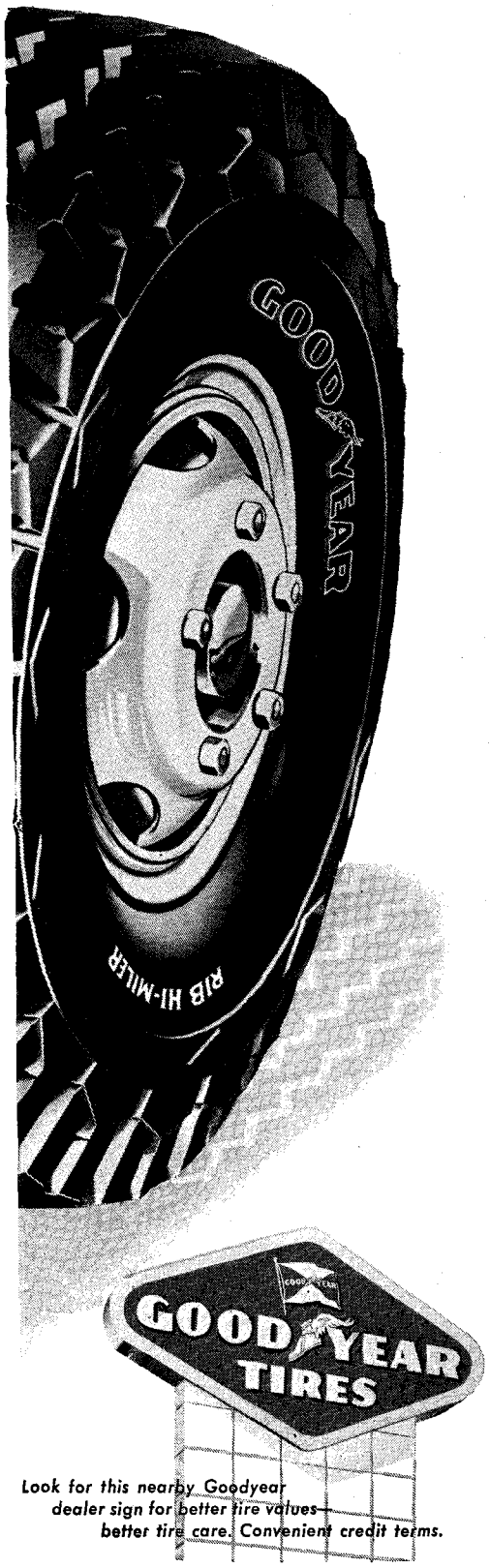
Y IN TRUCK TIRES!
TOUGH 3-T CORD!

matched for the money—



Only $19.95

for size 6.00-16, 6-ply rating, plus tax and recappable tire — yes, no more than you'd pay for some auto tires! Other sizes also attractively low-priced—including TUBELESS in 15" and 16" sizes — at most Goodyear dealers'. Prices subject to change.

CONVENIENT BUDGET TERMS—PAY AS LITTLE AS $2 WEEKLY FOR A *PAIR* OF THESE REAL TRUCK TIRES AT MOST GOODYEAR DEALERS'.

New RIB HI-MILER chases the 3 Great Tire-Killers— keeps rolling up mileage when other tires at the price are on the junk pile!

Think of tires like the buyers in big fleets do.

They know *final costs* sky-rocket unless they get long, dependable mileage—plus recaps.

That's why the new RIB HI-MILER is built with TRIPLE-TOUGH 3-T CORD — *triple-tempered* by Goodyear's exclusive process to lick the 3 great destroyers of long truck tire life.

As a result, the new RIB HI-MILER withstands HEAT — the SHOCK of repeated bumps and bangs — the FATIGUE of hard service — as no lesser tire can possibly do.

In fact, the new RIB HI-MILER *can keep on rolling up miles—and give you extra recaps—long after other tires at the price are on the junk pile!*

It's a real He-man TRUCK tire, through and through—yet the new RIB HI-MILER with 3-T Cord and all its other moneysaving features costs no more than some auto tires.

Let your Goodyear Dealer start you on continuing savings right *now!*

Goodyear, Truck Tire Dept.
Akron 16, Ohio

Look for this nearby Goodyear dealer sign for better tire values— better tire care. Convenient credit terms.

GOODYEAR

MORE TONS ARE HAULED ON GOODYEAR TRUCK TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

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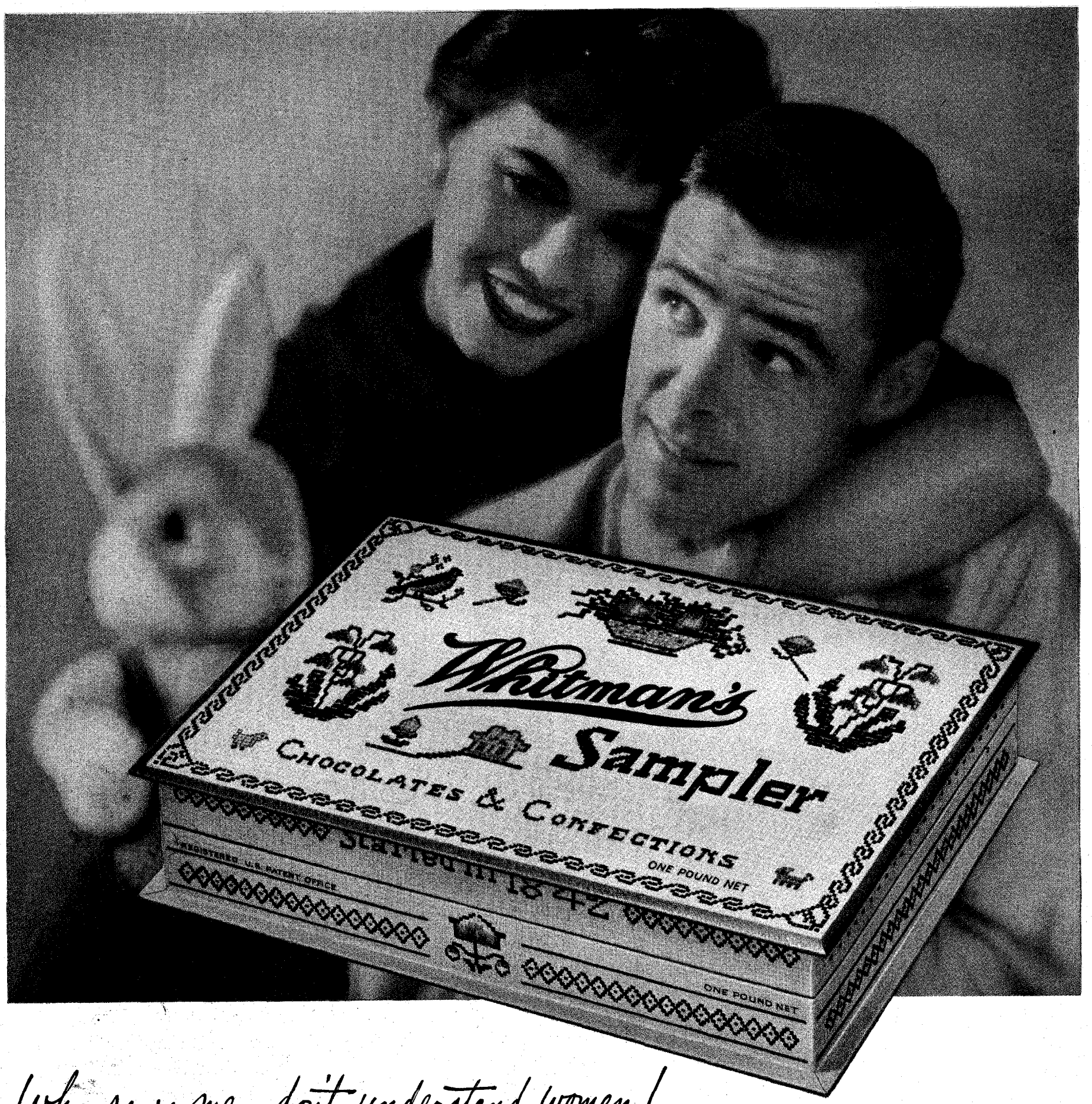

Who says men don't understand women!

Whitman knows better!

Because it's the men, mind you, who buy the Sampler more than anybody—particularly in Springtime.

And they buy this box of chocolates to give to their fair ladies.

Shows they have a sixth sense about feminine psychology. And a *seventh* sense about good candy! Every woman knows the Sampler is the most impressive candy present a man can buy.

For Easter, why not remember your best gal, your mother, Aunt Martha—*all* your ladies—with gifts of Samplers. Like the young man above, you'll be glad you did! Samplers are $2, $4, $6 and $10. Stephen F. Whitman & Son, Inc., Philadelphia, Pa.

© S. F. W. & SON, INC.

Whitman's
CHOCOLATES

New Pinwheel Assortment, specially priced at $1.50

Give her a Sampler on Easter, April 21st

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The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY Benj. Franklin

For four years the Eisenhower Administration managed to restrain the British from warring on Egypt. This exclusive article, which is based on top-level, inside information, reveals just how they pulled us into the Middle Eastern mess.

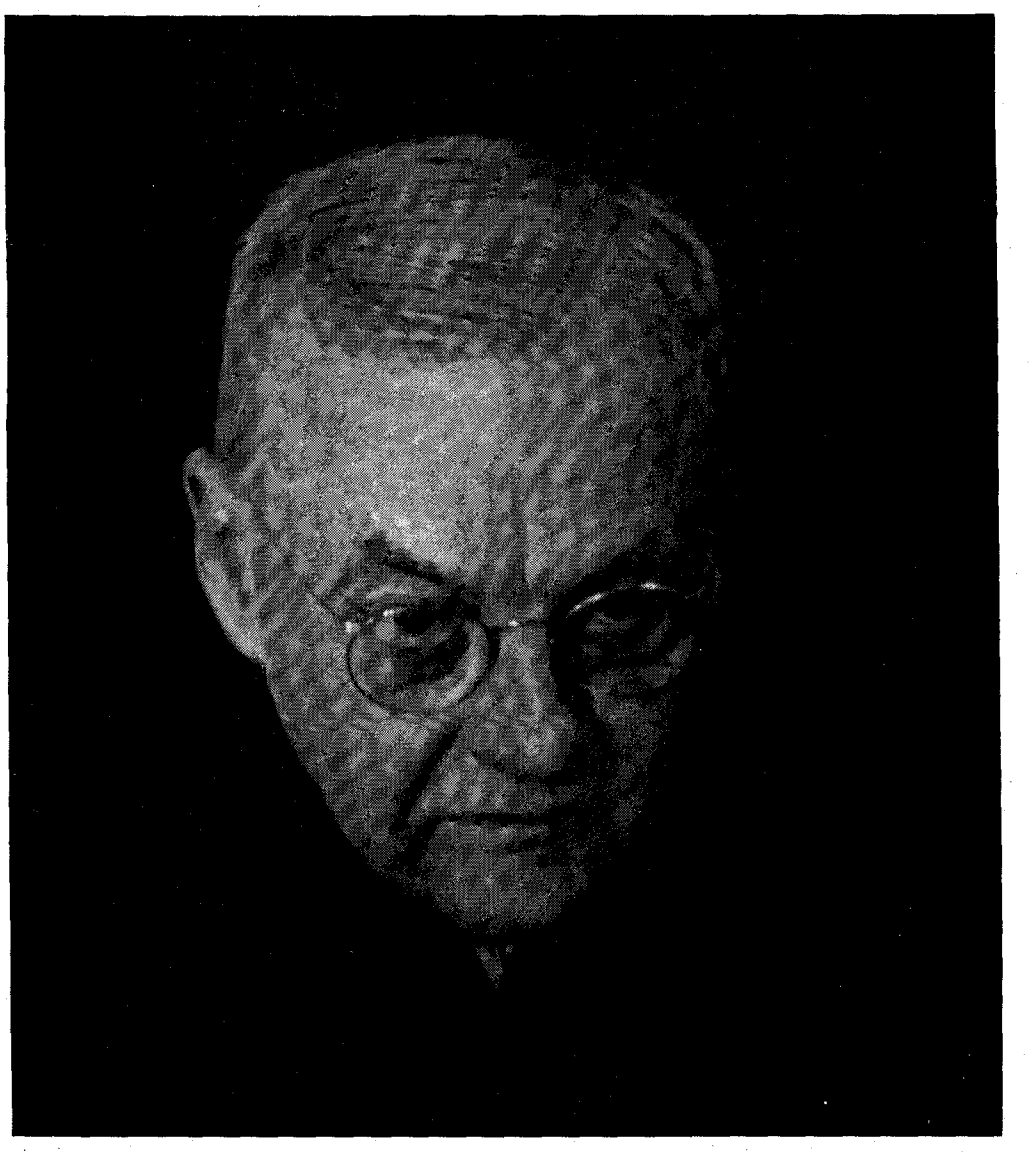
How Our Allies Tricked Us

By DEMAREE BESS

A few weeks ago in Washington I had a talk about the Eisenhower Doctrine with Sen. J. William Fulbright, Democrat, of Arkansas. I went to see the senator because he seemed to be as much puzzled as I was about the Great Middle East Mystery. He was asking his fellow senators why Great Britain and France, our two most trusted allies, had concealed from President Eisenhower and Secretary of State John Foster Dulles their decision to attack Egypt last October. Senator Fulbright declared that it did not seem to make sense that these two greatest beneficiaries of our foreign-aid program should want to deceive our Government. So he was seeking an explanation for what he called "this disastrous and remarkable collapse of our relations with our closest allies," which he said apparently took place during "the relatively short space of a few months."

Another puzzling aspect of the same mystery was why the President and Secretary Dulles had been so optimistic about Middle East developments only a few days before the Anglo-French attack—and just before the elections—and then, a few weeks later, declared that the Middle East presented "the most serious threat that we have faced over the past ten years." When I went to see Senator Fulbright I hoped that he had made more progress in solving the mystery than I had at the time. Senate committees in closed sessions had been taking secret testimony for weeks from Secretary Dulles, Admiral Arthur Radford, and other high-ranking diplomats and military leaders. Mr. Fulbright is unusually well qualified to weigh such testimony. He is a former university president, and as a Rhodes scholar attended Oxford University in England for three years. Since being elected to the Senate in 1945, he has made frequent study trips to Europe.

But the senator said that closed sessions had not proved much more (Continued on Page 77)



Secretary of State Dulles. He has suffered long at the hands of critics here and abroad, and he is known to harbor much bitterness since the British and French deceived him. He takes comfort in President Eisenhower's statement last January: "Mr. Dulles has never taken any action which I have not in advance approved."

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Jubilant after their 4-day, 1900-mile trek by school bus, students of Little Cypress High School, Orange, Texas, arrive in Washington.

At the Smithsonian Institution, teen-agers amble through the galleries or rest young legs wearied by miles of sight-seeing.

In a hotel room, girls from the Defiance, Ohio, High School, show off a few of the pennants and other odd objects that students lug home as souvenirs each year.

Photographs by Ollie Atkins

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Each spring, an army of sight-seeing, fun-seeking students descends on the capital and makes the old town rock. Here's what happens when

The Senior Class Goes to Washington

By RUFUS JARMAN

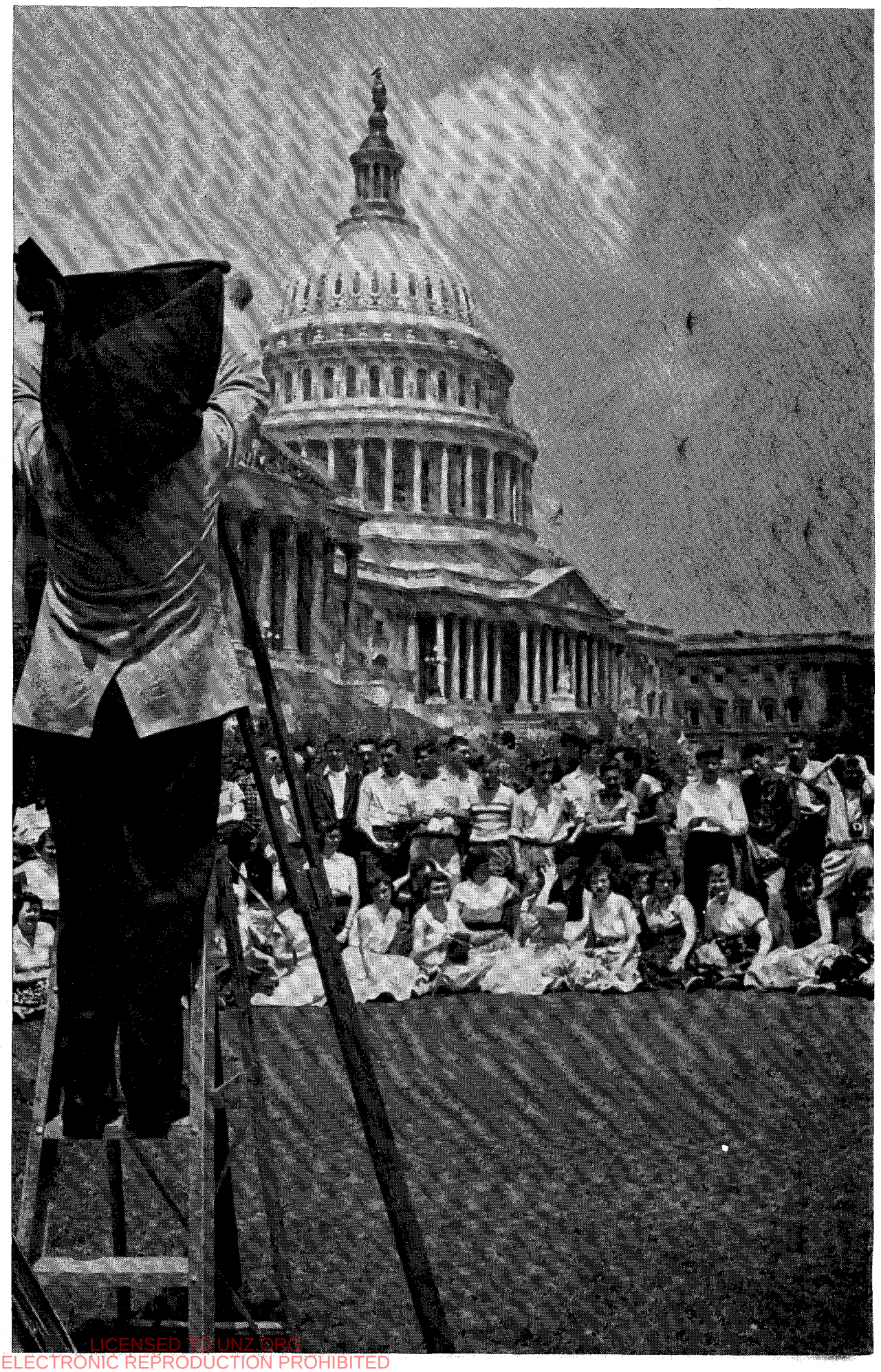
Not since the days of the Pied Piper of Hamelin has there occurred any movement of youngsters so remarkable as that which advances upon Washington, D.C., each spring. Beginning in the latter days of March and continuing into the middle of June, high-school seniors from as far away as California make their annual pilgrimage to the nation's capital. This year there will be more than 400,000 of them, traveling in organized groups. Indeed, these senior classes' journeys to Washington are developing into an American tradition as sturdy as that of honeymooning at Niagara Falls.

They are also becoming big business for the capital city. In 1930 some 500 classes, totaling perhaps 15,000 seniors, came to Washington. In 1947 there were 2000 classes with 90,000 members. Last year more than 350,000 boys and girls from 6000 classes made the trip, and during their stay in Washington they managed to spend some $20,000,000 for food, lodging, sight-seeing and souvenirs.

They visited spots ranging from Glen Echo, an amusement park where they rode on the Ferris wheel, on up to the White House, where they tramped in shuffling lines through bare-looking reception rooms, urged along by White House guards. They filed through the solemn halls of the Library of Congress and, come evening, attended one of Washington's two Chinese-American night clubs, which have floor shows designed for the teen-age set.

Last year some well-heeled groups, such as the Morgan Park Military Academy, of Chicago, arrived by chartered plane, slept two students to a hotel room instead of the usual four, and stayed six days instead of the average two and a half. Most schools managed nicely on a more modest budget. The thirty-four seniors and four chaperons of Little Cypress High, near Orange, Texas, for instance, made the 3800-mile round trip in their own school bus with students driving.

Little Cypress almost missed the trip. With two weeks to go, the class was several hundred dollars short of the $2000 it needed, and the only fund-raising activity left was the senior-class play. In years past, no play at the school had ever brought in more than $150. This time the desperate seniors shot the works by staging an arena version of Custer's Last Stand, and it turned the trick. A few days later, wearing Texas boots and (Continued on Page 124)



The class picture: While the photographer focuses his camera, seniors strike a pose for the traditional portrait on the Capitol lawn.

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"I brought some flowers for the girl I love," said Jonas. "I'm coming up to kiss you."

Jonas and Margaret were surprised to learn what romantic things could happen on a

THIRD HONEYMOON

By RALPH KNIGHT

Illustrated by Bernard D'Andrea

When Jonas Weed dragged his feet into his office that brilliant, bird-songy spring morning, his secretary, good for her, asked cheerily, "Well, how are you this morning?" Jonas, who hated mornings whether the sky was brilliant or squatting down ceiling-zero on the streets, replied, "Hunh."

This upset the poor girl, because she had asked him the same question every work morning for years, and nearly always he had replied with relative gaiety, "Ah, hunh, I guess." Jonas was a gentle guy, who did not enjoy being unpleasant to a flea, but obviously he was now fit to be unpleasant to a dragon. *The man needs a vacation*, diagnosed the girl. *So yesterday he has me scratch his name from the vacation chart; thinks he'll go in the fall. So what is a secretary supposed to say now?*

When Jonas Weed, who loved evenings, dragged his feet into his country home that same brilliant, bird-songy spring evening, he kissed his wife before they spoke, for he and Margaret had agreed, away back at the beginning, that that was the way a kiss said most. Immediately Margaret was upset, for the kiss said nothing that was right. She diagnosed cheerily, good for her, "You need to take a vacation, dear. But first take a shower. And put on your shorts. Don't fuss about your knees being knobby. They are beautiful."

When Jonas came downstairs from his water therapy, he disappeared behind a newspaper into ominous silence. It was normal for him to be speechless at breakfast, but rarely at cocktail time. He consumed the one drink which his reducing diet permitted, and then poured the other. Margaret was sitting across the room; she had a lovely ageless beauty, but now she was looking old in her eyes. She was fussing with a glass of carbonated water or some such liquid nonsense. Their daughter, Betty, was sitting over there, too, unable to look old anywhere at twenty-four, but her eyes were worrying about her father.

Margaret hopefully proposed a subject that she knew Jonas enjoyed. "Well, let's see. In just about nine hours, Peter will be climbing into that plane in Berlin for home. One thing we certainly can be happy about is that he has picked out of the whole, entire world such a wonderful girl as Johanna."

"Umph," said the father.

Peter was their son. He had gone into the World War from high school. After two years in the infantry, fighting the Germans, a year in the occupation forces in Japan and four years in college, he had gone back to Berlin in a civilian post with the Army, and there he had met the German girl, Johanna Stiefel. The Stiefels lived in West Berlin—all except the father, whom the Russians, when they swirled through the city in the last confused days of the war, had taken away into silence. Johanna could speak English very well and she became a secretary with the British occupation people. The American boy and the German girl fell in love, and the boy came home and got a job in New York, to prepare the way for an American life for both of them. When things were set, and the girl could get into the immigration quota, Peter and Johanna planned to be married here in Jonas' living room. Peter was now in Berlin on vacation.

All at once Jonas walloped his newspaper down on his knees and erupted, "Money, money, money!"

"Dear?" Margaret probed anxiously.

"This morning in the subway," Jonas began to give, "I reached up for a strap and off pops the middle damn button of my jacket."

"So what's a button?" Betty asked, trying to fathom his lathered-up condition.

(Continued on Page 119)

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BELAFONTE Gives it All He's Got

"It's taken me almost all my thirty years to be an 'overnight success,'" says this extraordinary young man who has made folk songs pay off in millions.

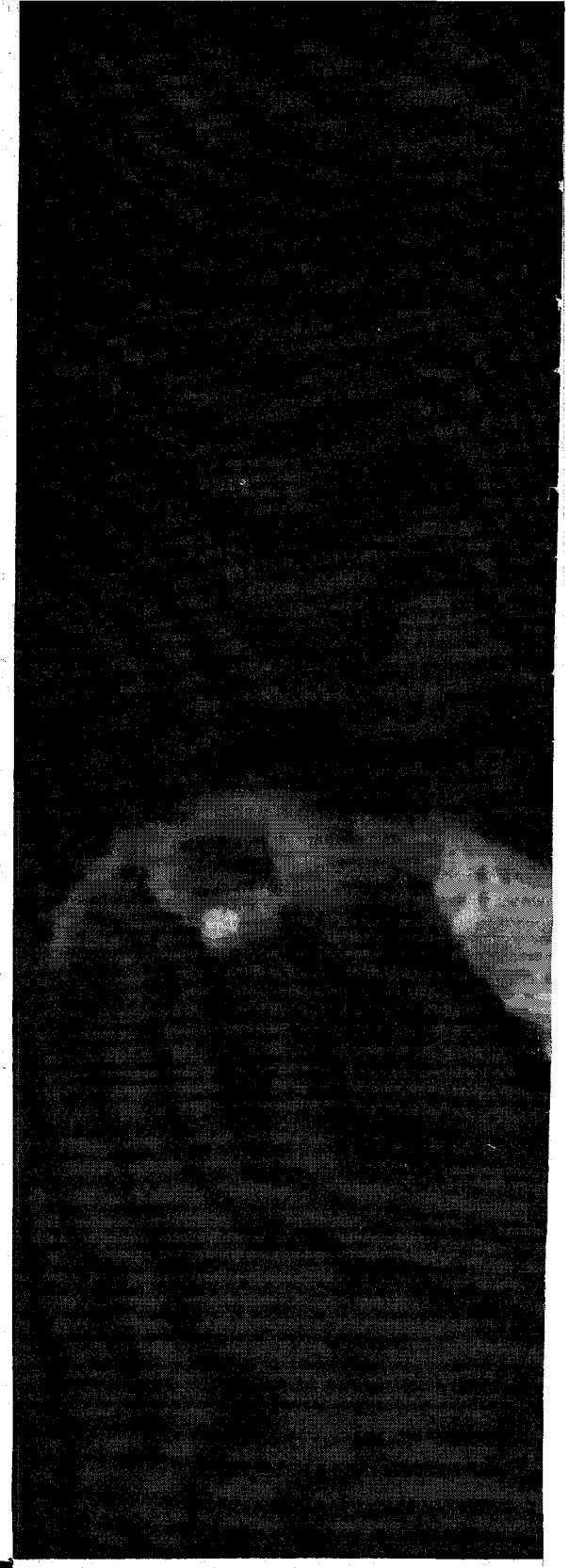
By Jeanne Van Holmes

A few years ago, in a Madison Avenue office, a veteran booking agent frowned through his cigar smoke at the handsome young Negro waiting eagerly on the other side of the desk.

"I'll give it to you straight, Harry," the agent said. "You haven't got a prayer of getting anywhere. Number One, to go into folk singing would be committing professional suicide. Number Two, it just ain't as easy to get bookings for Negroes. And Number Three, how come you're so damned dedicated you won't even slant these folk songs of yours to some special audience—men, women, teenagers or the old-timers? Come off it, boy. Who do you think is going to listen to you—the folk?"

Evidently, there are plenty of "folk" in the United States, for today Harry Belafonte gets a warm welcome in every entertainment field and his earnings have come close to a half million dollars a year. His record albums of folk songs are steadily among the top ten national best-sellers. He gives folk-music concerts in Southern as well as Northern universities, and he ranks with Ezio Pinza in drawing the biggest crowds in the thirty-nine-year history of Lewisohn Stadium Concerts. Pinza attracted 27,000 in 1951. Five years later, Belafonte drew an audience of 25,000, and thousands more had to be turned away because of reduced seating capacity. He was costarred in the Broadway show, 3 for Tonight, with Marge and Gower Champion, in the film Carmen Jones with Dorothy Dandridge, and has a dramatic lead in the film Island in the Sun.

He was the first Negro entertainer to appear at the Empire Room of Chicago's Palmer House, the first male (Continued on Page 69)



Belafonte and his accompanists warm up before a Las Vegas night-club appearance.
On the instruments: Millard Thomas, Vic Messer (who looks like folk-singer Burl Ives) and Daniel Barrajanos.

Belafonte endorsed Adlai Stevenson last October and visited him in New York.

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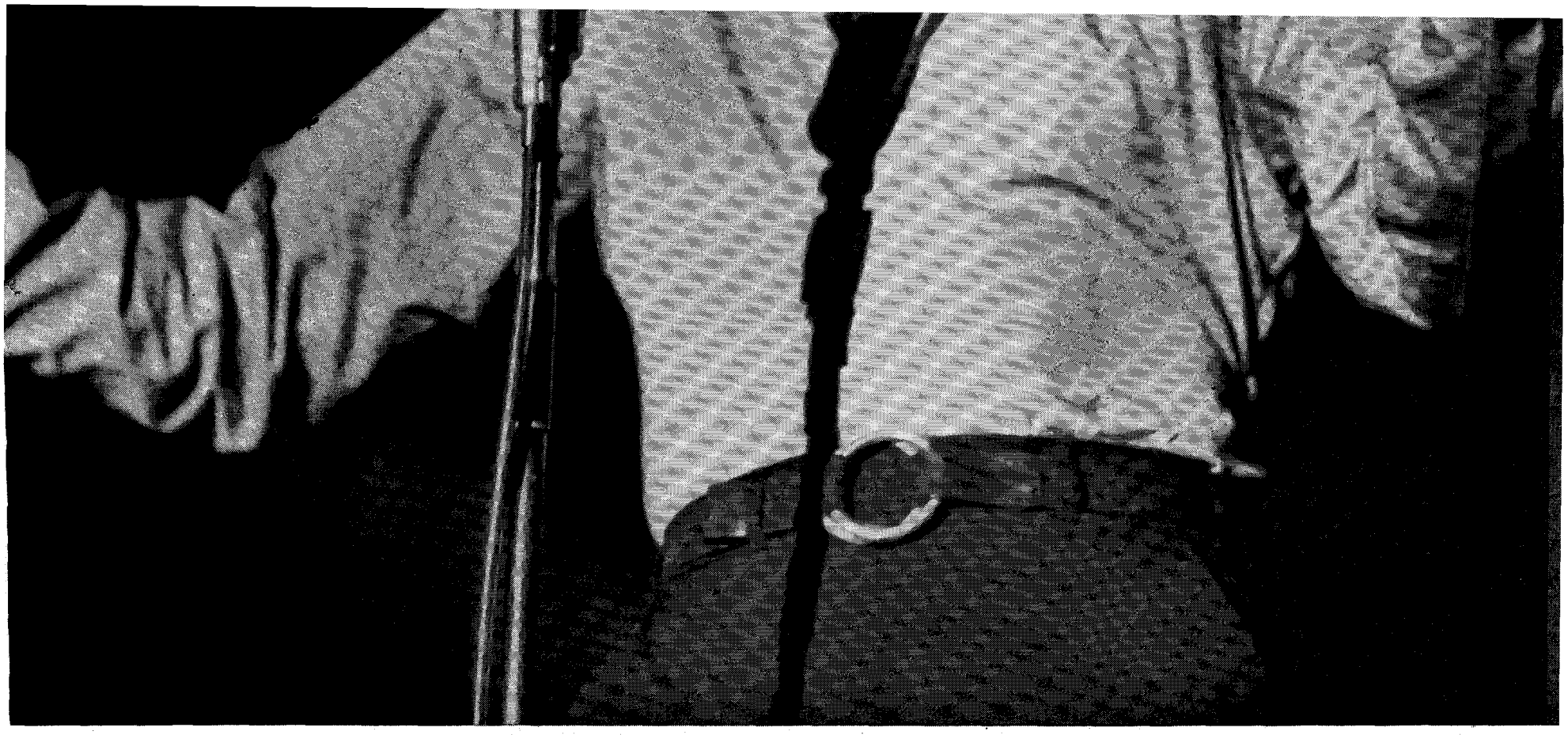
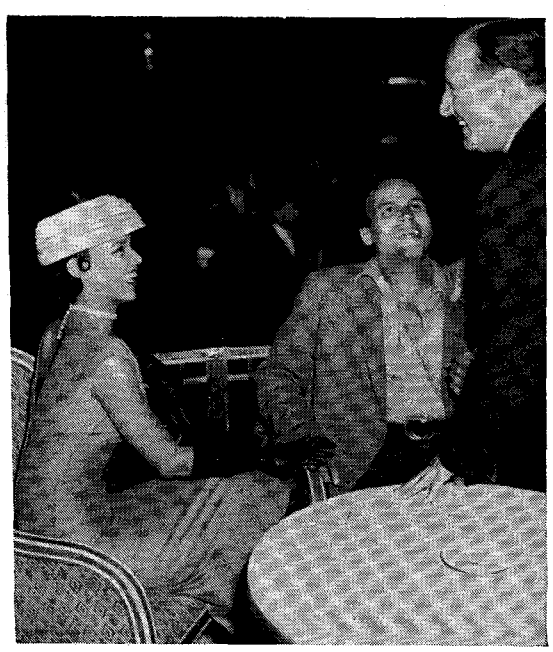
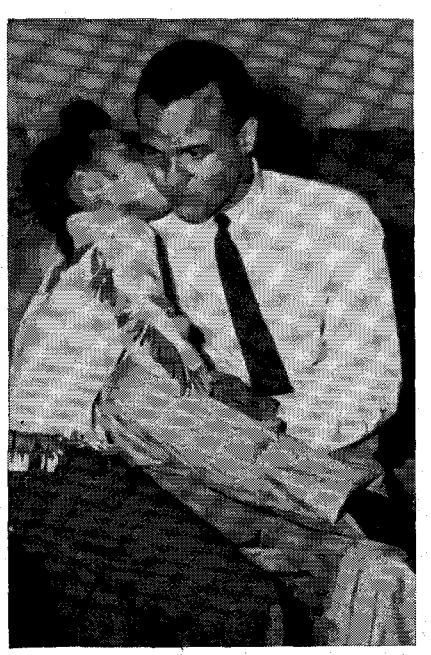


"When I sing John Henry I project myself into the roots of the song. I'm charged with pride in what John Henry means to all Negroes," says Harry.



After his show at the Waldorf, Harry sits with his movie co-star Dorothy Dandridge.



Harry and his daughter Adrienne, 7, who "bosses him around affectionately."

Searching for native American music at its source, Belafonte (right) gathers folk-song material from a "steel gang" laying track through a Florida swamp.

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The sun was almost down now and the woods seemed, if anything, to get thicker and more unfamiliar.

Foolish old Uncle Rennie pretended he was a woodsman—and the city boy believed him. Now they were

LOST IN THE BAYOUS

By EUGENE NEWSOM

The second week after Mike Matela arrived to begin a new life at Albert and Myra Reed's big, relaxed white home in the ricelands east of Era, Uncle Rennie Waterhouse broke loose.

"Whoo!" he whooshed. "It's contrary to the laws of nature for a boy not to be dodging work and seeking devilment. Why, he just sits and stares at the clouds."

Myra, fat and ever busy, smiled tolerantly.

"Set him to chopping coffeeweeds," Uncle Rennie pursued. "A hoe handle won't give him arthur-eetis."

Uncle Rennie was seventy-six, a great-uncle of Albert's, and a widower with small talent for housekeeping. He had come to live with Albert and Myra the year before, and now, brown as a board and wearing his paunch comfortably, he found the unoccupied hours hanging, plentiful and insipid, like possum grapes in a wet year. He wasn't so old that he could sit half a day at a time in a cane-bottom chair and smoke and doze. He wasn't that old.

"The boy will be all right in time," Myra said. "When school starts he'll be all right. It's just new to him down here after those long months in Detroit before his mother died, and him having no daddy and all that."

"Watching the clouds and the dragon flies," said Uncle Rennie sorrowfully. "I'm afraid he's a moper."

Among other things, Uncle Rennie considered himself an authority on the habits of boys. He had raised a pair of them. This one, however, seemed to be of a different species and needed proper study; this city boy, son of a distant cousin (Continued on Page 83)

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Apart from heartache to the principals and harm to the children, divorce brings trouble of a kind often overlooked: Ruinous financial hardship. A California court officer tells why

You Can't Afford a Divorce

By C. CLINTON CLAD

Advice From the Governor . . .

"As a Judge of the Los Angeles Superior Court, I presided for two years in the Domestic Relations Department. I know that Commissioner Clad's article is all too accurate a report of the financial difficulties resulting from the breakup of the family. I hope this article will be given serious consideration by all people presently contemplating divorce."

Goodwin J. Knight

Governor of California

Do you know how to cut an apple in two and end up with two apples? Neither does a divorce court. Yet that's what people, in a never-ending stream, expect us to do.

How often, after I've made an order for support, has the shocked and incredulous wife looked up at me and said—occasionally in words, more often in facial expression—"But I can't live on that!"

She's right too. She can't. But what can we do in a case like this one, which is all too typical?

George West—which is not his real name—earns $350 a month. He and Betty were barely making both ends meet when they were living together. Now they've broken up and George has moved out. It will cost him not less than an additional $100 a month for room and board. Betty's expenses are little if any less than when they were living together. Where is that extra money going to come from?

I don't know. Yet I'm supposed to. As a commissioner of the Los Angeles Superior Court, my main job is to hear divorce cases at their inception. The filing of a divorce complaint marks, to put it mildly, a sharp turning point in the lives of the husband and wife. Too often it is followed by irresponsible behavior by either or both of them.

Several months must pass before the divorce case can come to trial. Yet the needs of life go on. Someone must pay the bills, care for the children and provide food, clothing and shelter.

In many states a custom has grown up of having a preliminary hearing, at which time certain stop-gap orders are made. These take care of the most urgent problems. Often this hearing is held less than a week after the wife or husband first saw a lawyer. We get them while tempers are high.

The Los Angeles Superior Court, with eighty judges and fifteen (Continued on Page 127)

The author interrogates an unhappy wife (right) at a preliminary hearing in her divorce action. In foreground are husband's attorney, wife's attorney and a court reporter.

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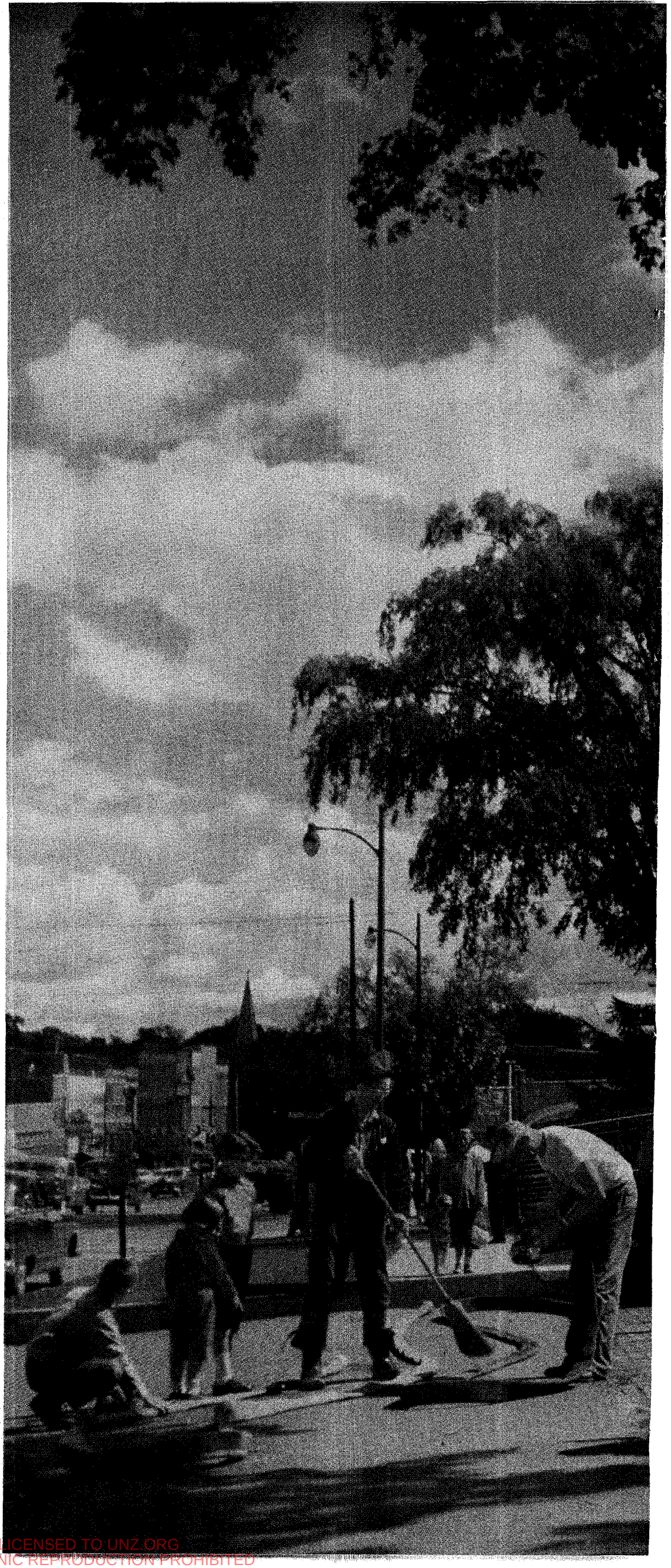
The Face of AMERICA

Firehouse Gang

You're a smoke-eater, a citizen volunteer. You leap from bed when the sirens scream at night, from your shop or office for alarms by day. That's a job: dirty, dangerous, urgent and unpaid. But Saturday afternoon is for taking it easy and chewing the fat with the firehouse gang. It's also a time to roll the big red wagons into the sun and groom them. Shine, polish, brush—make those trucks gleam, Jack; when the LeRoy volunteers go to a fire, they go right. Here in this upstate New York town, organized volunteers have fought fires for over a century. Duty and dedication bind their fraternity together—and a sense of freedom: the barbershop long since ceased to be a stronghold of masculinity—but firehouses are still for men only.● Photograph by Frank Ross



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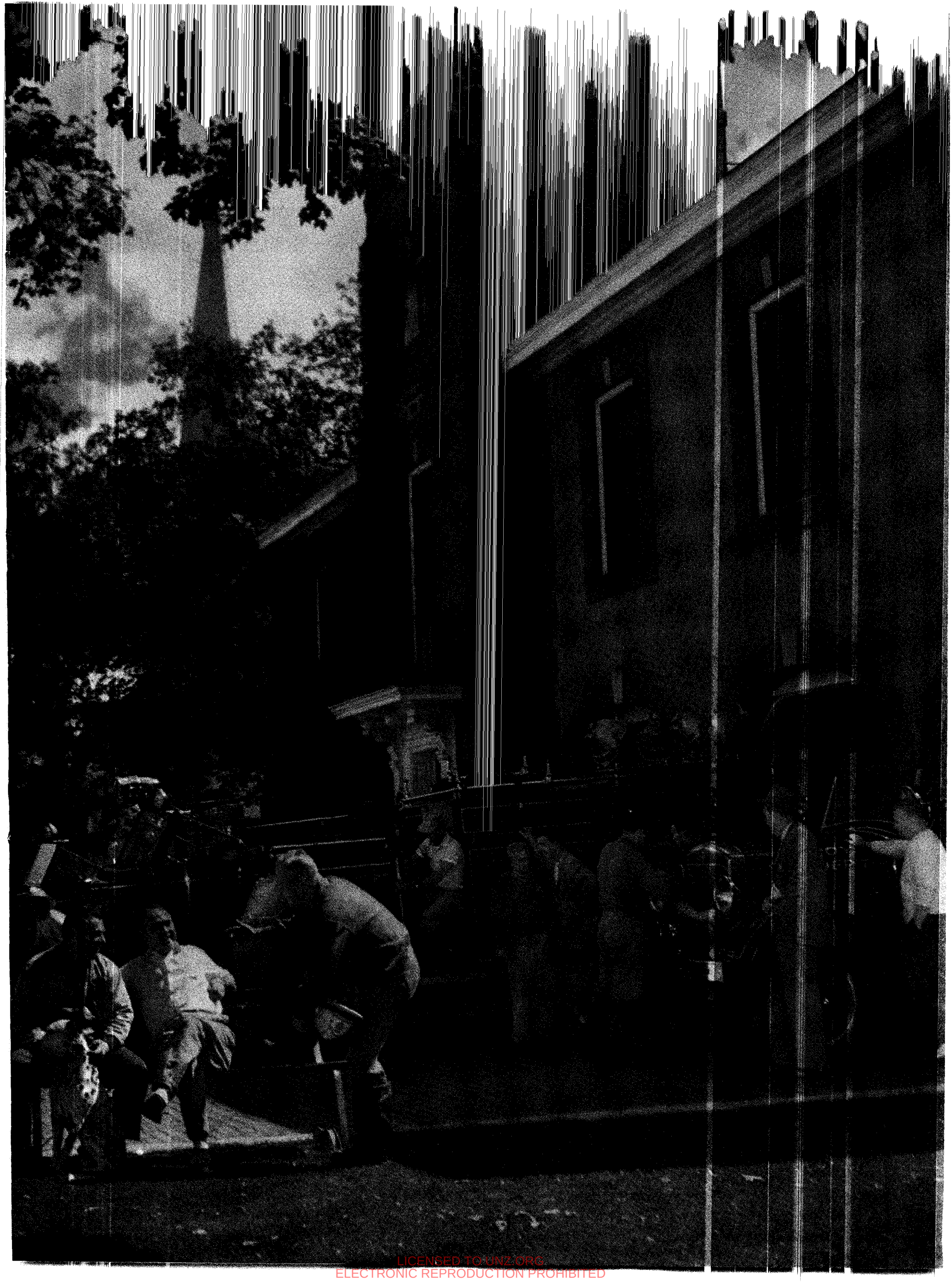

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And So I Got Married . . .

At forty-three, this bachelor suddenly became husband and father to an unusual family of nine. Progress report: "I have never, never been so happy in all my life."

By NOEL BARBER

ROLLE, SWITZERLAND.

It all started over lunch, as so many romances do. I arrived—aged forty-three—gay as a cricket and, what's more, free as a bird.

I had a tiny apartment in Paris which I could, and did, lock up for weeks on end when on assignment as a foreign correspondent. Life was one long thrill on expense accounts. No wonder I had a few thousand dollars in the bank and lots and lots of friends.

Then the dark-haired girl, half-Italian, half-Rumanian, was placed next to me. I fell in love at first course. Now—two and a half years later—I sit in the garden of the old farmhouse I have bought overlooking Lake Geneva, and I take stock at the shattering transformation that has detonated my life.

Two and a half years ago, as a bachelor approaching middle age, my family was one. Me. Now, somehow—and I shall never quite know how—nine people inhabit the old farmhouse, and there are just about nine languages stuttering from room to room like a recording session at an examination for interpreters. It sounds crazy, I know, but there it is—to get along, we have to speak, among us, English, French, Italian, Danish, German, with a little Rumanian and Korean thrown in for good measure. Here is how.

There is the breadwinner. I am English. There is Titina, my wife, who is Italian. I speak to her in French or English. She has a pretty, if slightly unusual, command of the latter language, samples of which I shall offer later.

There are my two children, eighteen months and eighteen days at the time of writing, and neatly arranged, though I say it myself, as Bengy the elder and Simonetta the younger. Bengy already chatters—but only French and Italian words. Simonetta so far only screams.

But there are two other children. There is Titina's son by a former marriage to a Frenchman, a husky sixteen-year-old called Musty. Normally he speaks French or Italian to his mother, French to me.

Breakfast in bed for foreign correspondent Barber, an Englishman, and his wife, Titina, who is Italian. The new husband says, "You know, before all this happened, my life marched with such precision and order, I was in the gravest danger of becoming quite impossible."

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Around the table from left: Titina with little Simonetta; Mamie, Titina's Rumanian mother; Else, the Swiss cook; son Bengy; and Barber, who serves as interpreter. At piano in rear: Emanuela, an adopted niece.

Photographs by Eugene Kammerman

You might think this enough for a newly married man to undertake. But if you do things at all, might as well do them thoroughly. So in a moment of weakness I have never regretted, we adopted a ravishing seventeen-year-old niece of Titina's called Emanuela. She speaks only Italian. By now I can almost understand opera.

Emanuela helps look after Bengy, but we have a nurse for Simonetta. Now, Swiss nurses cost several earths and expect you to wait on them as well. So we imported a girl from Copenhagen, as I had once lived there and know them to be first-class nurses. But she speaks only Danish. She is called Grete, and she and Titina have just about enough words in common to stop the children from starving. But when there's a really difficult problem to solve, then poor papa, who speaks Danish, is called in unless he is away in Budapest or Brazil.

That makes seven, including the bread-winner. But we had another problem to solve: How could we organize life so that occasionally Titina could get away with me on a trip? After all, I am absent from home nine months or more of the year when you add all the trips together, so one way to enjoy life with my bride is to take her with me when I can.

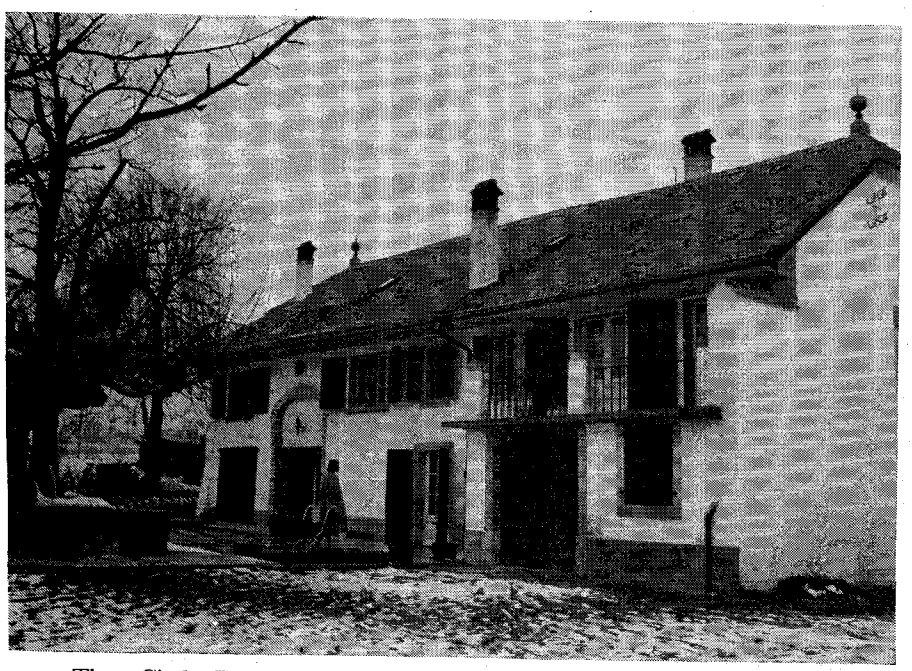
But Titina is an old-fashioned girl and flatly refused to leave even Bengy with the nurse and Emanuela, though we trust them both implicitly. So we overcame this difficulty by asking Titina's mother to come and live with us. We call her Mamie, and she is a remarkable old Rumanian lady of seventy-one who smokes through long cardboard cigarette holders and whose best languages are unfortunately Rumanian and Korean. She picked up Korean while living in Seoul, where her husband was ambassador. She does talk Italian—but not when excited, which is frequently.

And finally there is our treasure who cooks and washes and dusts and cleans. It took us a long time to find her, for the trouble with French Switzerland is that everybody is so darned rich that you can never get maids. But Else, our treasure, comes from a village near Zurich, and so, though I hardly like to mention it, she speaks only German-Swiss, though under the tutelage of my wife she has by now learned to cook in Italian.

Well, there you are. Long, long ago all my dollars—and many more—vanished in buying the farm and prams and teen-age clothes. Long, long ago all the peace I thought so necessary to creative writing vanished too. The old farmhouse is a babel. Mamie is crooning Bengy to sleep in Korean—or Rumanian. Else's guttural voice warns Titina there is "*nicht* spaghetti" in the pantry. Nurse is singing a Danish ditty. Musty in French demands that I play tennis with him, and Emanuela in Italian wants to know if she can play jazz on my radio.

I have never, never been so happy in all my life.

You know, before all this happened, my life marched with such precision and order that I was in the gravest danger of becoming quite impossible. I worked extremely hard, but in my leisure I demanded the best of everything with the minimum of fuss. I wore shirts made for me by Sulka in Paris, shoes from Lobb in London, and I (Continued on Page 97)



Three Circles Farm, the author's home in Rolle, Switzerland, near Lake Geneva.

"I am a devoted enthusiast of mothers-in-law, Rumanian brand," declares family man Barber.

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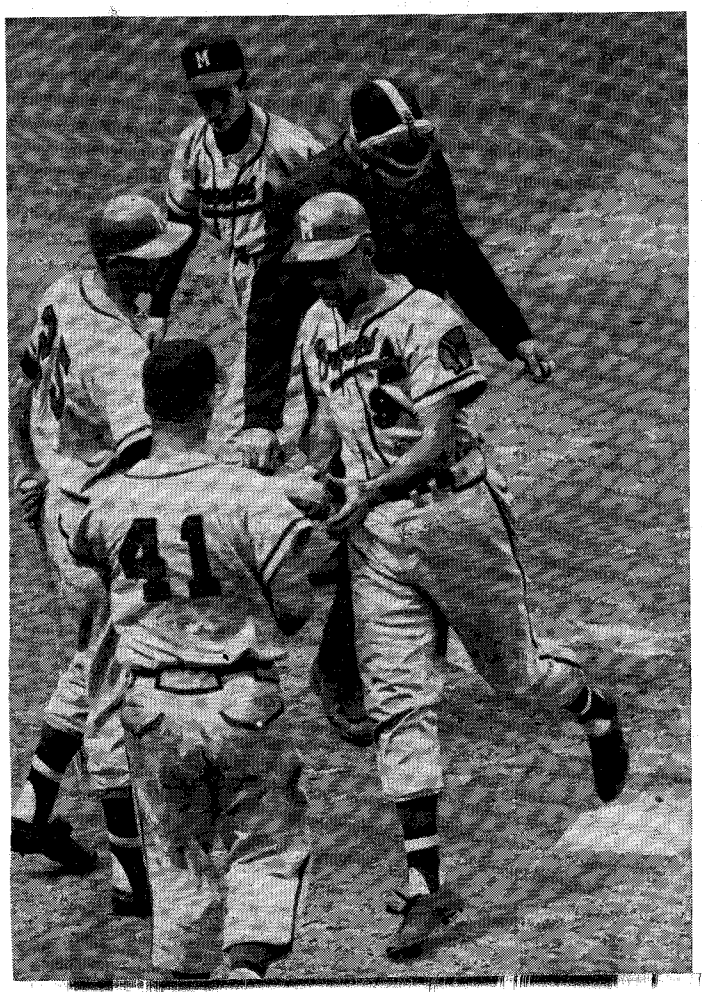
Faithful to the end, Braves fans watch their team win its futile final game at St. Louis last season. That same afternoon the Dodgers trounced Pittsburgh to clinch the league title.

The Braves' veteran southpaw climbs way out on a limb:

I Say Milwaukee Will Win the Pennant

By WARREN SPAHN as told to Furman Bisher

The author (hatless) with Fred Haney, who became manager last June. Spahn says: "As soon as he took charge of the Braves, we went on an 11-game winning streak. Haney had us taking chances we never took before."



In foreground are three big reasons for Spahn's optimism: Sluggers Thomson (25) and Mathews (41) congratulate Joe Adcock (9) who has just hit his 13th homer of 1956 against Brooklyn—a record against a single club.

For four years in a row the baseball experts have been predicting that the Milwaukee Braves would be in the middle of the fight for the National League pennant. Last year they said the Braves had an outside chance of winning it, and that's just where we wound up again—outside.

This year they can pick Milwaukee all the way and not go wrong. The Braves will win the National League pennant. I'll go even further. The Braves also will defeat the New York Yankees in the World Series, four games to two.

I've never felt so positive about a Braves team since I became a steady boarder in 1946. Naturally I feel that we have a better club than the Brooklyn Dodgers and the Cincinnati Redlegs, our chief contenders, and the St. Louis Cardinals, who also could be dangerous this season. But more than that, my prediction is based on a good inspirational reason, dating back to the night of September 30, 1956.

That night we Braves took the longest plane ride we've ever made, although it covered a distance of only about 350 miles. We were flying back home from St. Louis to Milwaukee. The season had just ended. We had blown the pennant. We had goofed. When the chips were down, we lost and Brooklyn won. It's a cruel truth to face, but the fact is we didn't deserve to win.

Although we had won our last game from the Cardinals that day, Brooklyn also had won from Pittsburgh to finish on top by one game. That was the last crushing blow. There was little conversation on the plane back to Milwaukee. Everybody was quietly unhappy. The only thing we thought about was getting packed and getting away for the winter as fast as we could.

As our plane circled Billy Mitchell Field for the landing at Milwaukee, we could see a tremendous crowd (Continued on Page 100)

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To Molly, college meant more than dusty books and dull professors. She was

Hunting a Husband

By WILLARD TEMPLE

"Why didn't you abandon me in a field when I was born?" I said to my father. "That's what they used to do with girl babies."

My father tried to play it once over lightly. "Molly," he said, "you were born in a snowstorm. Baby, it was cold outside."

"You could have put me in a basket on the church steps," I said. "I might have been adopted by a rich family that would have sent me to private schools in Switzerland."

"Honey," my father said, "if I'd known college meant so much to you, I'd have tunneled into the bank next to my office."

So then I felt like a heel and went over and kissed his bald spot. Could my father help it that I was a twin and the other one was named George? Was it my father's fault that unless you are either an egghead or weigh one hundred and ninety pounds, it costs maybe two thousand dollars a year to go to college? And if there are twins, and only one can go to college, is it going to be the boy or girl who gets to go? Next question.

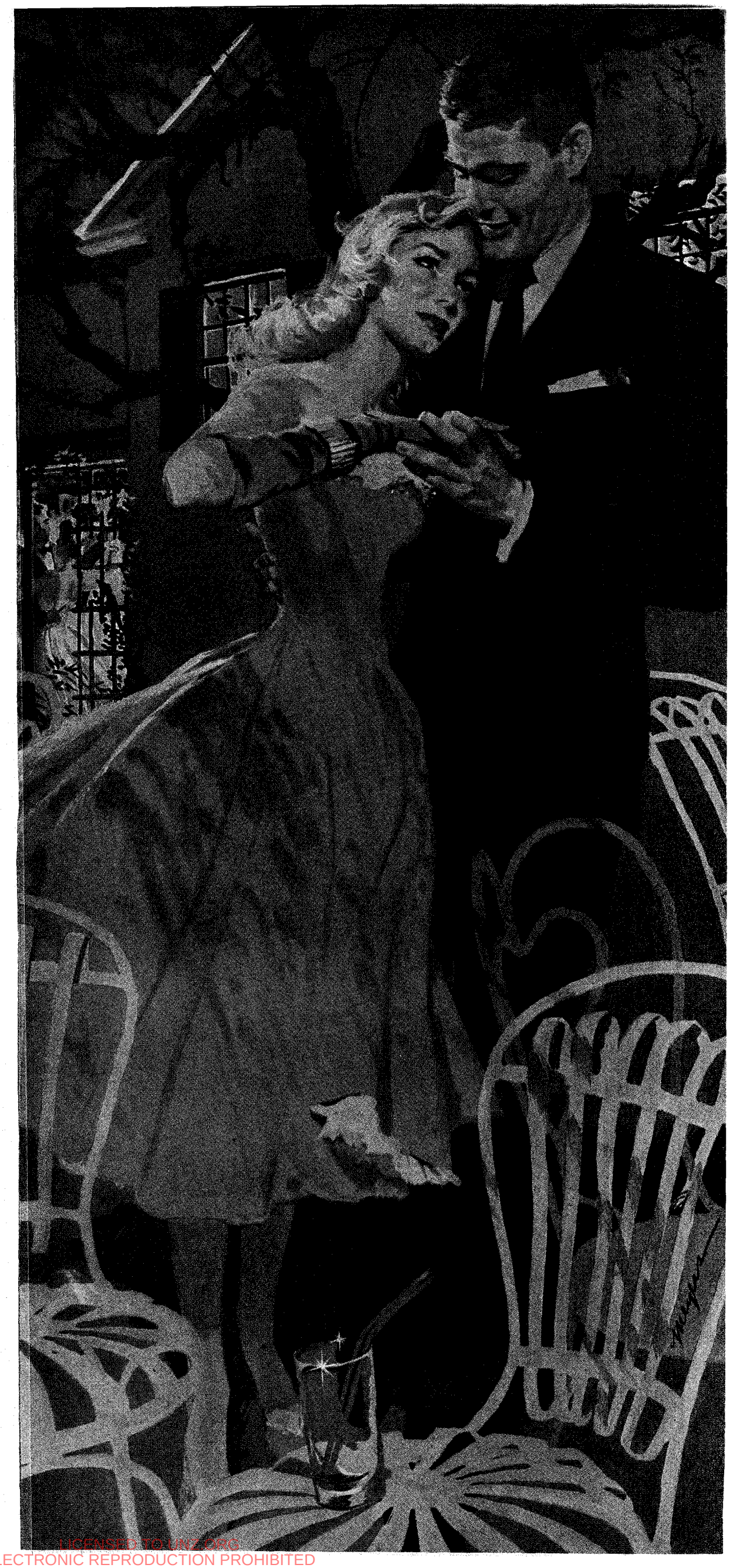
"Molly," my father said, "as you know, I couldn't afford to send you both to college. George is going to be an engineer."

"Good for George," I said. "Never give a thought to what I might have become—an atomic physicist, a philosopher ——"

"Honey," my father said, "I am not trying to be snide, but do you remember algebra? Does the word 'geometry' come back to you?"

"All right, so I flunked them both," I said. "Perhaps I am willing to admit that I am the kind of female who chooses to sacrifice her career for that of her husband. At college I might have had a chance."

"That's what I always thought," my father said. "When you were fourteen and I couldn't get in the house without climbing over boys on the front porch, I figured you were starting to make the sacrifice then and there. By the time (Continued on Page 91)



I waited for him to crush me to him like a fragile flower and press his lips to mine, in accordance with my ideas of what went on at college after class.

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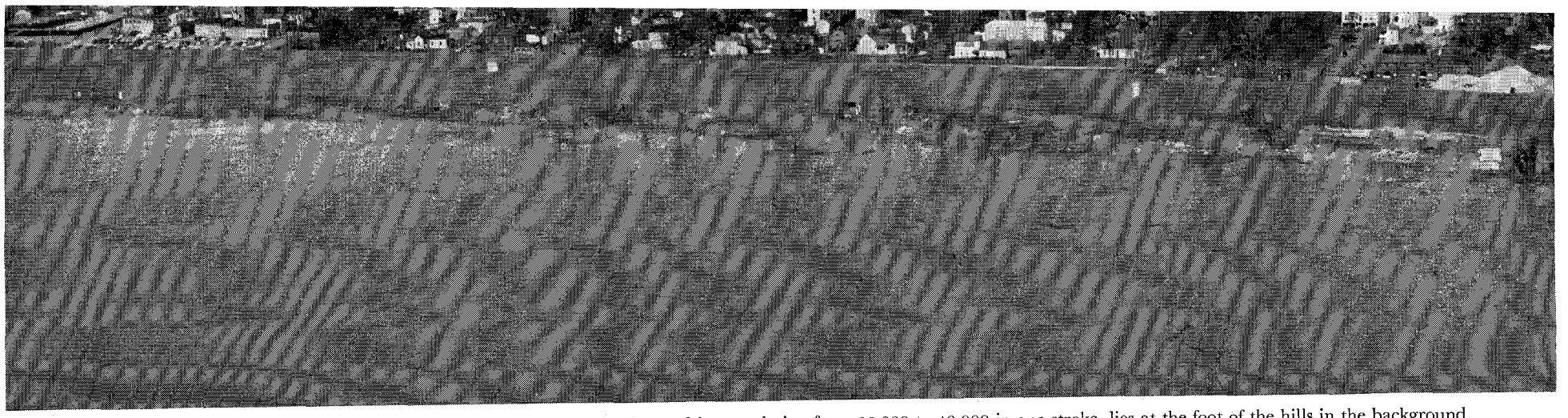
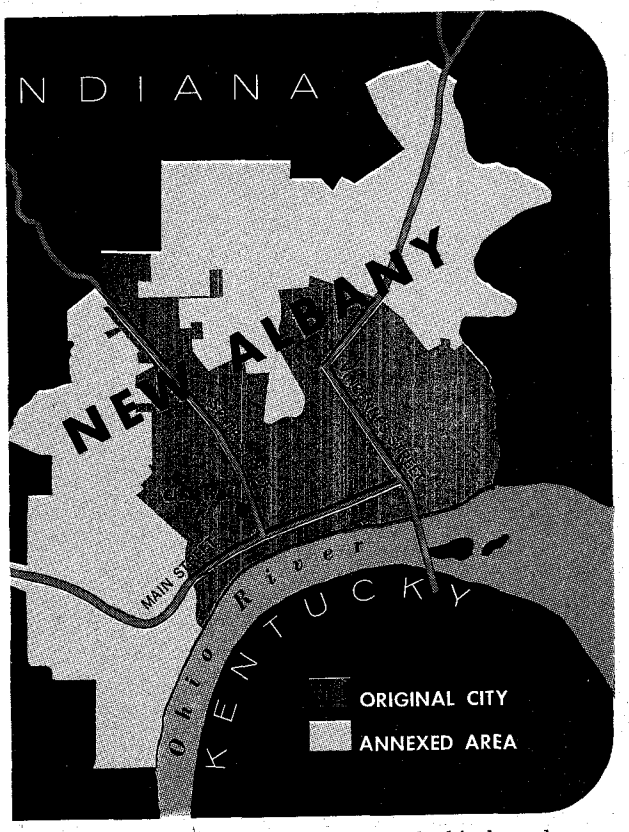


New Albany, Indiana. The newly annexed territory, which boosted its population from 32,000 to 40,000 in one stroke, lies at the foot of the hills in the background.

Relief for Strangled Cities

A town that doubled its size overnight under a unique Indiana law shows how tax-starved municipalities can provide for service-hungry citizens.

By Jerome Ellison



Map shows how the city stretched its boundaries from the original 4.5 square miles to 10.9, thus including "fringe area" which had free-loaded on New Albany taxpayers.

Down on a scenic bend of the Ohio River, along the stretch where Indiana nudges Kentucky, there's a town called New Albany, until last year known chiefly for its romantic memories of steamboat days. Its mayor is a six-foot-two-inch, 240-pound ex-football player named C. Pralle—pronounced "prawl"—Erni. Today, because of the mayor's bold use of a new state law to help cash-starved cities, New Albany is watched by city fathers in distant places. Perhaps, they think, the town and its scrappy head man can show them the way to municipal solvency.

The mayor himself has little doubt of the matter. After a giant beech tree toppled during a storm last autumn and cleft his house neatly in two—at a point a few feet from where he was sleeping—he figures he must have been spared for something, and it must have been for this.

"This" refers to one of the most spectacular municipal annexation moves of the decade. New Albany, in a single action of its city council, doubled its size, taxable property and revenue potential—and, astonishingly, left almost everybody happy about it.

That the world should be interested is not surprising. Everywhere, city administrators are trapped between embattled fringe dwellers fighting "encroachment" of growing towns, and beleaguered cities asked to render more service for less tax. American cities have been struggling, since World War II, to crack their shells and grow. In 1955 more than 500 cities with over 5000 population—one out of every five in the land—annexed an average of .7 square mile each. The trend spans the nation—annexing cities included Fairfield, Alabama, and Mankato, Minnesota; Cranford, New Jersey, and Redwood City, California.

To come to grips with this and other city problems, The Council of State Governments has instituted a Metropolitan Areas Study. The director of research for this study, John C. Bollens, says annexation problems are "largely unsolved." He queried the 180 cities which in 1955 annexed more than a quarter of a square mile, concerning conditions on their bound-

Photographs by Frank Ross

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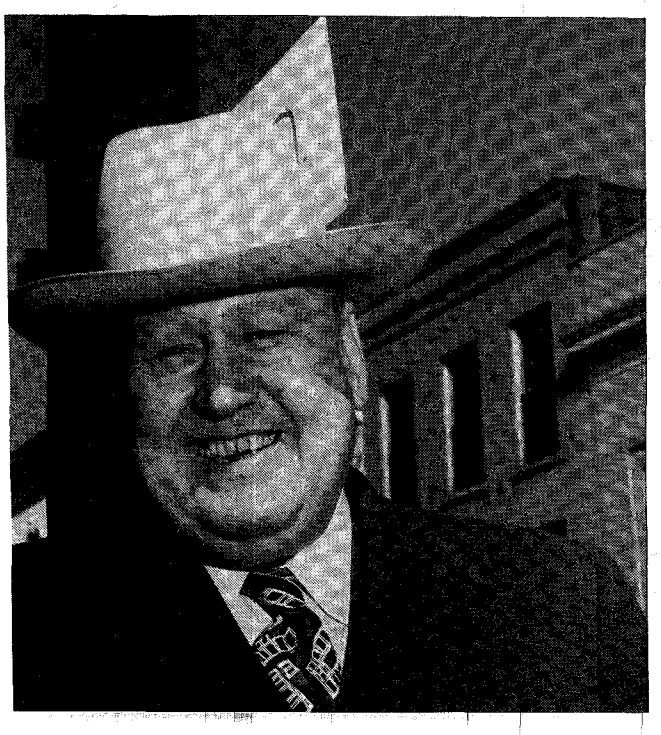
City traffic-division men add safeguards to an intersection in the new area. Annexation increased New Albany's assessed valuation (about a third of actual value) from $25,000,000 to $34,000,000.

Police unload parking-meter receipts for deposit in bank. Average weekly take of $1200 goes for street repairs.

aries. It was found that in only one third of the cases was water supply satisfactory in the bordering territory. Sewage disposal was adequate in only about one case in ten. Less than a fifth of the fringe areas had sufficient service in garbage disposal, zoning, fire protection, street maintenance, drainage and police protection. Four-fifths of the areas annexed will not pay their way in the immediate future; the benefits will be felt in better management and sanitation for the whole area.

Three out of five cities, however, are still struggling against outmoded law and private custom to achieve needed expansion. The proceedings of the American Society of Planning Officials contain the flat statement that "most states do not have laws which permit normal expansion of cities." Last year's assembly of 1300 members of the Municipal Finance Officers Association (Continued on Page 110)

Lunch time at the Green Valley Elementary School: Consolidation of city and outlying school districts has made for more efficient use of existing space and has provided tax revenues for new construction.



Mayor C. Pralle Erni: "Before the annexation, our situation was getting desperate," he says. To get New Albany out of its strait jacket, he exploited a new statute to break the expansion stalemate.

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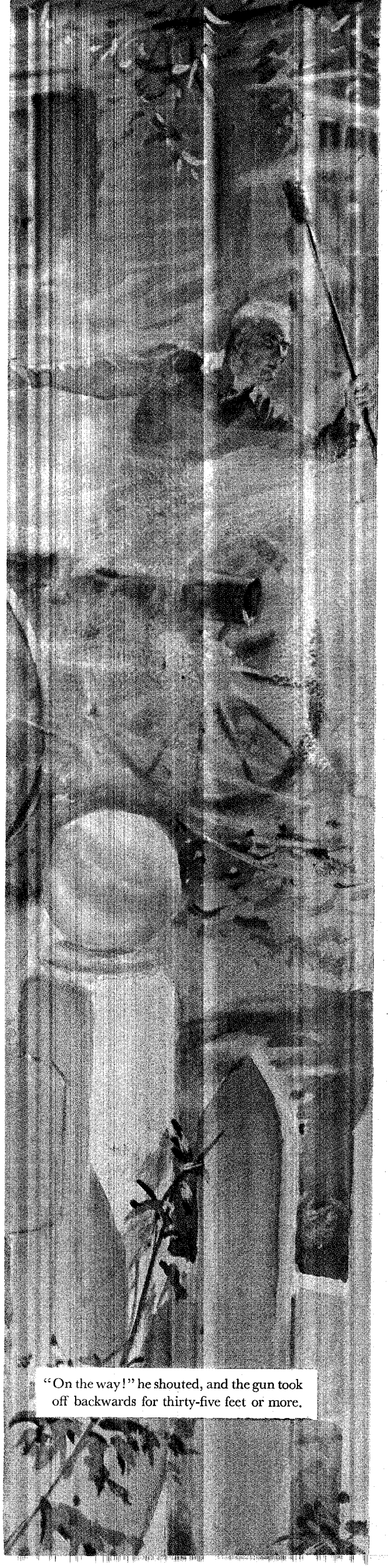

"On the way!" he shouted, and the gun took off backwards for thirty-five feet or more.

By
JAMES
WARNER
BELLAH

The Courtship of Sergeant Postle

How an old soldier became a great lover,

in the battle between the sexes . . .

When they retired Master Sergeant Horace Postle, they retired a good man. He didn't look quite the same as he had looked in starched chino-khaki breeks and a red-corded campaign hat when he was on the border in 1916, because forty years of service had rolled over him, changing the uniform many times and bending his mind as often. But they hadn't bent his back or his heart.

He had been born in Occonquink, and because it is in Virginia, it had always been written high on the walls that someday he would go back. There are three-score Postles buried in Occonquink and around the county generally, since before King William's time. A minor judge here, a soldier there and a doctor somewhere else. None of them too important, but the name known well in the cousin-talk, and the collective pull of sixty dead ancestors can be very strong.

Sergeant Postle arrived in Occonquink when the magnolia was in bloom, by bus from Fort Riley, Kansas. The bus put him down at NELL AND IDA'S DINER, VIRGINIA BAKED HAM, TRUCK DRIVERS WELCOME, which is next door to the sheriff's Substation, and the driver unloaded his foot locker. Then the bus pulled out for Washington and left the sergeant standing in quiet reorientation.

Occonquink had grown a hundred yards longer in both directions in forty years—a hundred yards north to include Jackson's Oak, and a hundred yards south to include the Run bridge. The Reformed Baptist Church had a parish-house wing built onto it since Sergeant Postle had stopped going to Sunday school. Where Sam Gash's barbershop had been, in the front part of the old Tolliver house, there was a junk shop marked: ANTIQUES—BATTLEFIELD RELICS, with, in front of the curb, a Daughters of the Confederacy metal marker headlining: SKIRMISH AT OCCONQUINK—MARCH, 1863, and telling about Stonewall Jackson catching a three-hour nap in the house.

Near the bridge over Occonquink Run there was a startlingly modern brick-and-concrete bank building with the cornerstone dated 1954. It was so big a bank for a village like Occonquink as almost to be a ponderous vaudeville joke. Then suddenly Horace saw why. There were eight huge concrete smokestacks upthrust in double battery beyond the brow of Quick's Hill, thin white smoke clouding from them, and the whole flank of the hill and Momford's Meadow beyond crawled with a mess of development houses.

Horace went into the sheriff's office. "My name's Postle," he told the duty officer, and the officer said, "So's mine." Horace said, "Horse Postle, Master Sergeant, United States Army, Retired."

"That's right," the man nodded with an abrupt jerk of his head, as if he had been listening to a long-winded, two-sided argument and had finally recognized truth in the talk. "Read about it in the County Advertiser."

"Read about what?"

"General Maxwell Taylor, Chief of Staff, give you a personal retirement letter tellin' how you got front-combat service in all three wars since Pancho Villa, and most the medals."

"Horse dust," Horace said. "Knew Ginral Max since he

(Continued on Page 114)

Illustrated by Peter Stevens

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White-faced, choking and screaming, Abbie dodged the falling debris.

Peter Stevens

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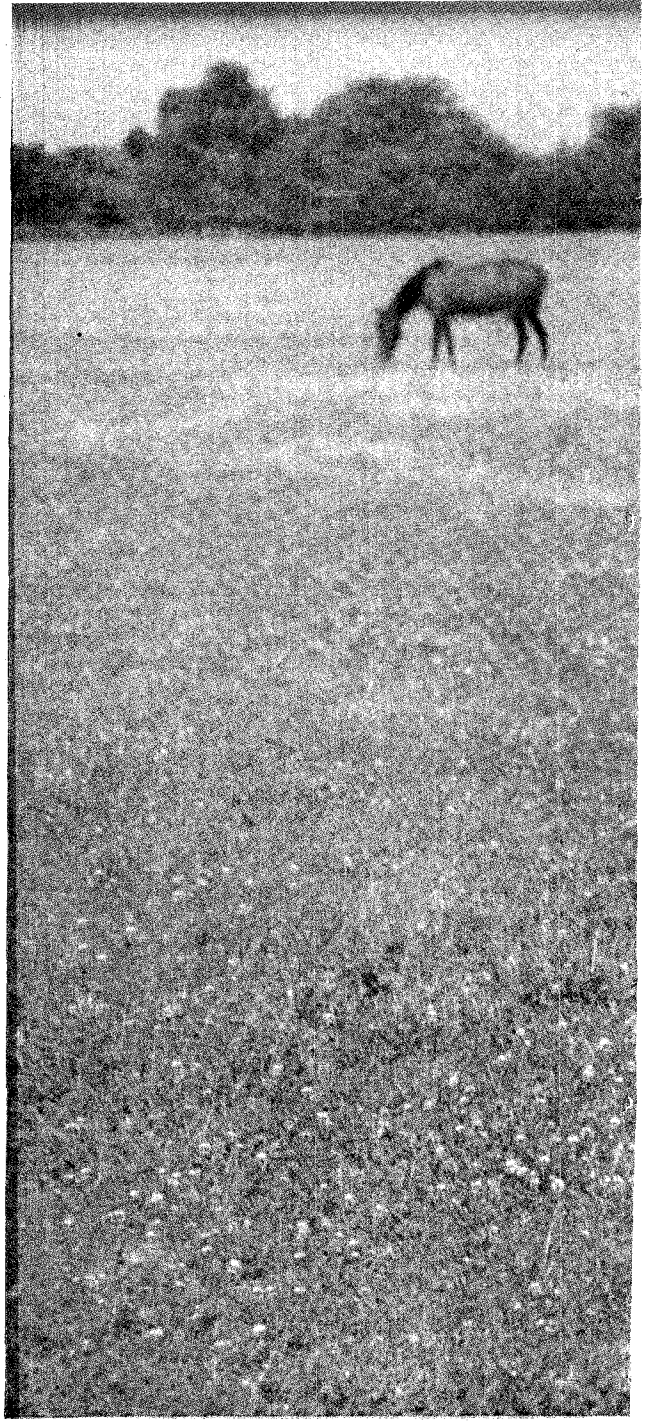
Left: E. Roland Harriman and Hanover Farms owner Lawrence B. Sheppard take in the trotting races at Goshen, N.Y.



Right: A foal rolls in clover while its mother and some of the farm's 200 other brood mares graze on Pennsylvania bluegrass.

Where Horses Live Like Kings

By BILL WOLF

In the risky business of horse breeding, few outfits are quite as successful as Hanover Shoe Farms—way up north in Pennsylvania.

Photographs by Gus Pasquarella

Hanover Farms keeps an open house for sight-seers from far and near.

The birth of a horse potentially worth $35,000 is an event packed with considerable interest and a certain amount of tension. One day in the spring of 1956 a handful of men stood outside a stall in one of the Hanover Shoe Farms foaling barns and waited for such a birth. They waited quietly and rather helplessly, but ready to act as soon as Nature had done her part. "We try to avoid disturbing the mother, so she won't hurt her young when it's born," one of the men, Warren Williams, murmured in explanation of the hushed voices and hospital-like quiet. The mother—her body glistening with the sweat of her effort—seemed to understand. She breathed deeply; her sigh was audible throughout the clean-smelling building.

Nibble Hanover: His foals have been sold for a total of $745,150.

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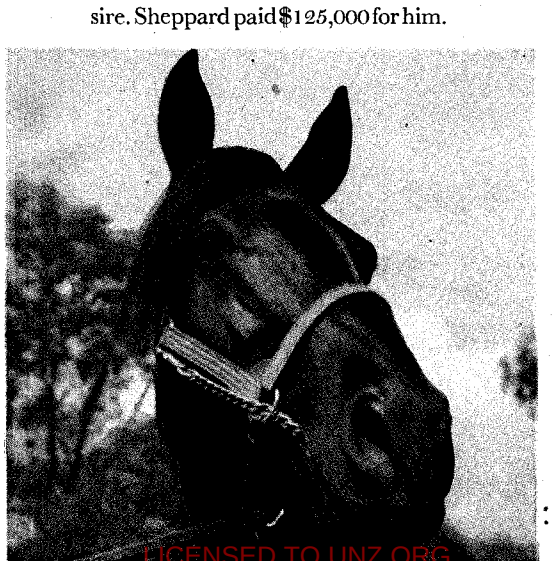
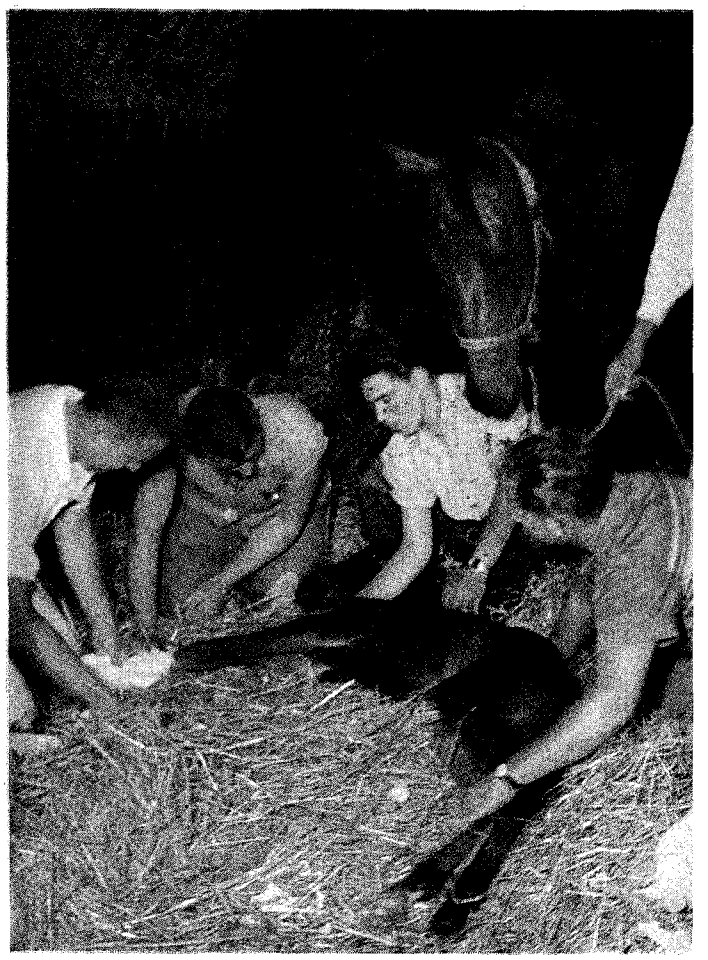
"If it's a colt, it may bring thirty-five thousand or more at the Harrisburg yearling auction," Lawrence B. Sheppard speculated, "whereas a filly wouldn't be worth as much." The hour was dusk. The mares, Williams said, seem to wait until everything quiets down for the day, "Just as if they knew it's better to foal then." Later, Leo C. McNamara, the only man inside the stall, reported to Sheppard with repressed excitement, "It's a colt, sir!" The gangling newborn was dragged gently to clean straw, and the grooms moved in to clean up.

In this manner—with more solicitude than attends the arrival of most human children—an addition was born to the house of Hanover, the dominant line in the harness-racing world today. The mother was Security Hanover, the sire a magnificent $500,000 horse named Adios. The place was the 2000-acre Hanover Shoe Farms, in the bluegrass country of Southern Pennsylvania near Hanover—a small city close to the Maryland border. The men were there for various reasons. Sheppard—generally recognized as one of the greatest living authorities on standardbred pacers and trotters—is owner of the Hanover Farms, world's largest horse-breeding establishment of any kind. Williams is his son-in-law, and an aide to McNamara, thirty-year-old superintendent of the huge Hanover operation. The grooms were some of the (Continued on Page 62)

Hoot Mon: Valued at half a million dollars—but not offered for sale.

Tar Heel, another famous Hanover sire. Sheppard paid $125,000 for him.





Dr. A. W. Patterson removes a plaster leg support from an eleven-day-old foal under the watchful eye of its mother.

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The Lady

She had been robbed of her home and her happiness. But her tormentor wasn't through yet.

By CONRAD RICHTER

Ellen seated herself on the edge of her chair and regarded lawyer Beasley for a moment. "I've come in peace, Snell, to ask a favor." She said it humbly, almost abased.

"I want to ask you if you will speak to your clients, the cattlemen, for me. I beg of them to let me know where the bodies of Willy and Albert lie, so I can have them decently buried."

It seemed a small and deserving request to me, but I noticed that no answering pity or sympathy came into Beasley's eyes.

Although Beasley was Ellen's brother-in-law, he hated her and the rest of the venerable Johnson y Campo family

As Ellen said her farewell, many of the Mexicans broke down and fell on their knees, kissing her hand or skirt.

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passionately. That hatred erupted into bloodshed when Frank Jeffcoat, foreman of Beasley's ranch, was killed while trying to drive a herd of cattle across the Johnson y Campo ranch.

Ellen's brother, Charley, admitted he killed Jeffcoat, but there were rumors that Ellen had fired the shot. Charley was acquitted of murder, only to be shot in cold blood by the cattlemen.

The men suspected of murdering Charley were tried and sentenced to death. Ellen's husband, Albert Sessions, was the judge who passed sentence on the two killers. Now the fury of the cattlemen was directed at him.

When spring came, Cousin Albert, accompanied by his son, Willy, set out for a court in another county. They never reached their destination, nor were their bodies ever found.

Ellen was certain Beasley could find out from the cattlemen where the bodies were, but Beasley spitefully refused to lift a finger.

"I hoped it could be done without further bloodshed, Jud," said Ellen as we reached home. "Now I see he must be dealt with as the dog he is."

CONCLUSION

"Cousin Ellen, don't!" I begged, uncertain exactly what I begged for, but following her into the house, where she stopped and turned.

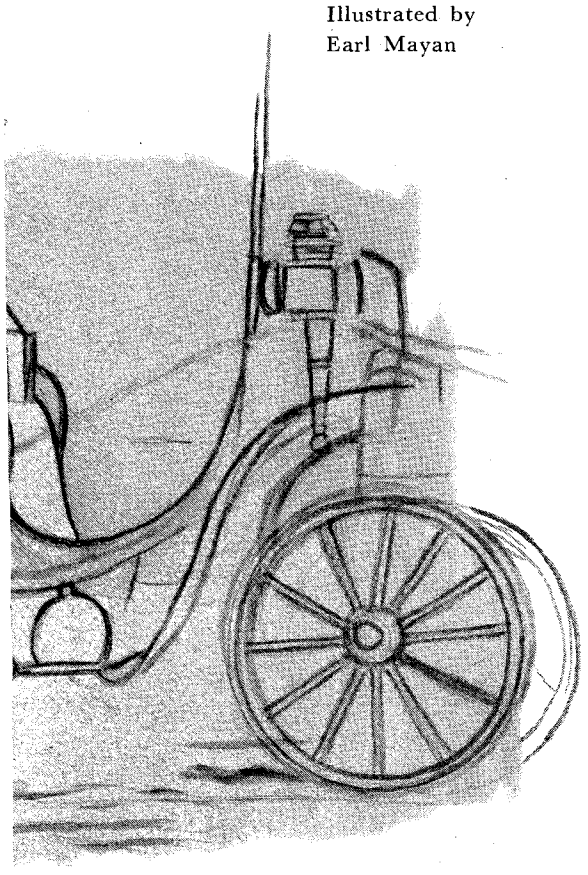
"What, Jud?" she asked quietly.

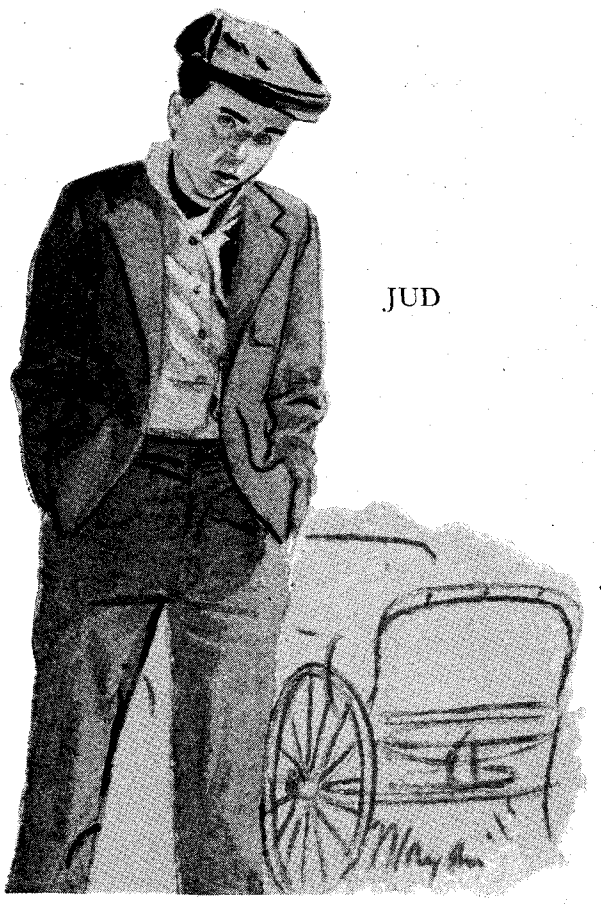
"I don't know," I stammered, unwilling to put my fear into words that could trouble us both.

Her eyes probed mine. "I'm glad you came along, Jud. It's sometimes better to know that life may be a more serious and inescapable thing than you think when you are young. Then you feel the world is good and troubles can always be avoided. But when you grow older you find that they hem you in, first on one side and then on the other, and finally one gets to a point where he can no longer live honorably, when the dead cry out for justice, but nobody will administer it and you've got to attend to it yourself."

I didn't know fully what she meant, but I knew enough. As she disappeared behind the

Illustrated by Earl Mayan





JUD

door, I had a moment's glimpse of an object from the ranch. Only the barrel was visible above the elaborate bed cover, but it was enough. Now I was aware that on our return from her search of the malpais she had brought her light rifle to town, and I wondered how she had managed to cover it in the buggy so that I didn't see it.

Ellen didn't appear for lunch or dinner that day. This was most unusual.

"How is she?" I asked Chepa, when she brought out the tray that evening.

"You can see for yourself," Chepa said, showing me the food almost untouched.

"Shouldn't I go for Doctor Gammel?"

"For what? She is not sick. She is not in bed. She just walks the room. She is like a lioness. I heard where you were today, but what did she do?"

"It was Señor Beasley who did it," I said.

"Ah, him!" Chepa nodded grimly, and went out in the kitchen.

That evening I lay on a settee in the wide hall near the door to her room. Twice I heard the scratching of a pen. The cutting strokes gave me an uneasy feeling. Later, all was silent. Then I heard the door open.

"Jud, what are you doing there?"

"I guess I lay down and fell asleep."

"Well, go to your bed," she ordered me.

I seldom saw Ellen now until noon. She stayed in the seclusion of her room. What she did in there all the morning was a mystery that I felt could be fathomed only by other ladies and their maids. Chepa went in from time to time with hot water, breakfast, other things. Sometimes I would hear talking, but it was mostly Chepa's voice or that of Ignacita, who went in too. When Ellen dressed and came out at last, I was always a little shocked at what I saw. This was not the Ellen I knew. She looked as if she hadn't slept, as if she had had a battle most of the night.

Several times when I heard Chepa or Ignacita going in or out or when Doctor Gammel came, I tried to post myself where I would get a glimpse inside. I wanted to see if the rifle was still there, but never was I quick enough.

Tom and the doctor called almost every day. I know Tom Dold asked her to marry him, and I felt that the doctor had always wanted her. But she was impatient with them.

"Why do most men talk so much?" she asked me once. "It's a woman's art and right. A man should be warmed and refreshed by it. And if the woman is in no mood to talk, he should be sympathetic and silent. Why must I listen to Tom Dold reciting all the petty doings of the court, especially of Snell Beasley, and all the stories going the rounds, half of which he told me before? Then I must be bored stiff listening to the doctor talk about the mistakes of Moses and the sins of the church and the morality of being an atheist or agnostic and all the sayings of Robert Ingersoll. You know I'm no saint myself or too strong a believer, but I can't swallow the righteousness of the wicked and the wickedness of the good."

The third of the faithful trio who came to see her was Father Goshard, the big, gaunt Belgian, who could often be seen with a small Mexican girl in each hand in front of the church and rectory on the plaza. He liked young people and usually asked me to stay in the room when he called. Ellen seldom treated him with the pious reverence shown him by most of her people. The first time I heard them together I feared he would be offended, but soon I saw that he took delight in her attitude toward him as an equal and in her quick readiness to give her opinion on the most sacred of matters.

I remember once, after they had disputed back and forth for an hour, Ellen turned to me. "My father confessor and I have great arguments, but I never let him get the better of me, do I, father?"

That, I reflected, was a fair statement of Ellen.

"Your story of Eve and the first sin is a mistake, father," she said at another time. "Have you ever watched a child only a few weeks old and seen how he sucks and guzzles at his mother's breast? No, not temptation, but gluttony was the first sin."

It shocked me a little, but the priest only laughed that day. He seemed heartily to enjoy her and all her unpredictable contradictions. But he did not laugh now at her acrimonious thrusts at God and man, and especially not at her bitterness over the impunity of Snell Beasley.

"Why should he still be alive after what happened to Albert and Willy?" she asked once.

"Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord," the priest answered.

"Then why are there trials and sentences and executions?" she said quickly. "Why not let it all to God?"

"There is the duty of serving the established courts of law and order," the priest said. "And there is taking the law into our own hands, serving the baser passions in our own breasts."

"I fight," Ellen said in a low voice, "but it goes hard and takes very long."

"'My yoke is easy, and my burden is light,'" the priest quoted. "You are young. There is still life and joy and happiness for you."

"If you refer to another marriage sometime, father, how could (Continued on Page 51)

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Post Scripts

Some Unusual Hollywood Interviews

"May I ask your age, Miss Gorjus?"
"Certainly. I'm fifty-one."

"Tell me, Mr. Strong, just exactly how did you manage to get into the movies?"
"Well, for one thing, I'm related to Claude Stringby, the producer."

"About how many fan letters do you receive in a year's time, Miss Glazzle?"
"Let's see—I'd say, during a good year, two, sometimes three."

"I've heard, Miss Eckwall, that you were born in far-off, mysterious, exotic, enchanted India. Is that correct?"
"You've heard wrong. I was born in Mud Pond, Montana."

"Do you actually play in all those rough-tough, rock-'em-sock-'em fighting scenes, Mr. Rugged, or does the director insist on using a stand-in?"
"I insist on using a stand-in."

"Then your real name is Hortense Grunnion?"
"No, that's my movie name. My real name is Vivacious LaVere."

"As head of Real Smash Motion Picture Studios, Mr. Carruthers, do you have any advice for young folks who aspire to movie careers?"
"Yes. By all means drop everything and come on out to Hollywood."

VERNON H. KURTZ

The Brute!

A sour note's sounded in love's sweet song:
She hasn't the slightest doubt of it.
For today she admitted she was wrong,
And he didn't talk her out of it.

PENNY PENNINGTON

". . . . Now with this policy your monthly payment at the age of 75 would be . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Getting dressed now, Charlie—be right over."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Hysterical History

THE MIDNIGHT RIDE OF PAUL REVERE

As a rule, Paul Revere liked to get to bed around nine or nine-thirty. On the night of April 18, 1775, however, he was up late.

As a member of the Committee of Thirty, Paul had spent the day watching the British camp for signs of monkey business. This was purely precautionary. There were at this time no hard feelings between the loyal colonists and the redcoats. One might term their relationship cordial.

From time to time, a redcoat would be found lying in the street with a mysterious lump on his head. But aside from this and an occasional riot, all was peaceful in Boston.

Once in a while, a bunch of the fellows would get together and scuttle a British ship in the harbor. There was nothing, however, to require the presence of General Thomas (Fathead) Gage and three regiments of troops to "keep order." This situation was deeply resented by the loyal colonists as unnecessary.

Then the British outlawed bingo and raised the price of tea to twelve cents a pound. Groaning under these new tyrannies, the loyal colonists started saving up gunpowder.

As John Hancock put it: "We're loyal, all right. We just feel that we'd like to save up a little gunpowder."

On the evening of April eighteenth Paul noticed unusual commotion in the British camp. It was not hard for him to figure out that General Gage was getting ready to sneak over to Concord that night and steal the gunpowder. The only question was whether the troops were going to sneak over by land or by sea. He told Doctor Warren, chief of the patriots, about it.

"Oh, ho!" said Doctor Warren, raising an eyebrow. "Pretty sneaky. You'd better let everybody know."

Paul went to the Green Dragon Tavern and found his friend, George. He explained the circumstances to him.

"I want you to get up in the belfry of the Old North Church and give me a signal," said Paul.

"What will I do," said George—"wave my hat?"

"What have you got there," said Paul—"a black hat?"

"Yes," said George, removing it from his head and examining it. "A big black hat."

"That's a great idea," said Paul. "Wait until it gets good and dark, and then wave your big black hat. Look. I'd better get somebody with more brains."

"No, no. I can do it."

"Well. Have you got any lanterns?"

"How big of a ladder?" inquired George.

"Lanterns," said Paul. "Not ladders."

They arranged the signal—one lantern if the troops moved by land, and two if by sea.

"Repeat it back to me," said Paul. "I want to make sure you've got it straight."

"One if by two ——" said George carefully.

"You couldn't ball it up worse," said Paul. "I'd better get John Pulling."

"No, no," said George. "I can do it."

When Paul saw the signal he galloped off to Medford and on to Lexington, rousing each household. Thus, when Lieutenant Colonel Smith and Major Pitcairn with eight hundred grenadiers and light infantry arrived at Lexington, they found seventy hard-eyed minutemen barring the road to Concord.

"'Ere," said Major Pitcairn, drawing rein. "What's orl this?"

He sent for Colonel Smith.

"'Ave a look," he said anxiously, when Smith rode up.

"I'll be blowed," said Smith.

"I don't like the look of it."

"No more don't I."

"Ugly-looking customers."

"Yerce. Liable to shoot us."

"Life and soul of the party, yew are, ain'cher?"

"Wotter we do?"

"Wod ye think?"

"We gotter 'andle it delicate-like."

There was nothing delicate in what followed. The British opened fire and a farmer replied with the shot heard round the world. Twenty-four hours later the British crawled back to Boston in utter rout. The American Revolution had begun.

"How did I do?" said George when he saw Paul again.

"Great," said Paul.

"I was worried," said George. "For a minute there I couldn't remember which way was one lantern."

JOHN BAILEY

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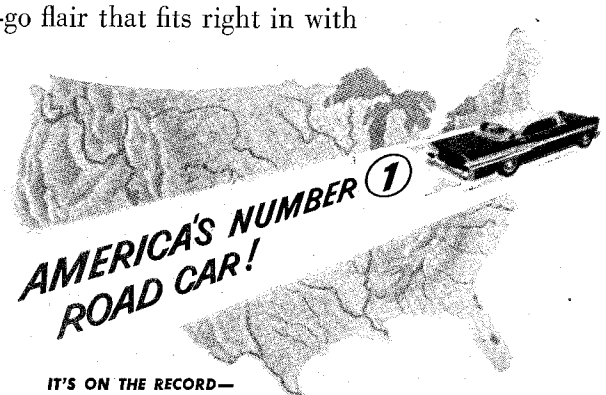
Everyone's Overboard about Pontiac*!

What's Pontiac got that's stirring up so much excitement? Plenty! Spirited Star Flight styling for one thing—bright, new wide-awake colors and lots of zing in its lines! Youthfulness is the word for it, a let's-go flair that fits right in with Pontiac's gay, light-hearted temperament. Try it—just for the fun of taking every road in sweeping stride! You'll find driving a Pontiac's like being guest of honor at a command performance. There's an all-out eagerness to please in the full, powerful surge of its husky, new Strato-Streak V-8 engine, the snap-to-action discipline of perfected controls, and the cradled smoothness of Pontiac's new dimension in wheel suspension, Level-Line Ride! Take a test run and see. Reel off a mile and you'll go overboard too . . . for America's Number One Road Car!



IT'S ON THE RECORD—
Pontiac topped 'em all, regardless of size, power or price in official stock car competition!

PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

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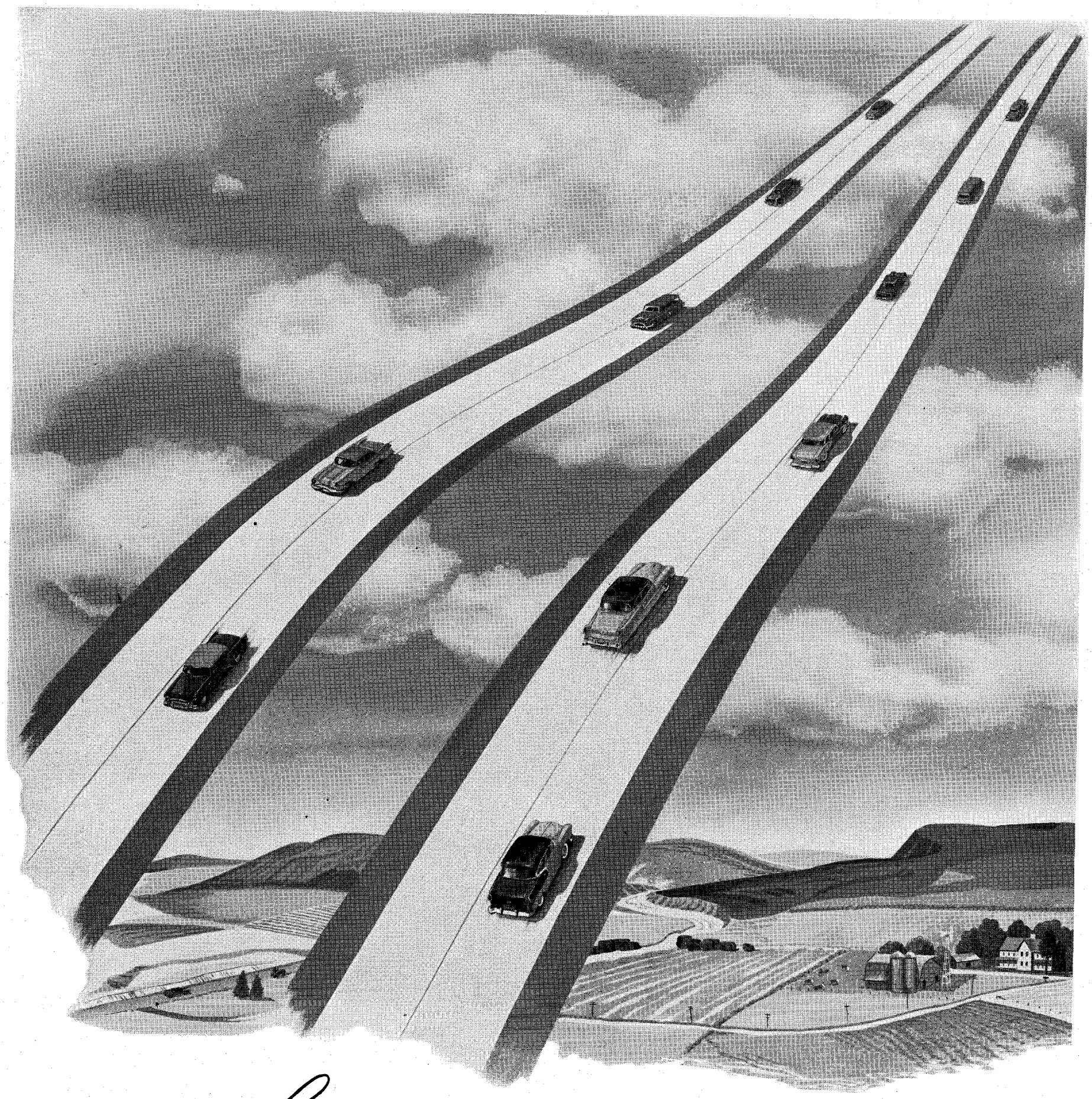

Like riding on the clouds—

Gliding smoothly and quietly over a modern concrete highway is like riding on the clouds. Thin, almost invisible joints in today's concrete pavement are mechanically sawed for riding comfort . . . you *can't* feel them! This assurance of comfortable, easy travel is another reason why concrete is the best pavement choice for the National System of Interstate and Defense Highways now under construction.

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Cassius caught the surprised Indian with a pistol as he tried to circle him from behind.

KIOWA MOON

By ALAN LE MAY

He had only one hope: To take these warriors with him when he died.

"Oh, Cash, Cash!" Rachel cried out. "They'll never draw back now! They'll fight 'til we're dead!"

When the Kiowas demanded that the Zacharys give up the seventeen-year-old girl, she was convinced that the evil rumors about her ancestry were true: that she was indeed a Kiowa foundling. The accusations of Hagar Rawlins, whose daughter, Effie, had been victim of an Indian massacre, and the fears for her safety expressed by her brothers, Ben and Cash, were proof enough. Knowing that her presence endangered the family's hold on the Dancing Bird range, Rachel planned to run away. But that very night her mother took ill. Then the Indians came again. When Cash shot the warrior called Lost Bird, the Zacharys' doom was sealed.

Earlier, Rachel had tried to tell Ben that she, too, knew the secret of her past, and that they no longer need maintain the fiction that they were brother and sister. But before she could unburden herself he had left to pay off owners of stray brands that the Zacharys sold with their own herd.

Now, in the embattled soddy, Rachel awaited the next move by the cunning Kiowas, with her brothers, Andy and Cash, and Georgia Rawlins, who loved Cash despite her family's bitter hatred of the Zachary clan.

Suddenly Georgia moved. She was sitting against the dug-in back wall, and now she put her ear to it. She tried to say something, but the words only caught and whispered in her throat. On her next try the words came louder than she meant, so that she startled herself and them all. "They're comin'!"

In another moment they heard the hoof murmur coming into the room through the earth of the hill into which they were dug, and soon after they could hear the horses outside, all around them.

"Well, I'll be a son of a buck," Cassius said, nonplused.

Rachel ran toward Mathilda's room; Georgia went to the north lookout slide.

"Leave that shut!" Cash said suddenly. "Rachel, plug the loops in there and come here! . . . Andy, block the ports at that end! I see this now!"

They obeyed him, closing the ports by knocking home wooden plugs fitted long ago. Outside, the hoof rumble rose and rose—an approach so unquiet that it must certainly have been meant to be heard.

"Damn fool that I am!" Cash blamed himself. "Ought to have guessed the hostiles would try to come in here the quickest way." Only the door and the two windows overlooking the Dancing Bird offered openings big enough to admit a man. Except for gunports, the bedroom where Mathilda lay had only some slits near the roof, to give air. Neither these nor the north lookout was big enough to get in through. What Cash had imagined was a swarming attack—Indians along the walls where the guns could not reach, Indians digging under, Indians all over the roof, like ants trying to get into an egg.

(Continued on Page 103)

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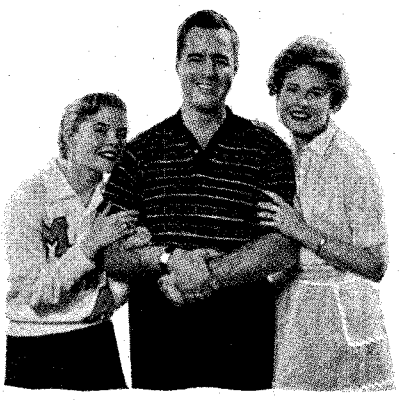
"So I said to myself, 'Why shouldn't I have a workshop telephone?' "

"And the more I thought about it, the more I thought that my wife ought to have one in the kitchen, too."

"Then Joanie piped up and said, 'How about a nice blue one to go with my bedroom?' "

"So we wound up with everybody pleased and happy. Best investment I ever made for the whole family."



Convenience in Color. Telephones in color are a part of the new, modern concept of telephone service. Choice of ivory, beige, green, blue, gray, brown, red or yellow.

More and more people today are having us put in telephones around the home to meet all the family's needs. There are so many things to be gained by having telephones handy wherever you sleep, work, play and relax. . . . Upstairs and down they save steps, provide greater privacy and protection and add a distinctive touch to any room. Especially in those eight handsome colors. **BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM**

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The Lady (Continued from Page 45)

it ever be?" she asked. "I'll never really know if Albert is dead."

The old priest watched her with the deep eyes in his gaunt face. "Why do you not submit to the will of God, child?" he asked. "Where and by what means Judge Sessions and Willy came to leave this life, we don't know. But the fact of their departure is evident to all. It is better to accept it and have Masses said for your son's soul."

"Sometimes it's best not to admit too much to oneself, father," Ellen answered. "So long as there is hope, there is less evil in the world and in the heart."

I think the priest caught that. "You put your faith not in God, child, but in rumors," he chided. "I hear these rumors too. Somebody has seen the judge or Willy in California or Wyoming or old Mexico—mostly in old Mexico. They are living or kept there now against their will. It takes money to investigate these rumors. I hear someone is always traveling far for you at your expense."

"What is money beside the lives of those you love?" she asked.

"There are many rumors in the world and little truth in any of them, child. Their only vitality is in the hopes they arouse. When they prove false, there is bitter disappointment and renewal of hatred."

"That is true, father," Ellen admitted. "But if someone tells me he has seen Albert or Willy alive, I can't sit idle and do nothing when they may need me. And I can't sit idly by when my own brother-in-law defends the man seen with one of Albert's horses, who has murdered the sheepherder who testified to it."

"Have no fear, child," the priest said. "God will not defend the wicked. The courts will never acquit him."

That's what we all thought, and it was a shock even to me when word came from Baca County that the cowboy had been freed. Beasley's handling of the jury, they said, had been masterful. I hoped for his own safety that he would be detained at court in Baca County a long time. But at noon the second day after the news, Manuel told me that the race horse was back in the stable. The Beasley stable was different, built of brick, like the house, and of a shape like the stables of rich men in Missouri, with a gable and a fancy roof rising to a kind of central pinnacle, topped with a weather vane where an iron arrow swung in the wind.

I was standing in the alley looking gloomily at the brick house and wondering how it would all end when I saw a hand beckon me from the stable. Walking closer, I saw it again. The doors were open. Beasley's runabout and sulky were both there, the shafts up against the wall, the racer in his box stall, but Goyo was out somewhere. I wondered what I had seen. Then Felicitas stepped out from behind the steps as I went in.

"What do you want?" she demanded.

"I don't want anything," I told her.

"You'll catch it coming over here."

"What did you call me for, then?"

"I never called you."

"Maybe not out loud, but your hand did."

"It did not."

We fought for a long time, but she didn't tell me to go. The longer I stayed the surer I was she had beckoned me. When her small brother, Jackie, came in and surprised us, she surprised me by calling me Goyo and making sure Jackie understood by pointing to me.

"Goyo! Goyo!" she said.

"Goyo," little Jackie said, too, peering at me doubtfully, and I marveled at the inherited cunning in the girl, protecting herself by preparing his brain if he should repeat anything of my presence to his father.

"Goyo goes by-by now," I said mockingly, and turned to leave.

"Wait," she said, swiftly coming after me to the door, where she took a small bunch of flowers from under her apron. I don't know the English name, but we called them *maritas* in Spanish. She held them out to me.

"For Willy," she said in a low voice.

"Willy's dead," I said harshly.

"I know," she told me.

For a moment I considered taking the flowers from her hand and throwing them on the manure pile, but in the end I took them to Ellen, saying they were for Willy from Felicitas. I refrained from adding what she had said about Willy being dead. For the first time in days I saw Ellen's face soften. She poured water herself from her pitcher into a vase and set the flowers on the marble-top table in her room.

It was Felicitas' flowers, I believed, that for a time staved off the inevitable, touched a spot in Ellen that neither Tom nor the doctor nor the priest had been able to reach. Before the *maritas* wilted, she dried them and tied the golden-brown bunch with white ribbon. They were the only flowers she had to stand for Willy's death, and they made a bond now between her and Felicitas. But they made, if anything, no more than an uneasy truce between her and Felicitas' father, I felt, and that it would never last.

What happened in those years is all to be found today in dusty files. First came the heavy winter snowfall that turned the range the following summer into a garden for those sheep that hadn't been smothered by the snow. Then, like the lean years in Egypt after the fat years, came the great drought. For some twenty months no snow or rain worthy of the name fell.

But the worst was not yet, not until after the national elections. I remember going to the depot for Ellen to get the latest returns. Cleveland, if elected, had promised to put wool on the free list. What happened is history, but the interpretation is something else. I have heard it argued endlessly pro and con, depending on which side of the political fence you stood. Some claimed it was the free wool that brought the Panic of '93, others that it was the drought. All I know is that wool dropped to seven cents a pound, in some cases to five, that sheep sold for a dollar apiece, and that such a time of ruin, desolation and wretchedness ensued over the territory as I never saw before or since.

The only good I knew it to do was to bring an end to Ellen's mourning over Willy's and Cousin Albert's unsolved dissolution.

"Thank God they are not living now!" she told me more than once.

It troubled me to think that it took a terrible means like this to bring a change in her, to restore her active old-time self. Energies that had lain dormant or been dammed up in her so long began to be released in their natural channels. I remember her especially the following spring on the ranch, which by now had become a ghastly place. The great Johnson y Campo lamb crop, once a rich source of income, had turned into a cruel liability. As they were born, lambs had to be killed to save their mothers. If we didn't, the milkless ewes would walk off and leave them to starve. But Ellen was the mistress again, and I can still hear her voice heartening the discouraged lambers, the range around them desolate with dust and dead sheep under a pitiless sky.

The lambing was scarcely over when Mamma Grande died. Fidel showed me the ground at the bottom of the grave, still damp from the snows of two winters before, but from there on up the brown, powdery Southwestern soil was dry as dust.

"She knew better days. These were hard for her to take," Ellen told me. "She is better off out of this kind of world."

But if Mamma Grande was better off, Ellen wasn't. Just the sight of Beasley, when he arrived, brought up all I had heard of him lately—that there was no holding him, that these were times ripe for him and his kind. He was making himself a great fortune, perhaps the largest in the territory, calling notes, foreclosing, buying ranches for little or nothing. The days of the panic were only harvest time to him. I remembered what Father Goshard had said—that no man had great influence unless God allowed him the power—and it sorely tested my faith in religion and goodness that God could favor and support such a man as J. Snell Beasley.

He came to the ranch alone, driving his race horse, which he ordered Teofilo to put up, almost as if he himself were the master. He met Ellen coolly and without pretense (*Continued on Page 54*)

"I've decided to give Mother Nature another chance."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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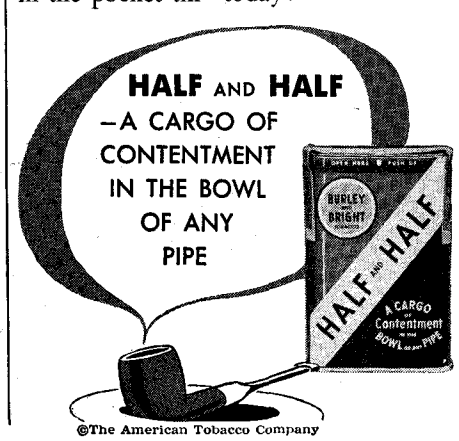
ONLY **HALF** AND **HALF** GIVES YOU SUCH COMPLETE CONTENTMENT

Relax—and be content. Enjoy the pleasure of a bowlful of aromatic **HALF** AND **HALF.** Each puff of this matchless tobacco brings you *deep-down* satisfaction . . . helps you feel at ease. Even the aroma carries contentment. Contentment for you and everybody near you. Enjoy a wonderful feeling of well-being. Buy **HALF** AND **HALF** in the pocket tin—today!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BIG·BIN REFRIGERATOR-FREEZER . . .

EVEN THE BIGGEST BOTTLES SWING SQUARELY OUT FRONT!

Gallons of milk, pounds and pounds of fresh fruits and vegetables—BIG·BIN practically hands them to you

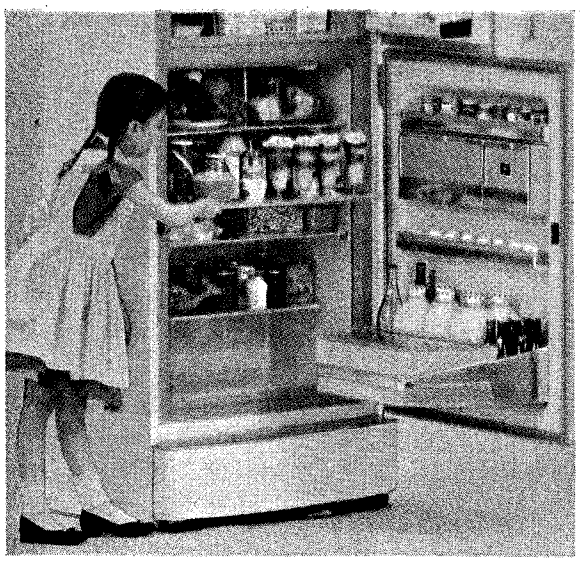
A refrigerator couldn't be more beautiful than this *new* American Beauty—or more *convenient*, either. Hotpoint's Out-Front design is the word for it.

The Big·Bin swings out all your big bottles—and all your fresh fruits and vegetables in the lift-out show-case crisper. Strong, rustproof aluminum shelves glide out, put all foods squarely in front of you. And shelves are easily adjustable *up* or *down*. You gain more *usable* space where you want it. Automatic defrost, of course.

And what a beauty to keep clean! No out-of-the-way cracks and crevices. No fastened-in pans or covers. Everything—all shelves, fittings, containers—*can be quickly taken out* whenever you please.

Up to 91 pounds of frozen foods slip easily into the true freezer. And everywhere in this big new beauty you find aluminum used lavishly, everywhere aluminum *counts*. And it *does* count, for it's *strong*, it won't *rust*, and it wipes clean in a moment.

Find Your Hotpoint Dealers In The Yellow Pages



Aluminum inside! Glide-out shelves, door shelves, Big·Bin, Coldcoils, freezer interior, ice trays, Dairy-Stor, crisper trims—*everywhere* you see aluminum where it *counts*.

Aluminum outside! Practical, everlasting beauty in the gleaming door panel, the scuff plates. (And remember the new *safety latch* opens at a light touch from outside or in.)

Cabinet ROLLS out! A toe-touch on the brake, and the whole cabinet rolls out from the wall. Dust, mop, wax, decorate—under it or back of it. Now it's an *easy* job, at last!

Distinctively beautiful—in classic white or five luxury colors

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In the major tournaments of '56 *more amateurs* played Titleist than *all the other balls combined!*

No other ball has ever established such a record of preference in recent times.

Check it at your own club. You'll probably find your low handicap players confirm the choice of the leaders. Then play Titleist yourself and you'll see why.

Ask your Pro which Titleist is best for you. Ask him too about Acushnet putters, gloves and headcovers.

ACUSHNET
GOLF BALLS
Sold the World Over Through Golf Course Pro Shops Only

(*Continued from Page 51*) of regret at the death of his children's grandmother.

"Your sister hasn't been too well," he said. "I thought it best if she and the children were spared the ordeal of the funeral and the long drive over the dry country. Also to find her ranch in such a state."

It was almost as if he had said a state of ruin, insolvency and decay, but if Ellen winced, I didn't see her.

"I'm sorry for Ana's sake that she didn't come. All of us have only one mother."

He gave that cool look of his, a little out of focus, a little amused, a little terrifying, hinting, without words or details, of things still to come. I watched him at the funeral and afterward, not mingling with the mourners, but striding about, putting his nose here and there, asking sharp questions of the peons, inspecting the ranch buildings, finally ordering his horse and buggy and driving off with good-by to no one.

"He is one I am glad to see go," Teofilo told me. "He makes my stomach to curl. He looks and he looks, but he tells nobody what he sees."

"They say he has the evil eye," an old man said. "Now which is it—the big eye that stares at you like a steer or the little eye that squints at you like a bull?"

"I do not know about things like the evil eye," Fidel answered. "All I know is sorrow that our old *doña* is gone. Now our young *doña* stands alone against him and Doña Ana."

In the days that followed I saw, or thought I saw, that Tom Dold was worried too. I knew that Ellen was hard hit. She had spent thousands trying to solve the mystery of Cousin Albert and Willy, hoping to find their bodies, which she never did, alive or dead. Some of this had gone to unscrupulous characters who preyed on her. Most of it she had borrowed. Now banks and private lenders had for some time been calling in their notes. Money was hard to get. Ellen was forced to sell thousands of sheep to the packing houses, and the pitifully small price per head was quickly swallowed up in interest and running expenses.

I had hoped that Mamma Grande's death might leave enough to pay Ellen's debts. I had heard stories of fortunes in gold and silver that rich Mexicans, afraid to trust banks, kept buried under their houses. But if Mamma Grande had any secret hoard, we never knew of it. All she left was her share in the ranch, evenly divided between her two surviving daughters, and this brought not a dollar to Ellen.

But if Ellen was worried, she gave no sign of it. The worse her situation, the more her debtors hounded her, the more it seemed to mend the deep wounds of her unsolved tragedy. Almost never, except late at night, could she be found in her room. She and Critter were inseparable again. She drove him and her yellow-top buggy everywhere—to the ranch to manage what she had left, to her creditors to appease and stave them off, to her old Mexican family friends to borrow a little so she might hold on until better times returned.

It all agreed with her. Activity was her nature. I never saw her looking better. There were no visible signs of debts or difficulty. If anyone looked worried, it was Tom Dold, or Mr. Kidd, or the doctor, or I.

When Mr. Kidd offered me a job at the commission house, I took it gladly. It meant I could contribute a little toward our expenses of living, although I knew I never dared mention that to Ellen. As it was, she plainly felt hurt when I told her.

"You're only a boy, Jud. You should be in school."

"I'm fifteen," I told her. "Lots of boys go to work at twelve."

"Is it that you miss Willy? Are you too alone in the house?"

I nodded. She was silent a long time and I knew of what she was thinking.

"Very well. Then I give my consent. But you must never leave me, Jud. Remember, this house is yours as long as you live."

It was like a breath of fresh air in a new life to leave the gloomy old white house for the commission house, if only in the daytime. Young as I was, I became a member of the commission-house clan. I found it a big, jolly family, free from tragedy, and very much alive, patronizing the same restaurant, dance hall and livery stable, taking the same train to Trinidad on holidays, playing tricks on one another and especially on me, the newest member. We even had a mandolin and guitar club, and one evening a week those off duty got together in Mr. Younger's office to practice the latest Eastern songs.

And yet through all my daily life in this hive of commerce, through the scent of sheep dip and hides and of horses and mules from the loading platforms, through the sounds of business and banter, the scratch of ledger pens, through the gray-brown dust of sand storms and the white dust of unloading flour, I couldn't shut out the ugly day-by-day reports from the panic-ridden range, the sad things that were happening to others, and which inevitably must threaten Ellen and the old Johnson y Campo name. The tragic part was that men still had to fight for their existence when times at last had begun to improve. The cycle had turned. Rain was already falling on the range, new grass appearing. Wool and lamb prices had steadied. The worst was over and most ranchers had begun to breathe hopefully again.

That was when Beasley played his hand. All through the months of drought and panic, when expenses were heartbreaking and income nonexistent or trifling, he let Ellen struggle with Rancho Zelandia. But once the hardest times were over and promise of recovery and profit began to appear, then, in the name of his half-owner wife, he entered suit, filing a bill in equity, citing mismanagement, neglect and nonpayment of interest and principal on Ellen's notes that he had bought up in his wife's name, demanding an accounting, a receivership and a public sale of the ranch's real and personal property.

He entered the suit swiftly and without warning while court was still in session, and Judge Saxton put it through at the end of the term. Tom Dold struggled manfully, but he was no match for the weight of debt and charges—true of many ranchers in these days. Moreover, Ellen refused to testify on any allegation that would make her sister a liar.

"That's Snell, not Ana, speaking," was all she would say. Even if Judge Saxton had not owed his appointment to Beasley's influence, he would have had little choice in the matter. The case was heard without a jury. Beasley's law partner, George Steffy, was named as receiver and the ranch and stock put on the block. Few except Ellen dared offend Beasley by bidding, and Ellen had neither cash nor collateral left to do it or wealthy friends to come to her assistance. The famous old Johnson y Campo ranch and stock, including the grant, were bought by Beasley for a few thousands, none of which would be divided with Ellen, but which were to be paid to her sister on Ellen's unpaid debts.

I heard of the final blow at the commission house one afternoon. The same day Pas Ramirez, now a loader, cornered me against a car of outgoing wool.

"It is too bad, but she will fix him now?" he said.

"I don't know what you mean, Pas," I told him.

"Oh, you know, but you don't like to say it right out. You think it might be used in court against her. Don't worry, friend. I would say nothing."

"I'm still not sure what you mean. If you mean what I think you do, you are dead wrong."

"No, you are the one who is wrong, friend," he told me. "I know she has waited a long time. Years ago the wolf was ready for his due. But the Anglo in her waited, thinking the foolish Anglo thought that if you pet him, the wolf will turn into a dog. Sometimes the Spanish and Indian also wait a long time. But they know the wolf will always be a wolf. They wait for the best time to suit their purpose, and in the end they move. Now she has no other way. He has everything and she has nothing. She will not let him take the ranch, the only thing she has left. She will fix him now like she fixed Frank Jeffcoat long ago."

I went home hating to face Ellen that evening, (*Continued on Page 56*)

LADY CHESTERFIELD TO HER SON

By PEG BRACKEN

4. Of the Vine Which Clingeth

Now, one day, son, you'll see with deep amaze
Some easy task confound her. Lost and harried,
She'll turn to you with wide, despairing gaze.
(Oh, can this be the able lass you married—
This tendril?) Yes, it is the very she;
And traitor though it prove me, this I swear to—
She can change fuse or tire, and capably;
The honest truth is this: she doesn't care to.

Yet think how oft you play the shy pretender
At simplest humdrum female chores, my lad!
The helpless male, whom mop or spoon perplexes!
To each his own, for 'tis a thing of gender.
So blame her not. Instead, rejoice! Be glad
The world's so blithely stocked with different sexes!

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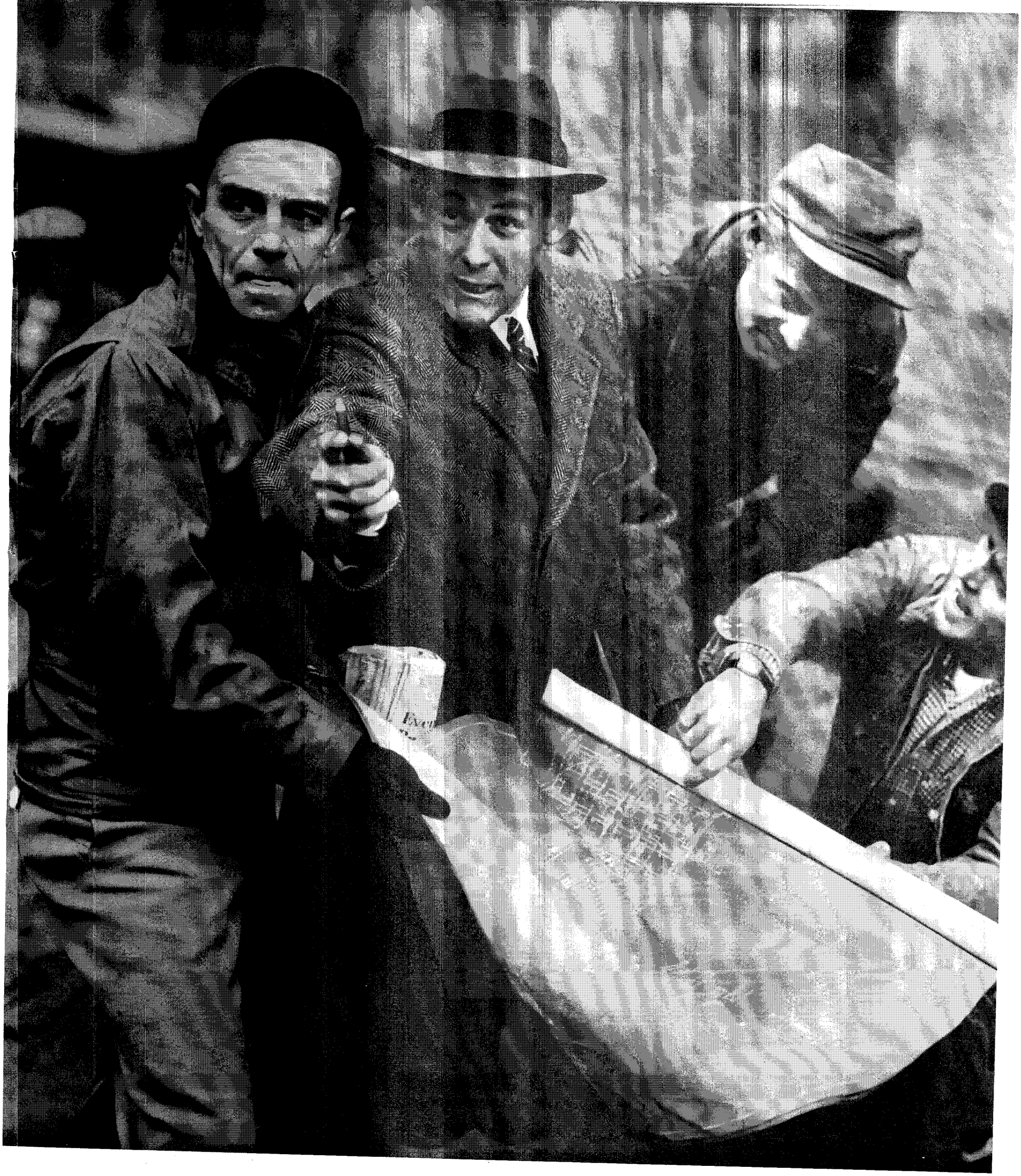

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(*Continued from Page 54*) but she wasn't at the house. The Wilmots had taken her home to dinner after the sheriff's sale. Chepa said she had sent word, and that it would be late when she came home. That made me uneasy, although I couldn't tell why.

During the evening, Doctor Gammel called and I told him where she was. Knowing he would be with her helped me a little. I didn't hear her when she came in, and her door was closed when I went to the commission house in the morning.

But before I left, Chepa and Ignacita told me enough. Their faces were dark and bitter.

"You know, Señor Jud?" they asked. They had added the "señor" only since I worked at the commission house.

"Yes, I know," I told them gloomily.

"She dare touch nothing on the ranch; only a few little things that he will say belong to her. Did you ever hear of such a thing! What will become of her now?"

"I don't know," I told them, eating breakfast as fast as I could.

"She has left a message for you," Chepa said, "last night when she came in. She must go out to the ranch tomorrow. It is the last time. She wants you to go with her."

I winced at that. It was like Ellen. Not can you get off from work, but I must take off and go along. That day when I asked Mr. Kidd for leave, he gave me a look from under his black eyebrows and ordered me into his office. This was the mysterious, exclusive, unattainable office I had long wanted to see, but I scarcely looked around at it today.

"You know that this is the end of her and the ranch?" he asked.

"I'm afraid it is, sir."

"What is she going to do? How does she expect to live?"

"I don't know, sir."

"I suppose you think I should have given her a hand?"

"I didn't think about it, sir."

"Have you ever looked in our books?"

"Just my own ledger, sir."

"Well, if you had, you'd have found that we carried her for some nine thousand dollars. I could have sold the debt long ago to Beasley at twenty cents on the dollar. But I didn't then, although it looked as if we'd never get a penny. You know we wouldn't have, don't you?"

"I don't know, sir."

Mr. Kidd looked at me. His eyes and eyebrows were both very dark. I knew she could expect no more help from that quarter.

"You don't know? What do you mean?"

"I don't know what I mean, sir."

"I think I know. But it's no use, Jud. It's too late."

I had no idea what he meant. He sat for a long time staring away from me. The only thing in his line of vision was the painting on the wall of a naked and voluptuous woman half covered by a rare old Navajo blanket.

He went on, "You mean she's always been a lady."

"Yes, sir," I said, but that wasn't exactly what I meant.

"Jud, do you know what a lady is?"

"Yes, sir. I think I do."

"I don't think you do. A lady is a woman of great charm or position, or both, who, because of it, has never had to do anything for herself, but has always had somebody to do it for her. Did you ever think of that before?"

"No, sir."

"Well, it's time you understood some of these things. Ellen was a Johnson y Campo. If there ever was a Campo more fascinating, I doubt it. She was born to the purple, to charm, to the ranch, to the name, family and money. There was always something or someone to take care of her. When she was young, it was her father. When Frank Jeffcoat ruined her garden and one of them shot him, she had her brother, Charley, to fall back on. When Charley was tried, she had Albert to free him and to sentence his murderers when they came to trial for another crime. Now Albert and Charley are gone. Her mother is gone. The ranch and her money are gone. She needs someone more than ever, somebody to take up her cause, solve her problem and take care of her. There she is, attractive, beautiful, worldly. Tom Dold is a gentleman, but he's not your Cousin Albert by a long shot, and George Gammel drinks too much most of the time. There's nobody left to come to her rescue any more."

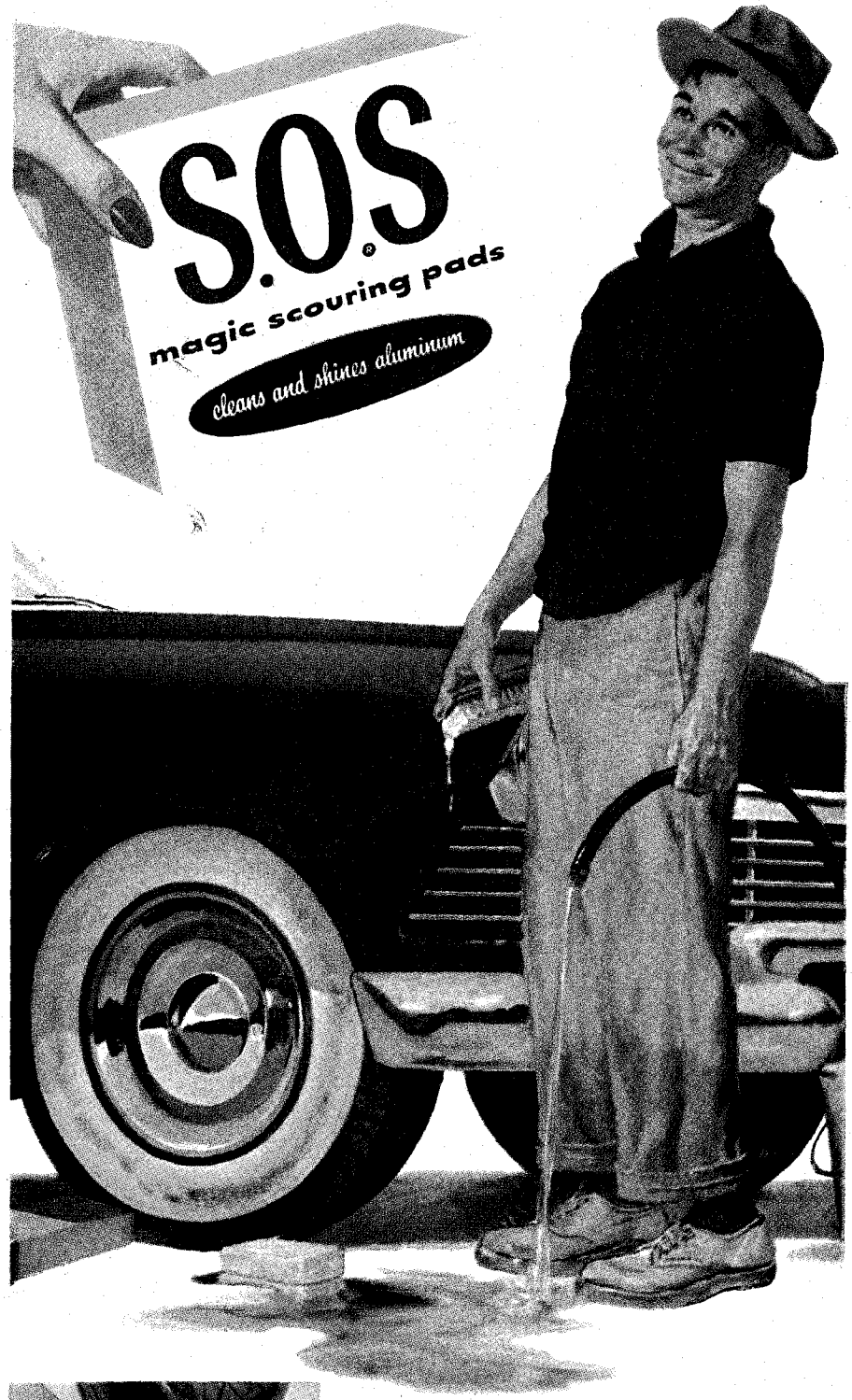
I kept thinking about it on the way to the ranch the next morning with Ellen. The mesa had never looked more beautiful, the air like wine, the Prietas crystal-clear and the ranch headquarters, when we came to it, like the capitol of some small empire. It had rained during the night and the Johnson y Campo range looked fresh and green. It was the only time I recall that I would have preferred a sand storm. With the sky gray, the sun a dull red ball and dust flying, the ranch wouldn't have been so hard to give up.

Today it was an ordeal. I had never seen Fidel's face so grave as when he came to take Critter. Even the ranch house looked nicer and more desirable today, now that it was no longer Ellen's.

As we came up on the portal, one of the doors opened and Snell Beasley, thick, active, all business, appeared.

"You can come in," he said curtly, and I looked to see how Ellen took being invited into her own house. She gave no sign, although she entered the familiar hall almost as a visitor, a guest, sitting quietly in (*Continued on Page 60*)

Yes-there's an easier way to clean white-wall tires



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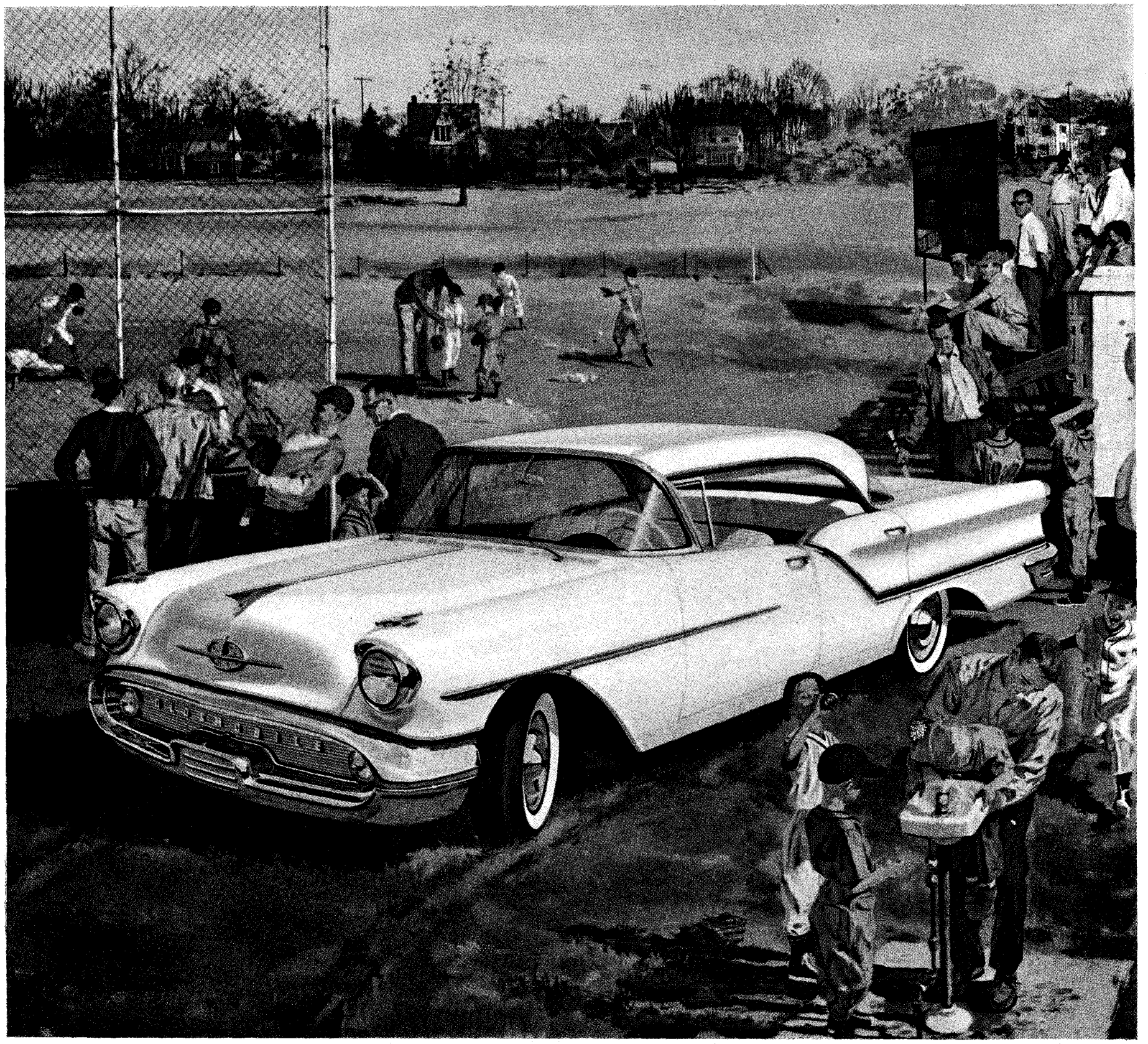

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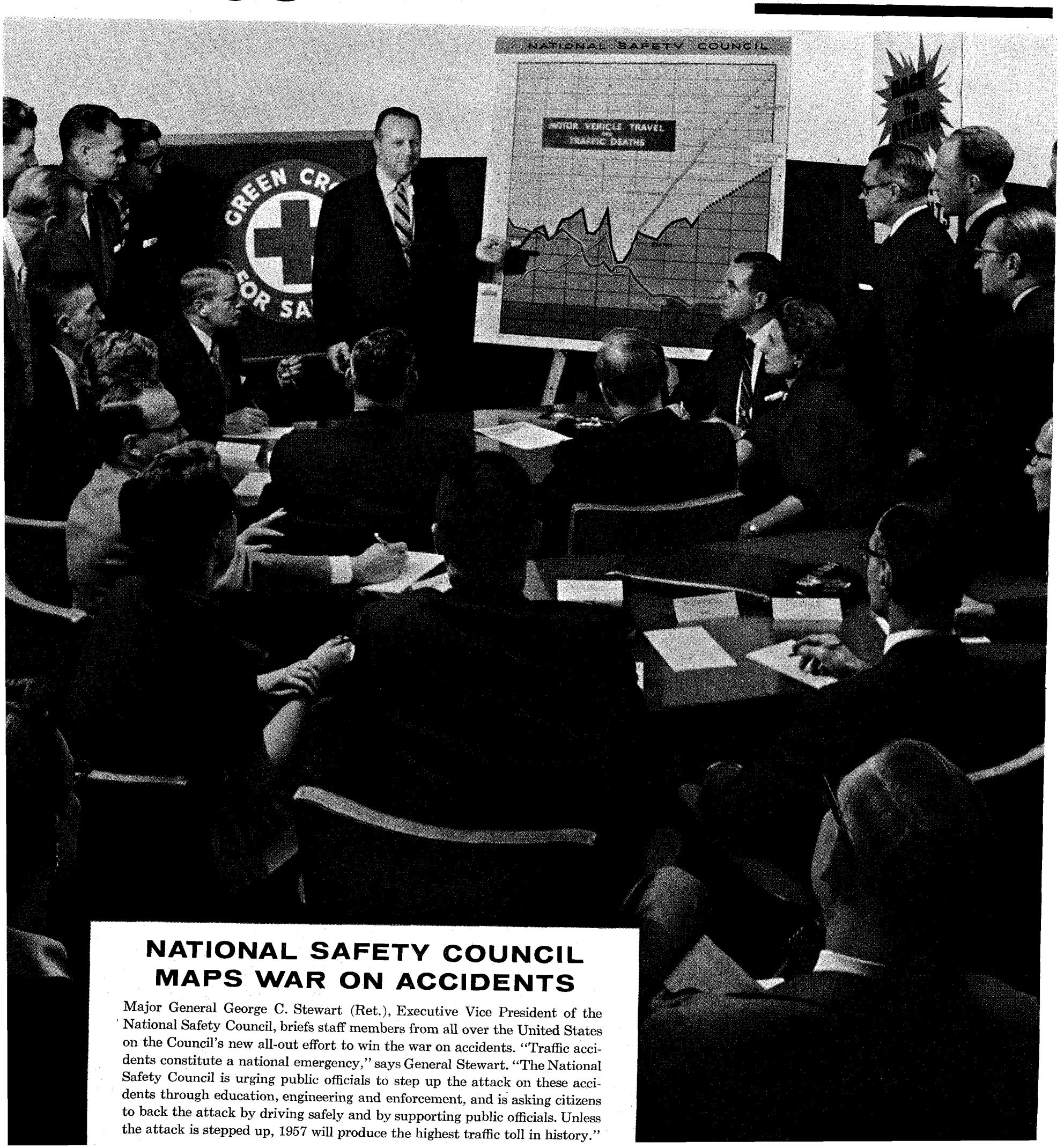

NATIONAL SAFETY COUNCIL MAPS WAR ON ACCIDENTS

Major General George C. Stewart (Ret.), Executive Vice President of the National Safety Council, briefs staff members from all over the United States on the Council's new all-out effort to win the war on accidents. "Traffic accidents constitute a national emergency," says General Stewart. "The National Safety Council is urging public officials to step up the attack on these accidents through education, engineering and enforcement, and is asking citizens to back the attack by driving safely and by supporting public officials. Unless the attack is stepped up, 1957 will produce the highest traffic toll in history."

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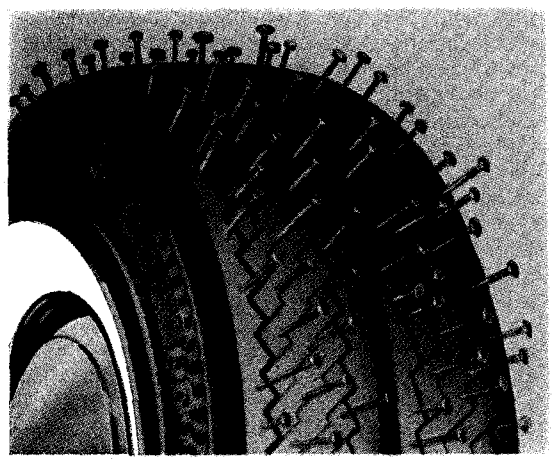

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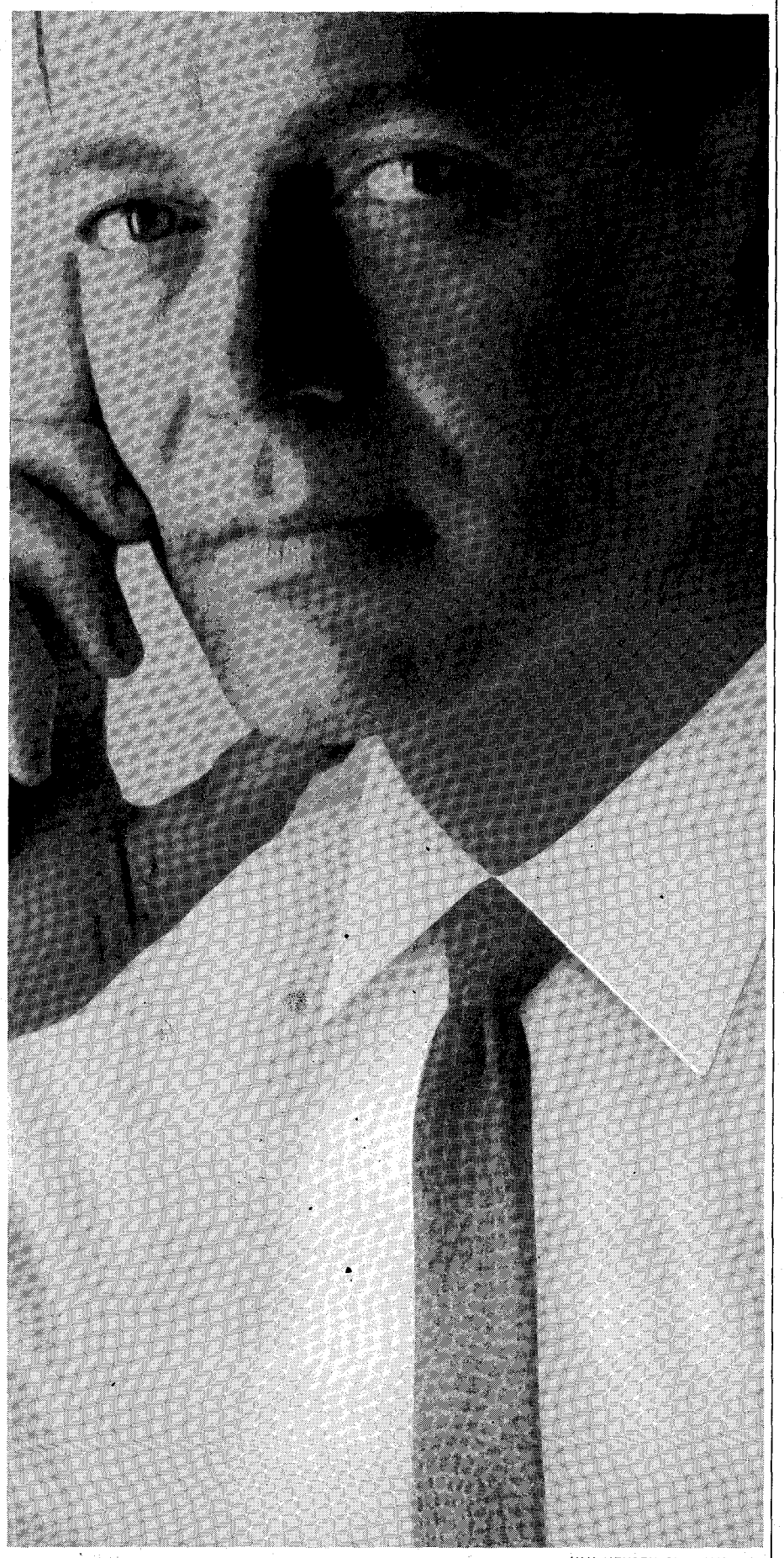

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(*Continued from Page 56*) the chair Beasley indicated, as if this house was not part of her, as if she hadn't been born in this room and spent much of her life in that one.

"I had hoped that Ana would be here," she said quietly.

"No," Beasley answered. Then, as if something in her remark had nettled him, he went on sharply, "Before we get to the few things you may claim, I want to tell you that I might have claimed a good deal more. We could have taken everything you have—the house in town and your horse and buggy."

All she said was a low "Thank you."

"No," he said heavily, "we don't want your house now or your horse. He's getting up in years. I have a better one. Now shall we get down to business?"

All through the scenes that followed, I marveled at Ellen. How could she go through in a couple of hours what would normally take days to dispose of? How could she give up all this so calmly? What was going on in her head? Was she really the one she had been acting the role of lately—the gentlewoman courteously agreeing, accepting, taking with good grace her humiliation? Or could she be waiting, as Pas implied, letting Beasley do his worst, seeing how far he would go, which would give her final violent act all the more reason and sympathy? Without some planned solution in her mind, I felt she couldn't control herself like this.

In the end, she had me carry some small things to the buggy. She asked her brother-in-law to deliver the rest with Teofilo or Fidel.

"Now we must go, Jud," she said.

First she drove around the ranch headquarters, the lambing pens, the many buildings, then to the edge of the cedars where Willy and I used to ride. She was taking a last look at everything.

"Look," she said once; "I don't need to touch a line. He knows where to go."

It was true. Critter seemed to know. He went to the cemetery and beyond it to a spot where the whole grant could be seen spread out before us with the Greenhorn Mountains a white crown to the north.

"I think Critter wants to see it himself," Ellen said; then to the horse, "Now that's enough. He'll think we're stealing something. Sooner or later we've got to go home."

When we returned to headquarters, the Mexicans who had been watching were waiting for us. It was a scene such as I had witnessed before, but not with today's implications. I saw again that, charming as she could be with her own kind, she was at her best with those below her—with children, servants, peons, those who looked up to her, Mexicans or Anglos. Then something transformed her and she burned with a purity and simplicity that is difficult to analyze and set down. No actress could have matched her. She stepped down from the buggy to shake every hand, and a word in Spanish for each—an act that caused many of them, especially older men and women, to break down and fall on their knees, kissing her hand or skirt, pouring out their memories of her father and mother and Don Carlos.

What Beasley must have thought, if he watched from the window of his newly acquired ranch, I have no idea. But as we drove up through the canyon I alternately worshiped and bled for her. I began to see more clearly what Mr. Kidd had said—that always had she had this great ranch behind her and someone to espouse her cause and solve her problems. What had she left now? To whom could she go any more? All she had was a house in town, an old horse and a young stripling like me. As for Critter, he seemed as weary as I. Once we had left the down slope, where the buggy rolled of its own volition, I noticed that he dragged. It was true he had already traveled from town to ranch that day, but there had been a time when twenty miles would scarcely have laid a hair on him.

I mentioned something of this to Ellen.

"He's older," she said. "But not old. He's still younger than Willy. They were born almost on the same day two years apart."

Just the way she said it made me glance at her. She sat there on the cushions of her yellow-topped buggy, erect, well dressed as always, her suit coat and skirt of the best English material, her wide-brimmed hat, her driving gloves.

"He's older," I insisted. "We're all older."

"He says you're older, boy," she said.

At the sound, Critter broke at once into a faster pace, but presently slowed again to his old trot. We were well on the mesa when I glanced back and saw another rig behind us, just emerging from the cedars at the mouth of the canyon. Farther out on the mesa I looked again. It was still there, almost the same distance as before. Whoever it was showed no disposition to close the gap between us. But when we reached the pile of rocks blackened on one side from fires of generations of wood haulers, I thought the rig was definitely nearer and that the horse looked like Beasley's.

The perfect host is one who can make you feel that you're not at home.

CHARLES RUFFING

Ellen never looked back at all. We passed the region of rolling hills, crossed the big valley and the Prieta Wash, and were on the almost level part of the mesa when I thought I heard a steel shoe strike a stone. Glancing again, I saw the rig closer behind us now and coming fast. It was definitely the runabout and the racer, with Beasley himself driving. I'm sure Critter heard the sound too. His ears had pricked and his pace increased. Then Ellen heard it and looked over her shoulder.

Afterward she told Tom and me that her first impulse had been to turn Critter directly off the road to the north. She guessed at once, as did I, that Beasley had chosen the spot to race, that he was unsatisfied with taking the ranch and sheep; that now, with the town just ahead of us in plain view across the river, he intended to beat her horse and take the only laurels she had left. For a moment, she told us, she hesitated to humiliate Critter, make him show the white feather, and by the time she had made up her mind, it was too late. Critter had definitely accepted the challenge.

I had been in races behind Critter before and have been in others since, but there was something about this one that shook me from the start. Even the mesa, the sight of Moro lying spread out on the river plain below and the low Tecoletenos Mountains far on the horizon had a different look and feel today. But it was Critter that moved me the most, no longer the pet, but the old servitor unwilling to admit his years.

Some men mellow as they age, leave the fires of manhood behind them and handle better than in their youth, but Critter was none of these. Ellen knew it, I'm sure. I had seen her half stand at the lines before, but never her shoes so planted on the foot iron, her body weight and strength thrown

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against the bit. I still don't know whether it was her long aversion to race Critter or now a woman's intuition to try to save him from his first defeat. Either way, there was no stopping him today any more than the other time. This she soon found out. He had the bit in his teeth and there was nothing to do but let him have his way.

I did feel that Critter had the advantage of the road. The racer would have to take the rougher ground beside it. Critter's mane and tail were streaming, and yet, as we went on, something in him fell short. I remembered his old effortlessness, when, without the benefit of trying, he seemed to fly like the road runner, half on the ground, half in the air. Today he seemed to run as fast as he ever did, but the magic ether of easy power was lacking. I could feel the undercurrents of exertion, striving and strain.

Slowly but steadily the racer pulled up beside him. At times when he was younger, the near approach of the other horse would be the signal for Critter to let loose a burst of speed that would leave his rival far behind. But now it was apparent that Critter had already given his best. I had a glimpse of Beasley squatting forward on his light runabout seat, his arms outstretched. As he came abreast he threw us a curious, cool, almost impassive look; then flicked his whip and the chestnut started pulling ahead.

"Help me, Jud!" Ellen suddenly panted.

She was having trouble with the right-hand line, I noticed, and the moment I took hold of it with her, I knew why she had called me. Critter was pulling toward his rival. I used both hands, but without effect. Despite our three arms, there was no holding him. We might as well be pulling on a locomotive. Never had he let a horse around him, and he wouldn't now. I fancied I saw the wild look in his eye toward his rival. Then, with a furious swerve that carried us with him like matchsticks, he threw himself against the chestnut, and all was lost in a crashing of buggies and bodies and horses upturned with their legs in the air.

They said afterward that a dozen people in Moro watched the race, that it was especially visible from the depot and the commission house, where men quickly climbed to the roofs to see the outcome. In almost no time, riders and rigs were hurrying to ford the river and reach the scene. What had happened they couldn't tell from town, but they knew it was bad.

What they found was a boy with a broken arm, a woman with a scarred and bleeding face, one horse still on the ground, the other standing quietly by in broken shafts, the only sign of disaster the brown dirt smeared on his sweated hide. That was the racer, but his driver lay under the overturned runabout, and when strong hands righted it, he still lay unmoving.

Ellen waited till Doctor Gammel finished with him.

"Look at Critter!" then she begged him, which he did.

"He's done for. The broken shaft hooked him. He looks like he hit barbwire. I doubt if he's got any blood left. The kindest thing you can do for him is let me shoot him and put him out of his misery." Such a look of blinding anger came into Ellen's eyes that I thought the doctor quailed.

"I would shoot you first, George," she told him, then sent to town for Manuel.

We stayed until Manuel came and for some time afterward, until Critter was on his unsteady feet. Then we drove down with Tom Dold in his buggy. People on Audiencia Street and the plaza watched silently as we drove by. When we reached La Placita, a little group stood in front of the Beasley house.

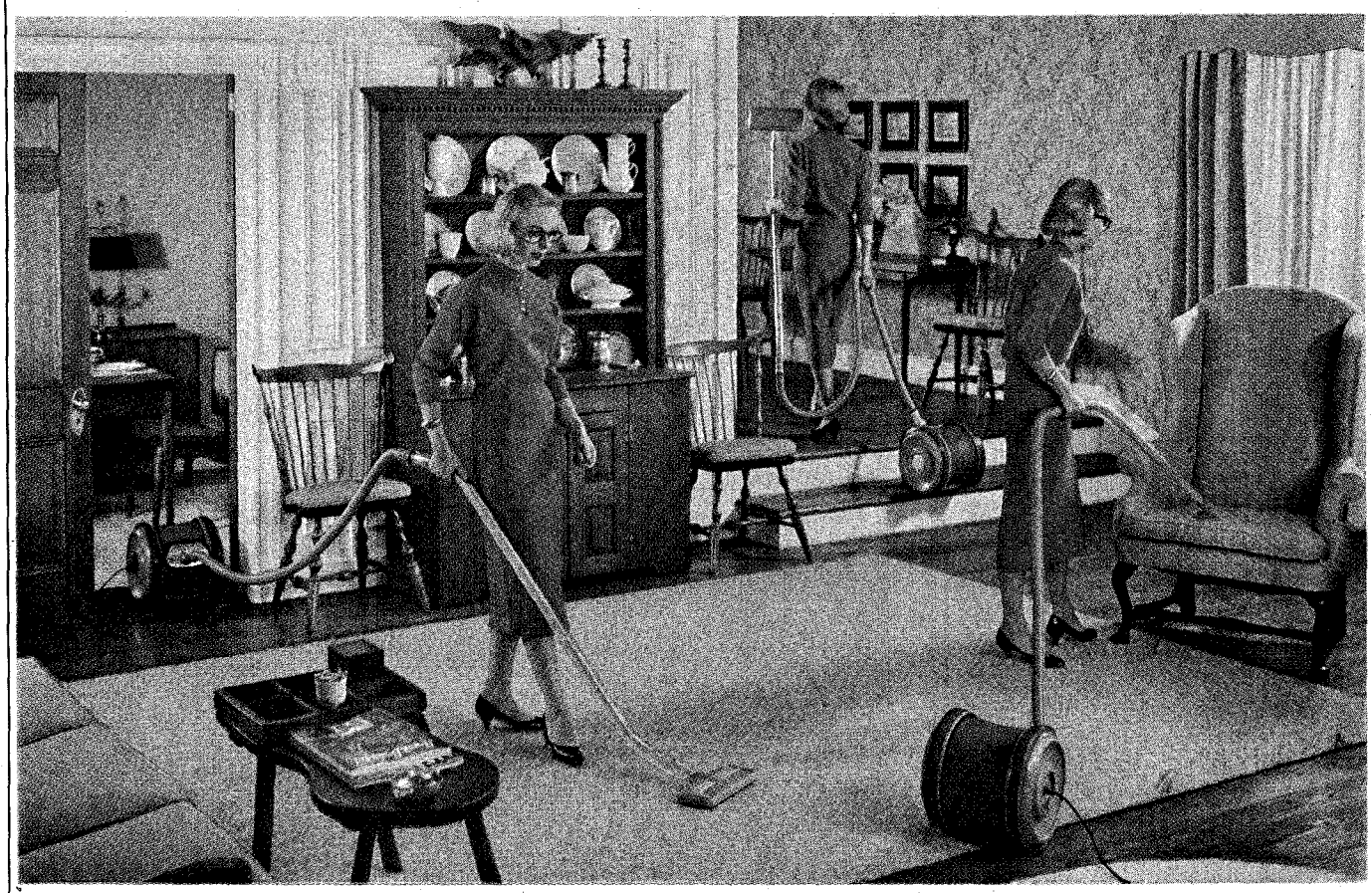
"I must go to Ana first," Ellen said.

I followed with my bandaged arm. Tom Dold and the doctor helped her up the steps. She did not knock, but opened the door and went in. From the doorway I had a glimpse of Ana surrounded by Beasley's friends and their wives. What would happen now I had no notion. But when Ana looked up and saw Ellen, it was as if no one else was in the room. A strange, nameless cry rose from each, and the sisters ran into each other's arms.

I watched them for a long moment. Tears flowed from them both. It was the first time I had ever seen Ellen cry. The pair kept embracing, comforting, chattering to each other, as only the Spanish can. It was strange that at a time like this I should remember what Mr. Kidd had said—that Ellen's deliverers were all gone, that there was no one left to rescue a lady any more—and yet here she was in the arms of her only sister, the widow of probably the richest man in the territory, and, waiting for her, two of the most faithful and eligible men in Moro.

I wish it were possible to add that Willy and Cousin Albert came back. For years I kept saying to myself, *It can't end like this; they will surely turn up someday.* But they never did. Their bodies were never found. Only the whispering wind knows where they lie, for those unknown men involved in it must be dead today. Now, looking back over sixty years, I feel this may be the reason why the unsolved mystery remains to many of us the most haunting of early happenings in the annals of New Mexico.

THE END

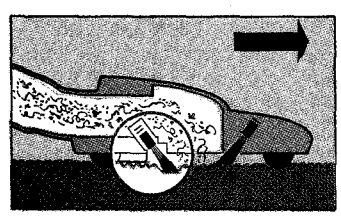


New! A vacuum cleaner you never have to lift!

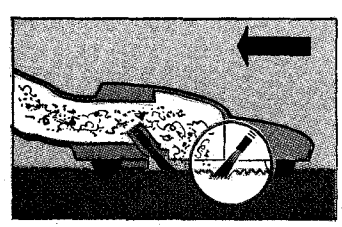
Lift no more, my lady! The amazing new General Electric "Roll-Easy" Vacuum Cleaner rolls anywhere easily—even up stairs. It's the ultimate in labor saving . . . lets you clean both high and low. It won't tip rolling over door sills, or rumple your scatter rugs as it rolls quietly from room to room.

The amazing new General Electric "Double-Action" Cleaning Unit glides along on full-width rollers to let you clean with brand-new ease. No changing! No lifting! No adjusting! One side cleans *both* carpets and floors . . . and you can use it on scatter rugs, too. It picks up stubborn lint and threads easily.

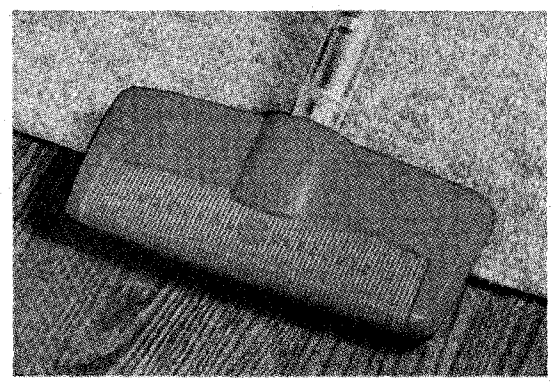
New General Electric "Double-Action" Cleaning Unit gets rugs and floors cleaner—faster!



Here's how this new unit works: The rear brush *pushes* dirt into the suction chamber.



The forward brush *pulls* it in! You clean rugs and floors with fewer strokes . . . less work!



One unit cleans rugs and floors. The low silhouette of General Electric's "Double-Action" Cleaning Unit lets you clean under beds, chairs, sofas and tables. It glides into spaces only *two inches high!* Vacuum Cleaner Dept., General Electric Company, Bridgeport 2, Connecticut.

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Where Horses Live Like Kings

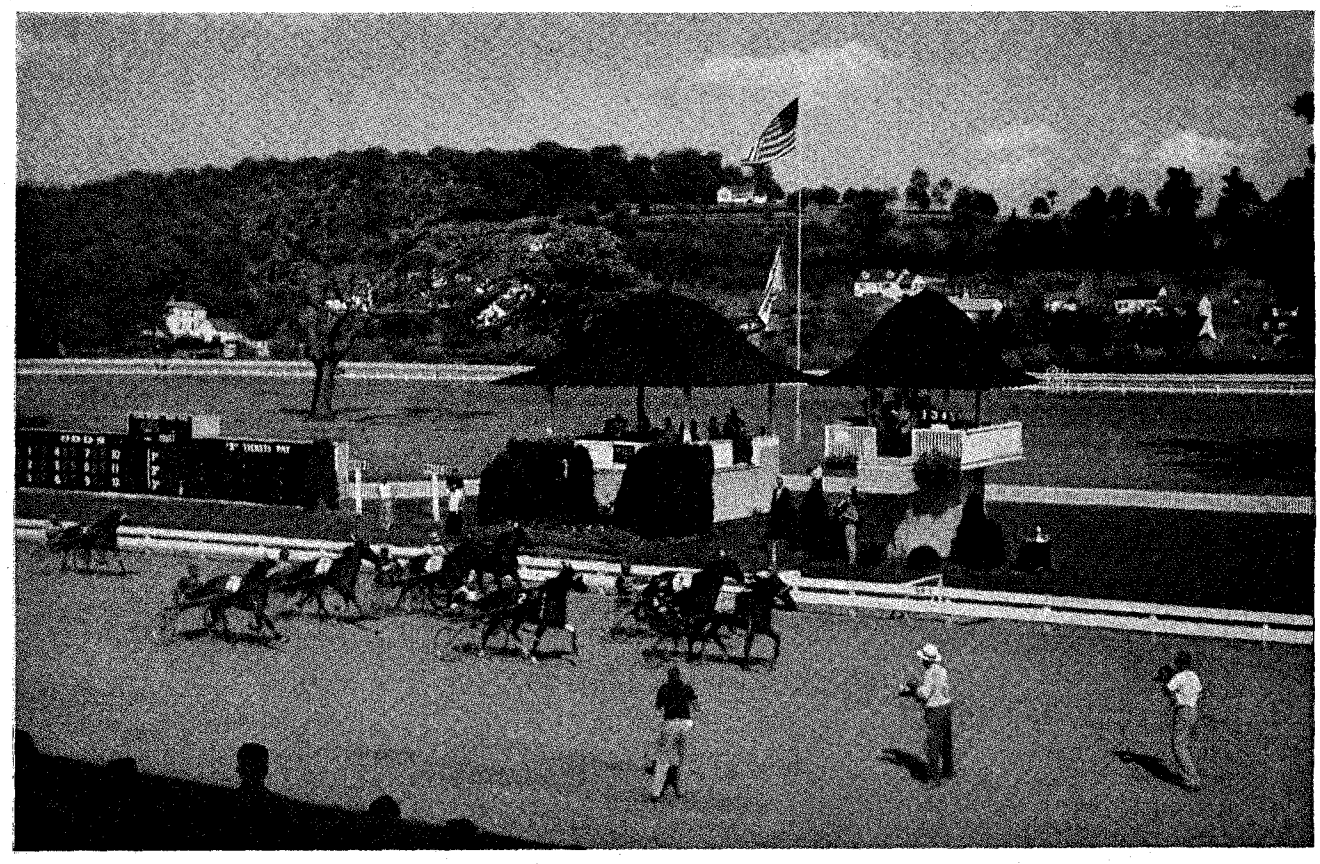
(Continued from Page 43)

fifty skilled helpers needed to run a place valued, by a most conservative estimate, at $3,500,000.

If all goes well with the colt, its purchaser will be racing it in another year or two at county fairs, state fairs, on the Grand Circuit or at tracks like Roosevelt Raceway, where betters from New York City, who have never stepped in a barnyard, will wager heavily on it because of the Hanover name. If it runs well, it will be retired to stud early to perpetuate the Hanover strain, and, not so incidentally, to bring in fancy stud fees for its owner.

One of the many reasons why the Hanover name sounds as solid as cash in the bank to wagerers is the fact that all four money winners in the 1955 running of the Hambletonian at Goshen, New York, were sired by Hanover Farms stallions, and swept the $85,126.05 total purse. Furthermore, the get of Hanover sires have provided thirteen of the sixteen money winners in the last three years of the Hambletonian—prior to 1955, there were six cash places in each running. The Hambletonian for three-year-old trotters is the Kentucky Derby of the harness world, the goal toward which all breeders, owners, trainers and drivers strive. When the Hambletonian is run this year at Du Quoin, Illinois, to which it has been transferred for two seasons, one sure bet is that horses connected with Hanover in some manner will be fighting for top honors. Perhaps more important, however, there is scarcely a single event on any of the 400 or so mile and half-mile tracks around which the nation's pacers and trotters pound where the Hanover name doesn't mean something.

Hanover Farms no longer races much as a stable, but concerns itself with producing what it thinks are the best standard-bred horses in the world—standardbreds draw sulkies, whereas Thoroughbreds race under saddle—for others to purchase. Lawrence Sheppard, his wife and three daughters still enter some horses individually in stakes, and some of the few fillies withheld from sale each year as possible eventual brood mares are raced lightly, but the old days are gone when Hanover Farms entries ruled just about every important event. Instead, the new day of big business is here as the Farms cashes in on the offspring of the world champions and world-record holders it has raced or bought over the last thirty years. Sheppard will move around 100 of this year's young to nearby Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, this November and sell them for a comfortable half million dollars at the Standardbred Horse Sales Company auction of yearlings. In 1956, 106 Hanover yearlings brought $537,100, an average of $5067 per horse.



Adios Fancy and Meadow Amy finish one and two at the Goshen, New York, trotting park. Both fillies were sired by the famous pacer, Adios, at the Hanover Shoe Farms in Pennsylvania.

That isn't the only financial return on Sheppard's investment. Cavorting about the Farms are the great sires whose stud fees bring hundreds of thousands of dollars into the coffer each year. There is Hoot Mon, only Hambletonian winner—1947—to sire a Hambletonian winner—Scott Frost in 1955. Hoot Mon is a black beauty bought by Sheppard for $50,000 and valued now at $500,000, although not for sale. His remarkable ability to father swift horses justifies a stud fee of $5000 per mare, which earns his purchase price many times over each year. He serves Hanover mares as well as those from outside stables, and fourteen Hanover yearlings sired by him brought $229,000 at the 1955 Harrisburg sales. Other Farms-owned stallions include Dean Hanover, Nibble Hanover, Bill Gallon and Tar Heel, all famous names in the harness world.

When spring comes to Pennsylvania, there probably is no prettier sight on earth to a horseman's eyes than the rolling acres of the Hanover Farms. The horse population of the place reaches its peak in June because all the foals are born by then; there are more than 900 horses in the innumerable paddocks, enclosed by the beautiful white board fencing that marks horse farms everywhere. This huge population includes eleven stallions, approximately 200 Hanover Farms brood mares and 200 Farms foals, yearlings and two-year-olds. Most of the rest of the 900 are brood mares sent to stud at the Farms by other owners and boarded there with their young. Some of these come from as far away as Italy, where the harness sport also thrives.

Presiding genius over all this is Lawrence Baker Sheppard, now edging sixty, a short and affable man who becomes quite voluble when discussing his hobby—if a $3,500,000 breeding establishment can be called that. How he finds time to guide the Farms, even with the aid of capable assistants, and to remember the exact bloodlines of its horses puzzles even his intimates. Not only is he president of the Hanover Shoe Farms, Incorporated, he is also president of Hanover Shoe, Incorporated—a shoe-manufacturing firm which is the chief industry of Hanover, employing nearly 1000 persons in the local plant there and in more than one hundred retail-outlet stores scattered about the nation. This business was founded in 1899 by his father, Harper D. Sheppard, and Clinton N. Myers—both now dead—and the love of these two men for fast horses led Lawrence into the field. In addition, he is president of the United States Trotting Association, which he helped organize in 1938 to bring order into the chaotic harness-racing situation that existed then. This too makes heavy demands upon his time. As if all this were not enough, he is also president of a local Hanover newspaper, of the Hanover First National Bank, and of the Standardbred Horse Sales Company at Harrisburg, where more than $2,000,000 worth of horses, including Hanover yearlings, were auctioned last year.

The relationship between the shoe business and trotting and pacing is actually not so remote as it might seem. "Dad and Mr. Myers opened their first retail store in York in 1900," Sheppard recalled in one of his relaxed moments. "They'd finish work at the factory Friday afternoon, drive down to York in a buggy and help sell shoes Saturday, returning to Hanover Saturday (*Continued on Page 64*)

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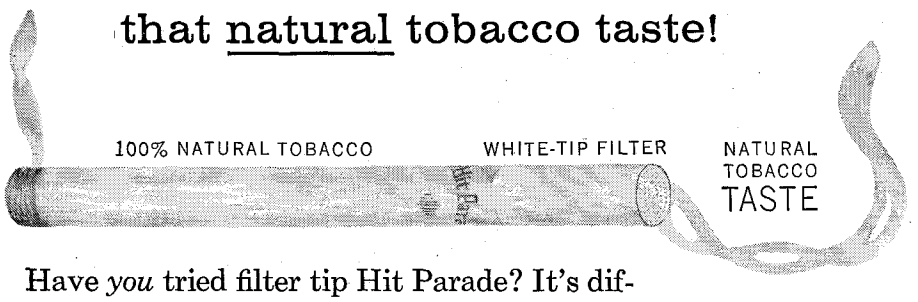

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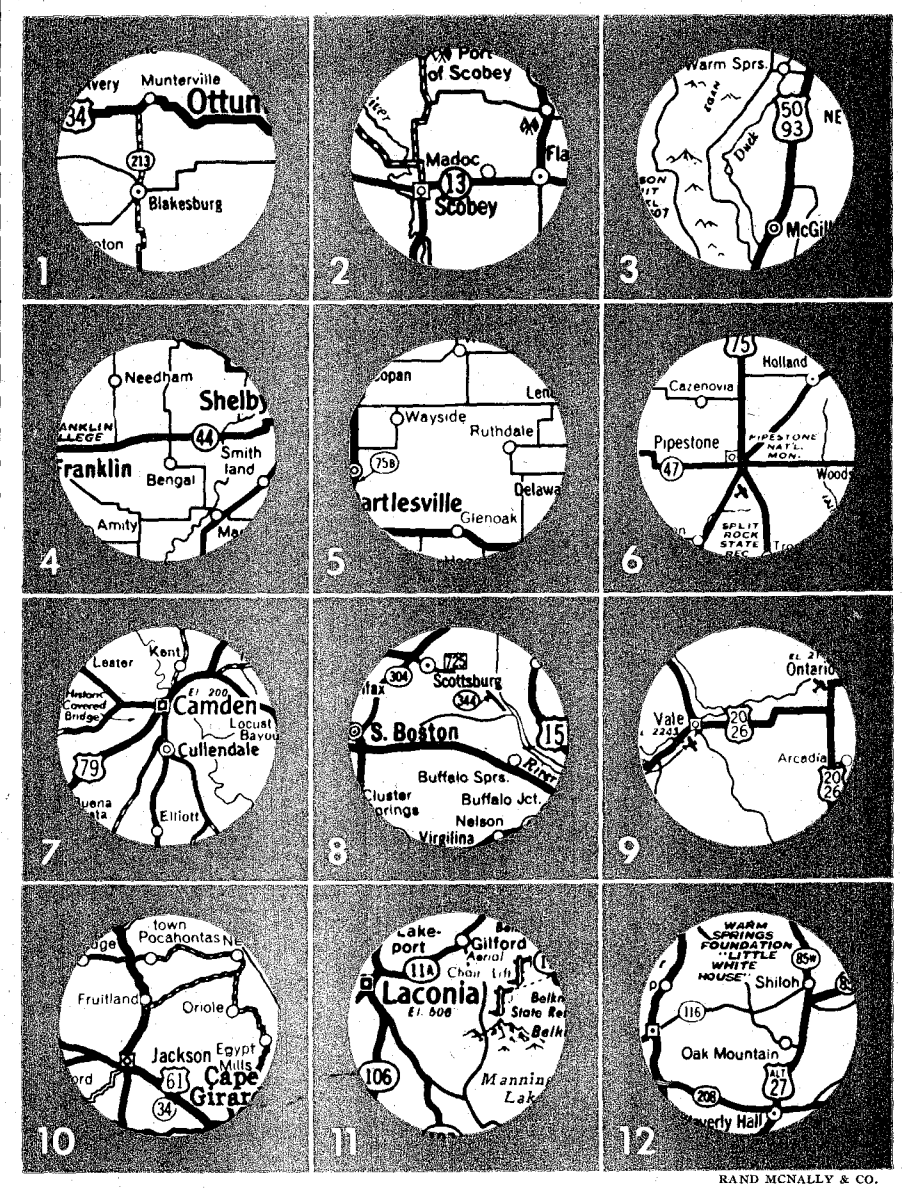
PHILLIPS' TABLETS

(*Continued from Page 62*) night. They got so they wanted fast horses to cover the twenty miles to York. In that pre-automobile era, everybody who could afford it had a good pacer or trotter, and there used to be a lot of road-brushing out York Street here in town—impromptu races with buggies or sleighs. Dad and his partner bought better horses as the business prospered, and by the time I was thirteen dad gave me my first harness horse. June Patchen was her name. At that time you could show horses at country fairs by leading them around on halter, and I exhibited her. Some judge—I can't remember his name—offered me two thousand dollars for June Patchen, and I went home and cried over the very thought of selling her."

As the years passed, Sheppard's attitude toward selling horses changed radically. His father wanted him to be a lawyer and sent him to the University of Virginia. "But World War I came along," Sheppard says, "and I went overseas as an aviator." He returned, married Charlotte Newton, of San Antonio, Texas, in 1919, finished his law studies, and flatly announced to his father that he wasn't going into law practice. Instead, he entered the shoe business, at the same time renewing his interest in harness horses. Even then, his father recognized young Lawrence's know-how with horses, and when the older Sheppard went off on a Caribbean cruise he left his string of twenty-one in his son's charge. Lawrence promptly sold the whole shebang. "Dad and Mr. Myers just couldn't stand parting with any horse, and all dad owned weren't worth a darn, so I sold them. When he came home, he got sort of red in the face, but he didn't say much."

Soon the older Sheppard and then partner Myers got into the habit of trusting young Lawrence to pick up some really good horses for them. The Sheppards and Myers bought Baron Worthy in 1924, acquired the world-champion trotter, Peter Manning, in 1926 for exhibition purposes—he was a gelding—and in the same year bought the first Hambletonian winner, Guy McKinney, for $12,000. By this time the three men had formed a harness-racing partnership, "because our bookkeepers were going crazy trying to figure out who owned what horses." They decided to call their enterprise the Hanover Shoe Farms, Inc.

Soon after this they pulled their first great buying coup, purchasing for $150,000 the entire stable of A. B. Coxe, of Paoli, Pennsylvania, after the owner's death. This gave the new stable a flying start into the top ranks because one of the three stallions acquired was Dillon Axworthy, and a juvenile was Sandy Flash, both destined to be famous sires of famous horses, and one of the mares was the extraordinary Miss Bertha Dillon.



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(*Answers on Page 68*)

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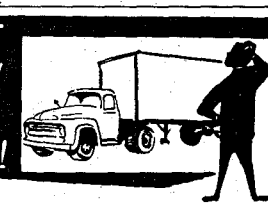

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DRAWN BY BLANCHARD

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"May I kiss you good night, Dorothy? Alice? Elizabeth?"

Jim Harrison, of the United States Trotting Association—a man who has followed the Hanover fortunes faithfully—credits Miss Bertha Dillon with what is possibly the greatest breeding coup of all time. In rapid succession, she foaled Miss Bertha Hanover, Hanover's Bertha and Charlotte Hanover, all "two-minute" or better horses. In harness racing, a two-minute mile is the equine equivalent of a four-minute mile for human runners—attainable, but seldom attained. Chances against a mare producing three two-minute-mile daughters are estimated at a million to one.

The same mare, however, led Lawrence Sheppard to a colossal failure. Naturally, after she foaled such outstanding daughters, he looked forward to a colt by her, so he could perpetuate the line through a male. One was born, but died young. Another was born, and Sheppard proudly gave it his own name—Lawrence Hanover. It raced well, but failed miserably at stud, siring nothing but mediocre horses. He finally sold Lawrence Hanover in 1947.

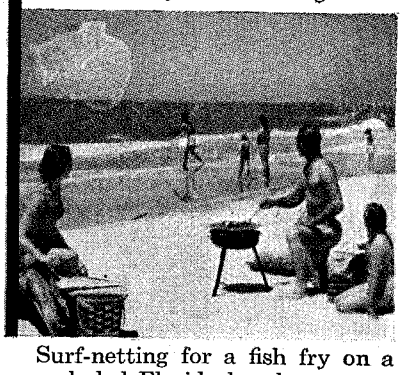
Hanover Farms has owned outright three Hambletonian winners—Hanover's Bertha, Shirley Hanover, McLin Hanover—and there have been nine Hambletonian winners bred by Hanover, by a Hanover sire or by a sire which served under lease at the Farms. As money poured into the Farms, Lawrence Sheppard, as manager, poured it right out again, acquiring horses like Billy Direct, Spencer Scott, Mr. McElwyn, and Peter the Brewer. He sold Imperial Hanover for $72,000, highest price ever paid for a yearling. He also became the only individual in this century to spend $100,000 or more for a harness horse—two exceeded $100,000 around 1890. He bought Nibble Hanover for $100,000 from Dunbar W. Bostwick in 1949, after selling this same stallion to Bostwick in 1937 for $2000. He acquired Tar Heel—$125,000—and Solicitor—$100,000—in the W. G. Reynolds dispersal sale of 1951. He spent $500,000 for Adios and then sold equal shares to Delvin Miller and Max Hempt, so that each owns one third of this stallion, which stands at stud at Meadowlands Farm near Washington, Pennsylvania. Sheppard also holds shares in the syndicate which paid $150,000 in 1955 for Kimberly Kid.

His all-time favorite, friends believe, is Dean Hanover, and for good reason. Dean Hanover and Nibble Hanover are the bread-and-butter sires for Hanover, Dean siring youngsters worth $852,200, and Nibble $745,150 worth. But his love for the Dean isn't entirely due to mercenary reasons. Back in the days when Lawrence Sheppard himself sat in the driver's seat, hard by the horse's tail and flying hind feet, he drove Dean Hanover to a world record which still stands—6:01¾ minutes for three heats of a mile each—as a mark for three-year-olds. That was at Lexington, Kentucky, in 1937. That same year and on the same track, his daughter, Alma—then only eleven years old—drove the Dean to a world record for women drivers that has never been equaled—1:58½ minutes. "In estimating the Farms' value," Sheppard told me, "I'll put down Dean Hanover at a hundred thousand dollars, but how can you estimate a horse like that? I wouldn't sell him at any price. Still, Dean wasn't much fun to race," he added with a smile, "because he was the perfect horse. I never knew him to do anything wrong."

The 2000-plus acres of the Hanover Farms were not all acquired at one time. The Sheppards and Myers combined several farms when they bought the Coxe stable, and Lawrence Sheppard added others as the plant expanded. Each retains its original family name—Grumbine, Menges, Benshoff, Swartz, Forry, Boyer, Sell—and they are fairly well knit together as a unit immediately southwest of Hanover. One farm seldom mentioned these days is PALS, made up of the initial letters of his children's names—Patricia, Alma, Lawrence, Jr., and Sugar, the nickname for Charlotte. His son, successor to the shoe business and as devoted to harness racing as his father, survived World War II as a pilot, only to die several years ago when his private craft hit a high-tension line in Philadelphia's Main Line suburbs, near where the Coxe stable was originally located. He was returning from (*Continued on Page 68*)

King silver tarpon being boated off Florida Gulf Coast

Fort Pickens, near Pensacola, one of many historical sights



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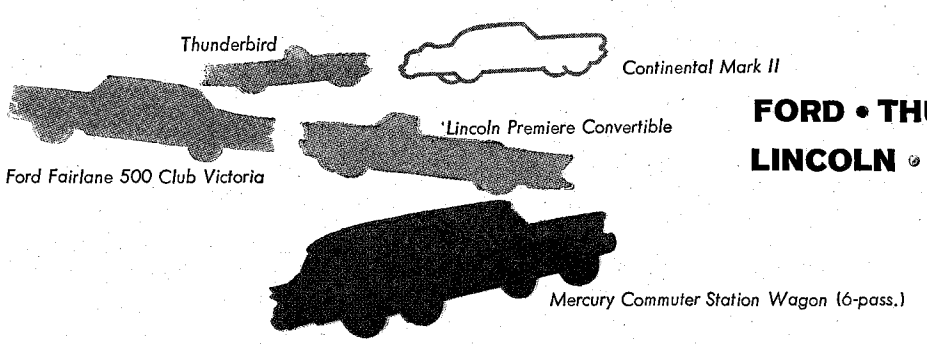

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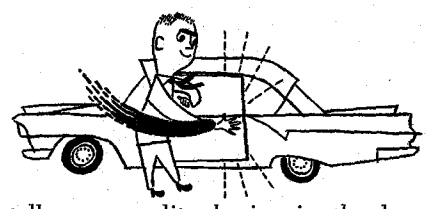

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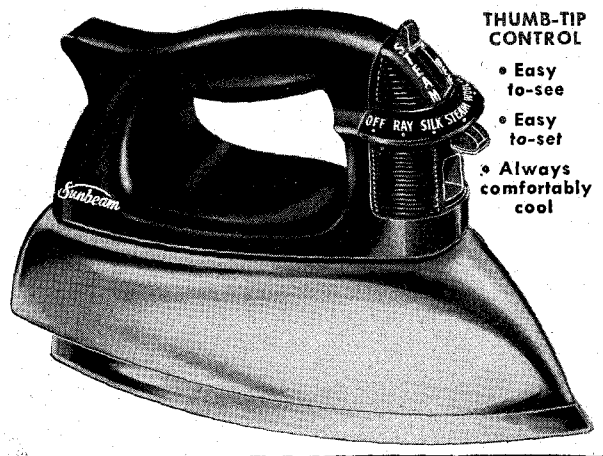

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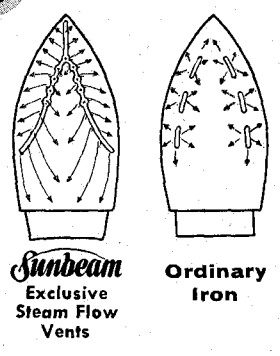

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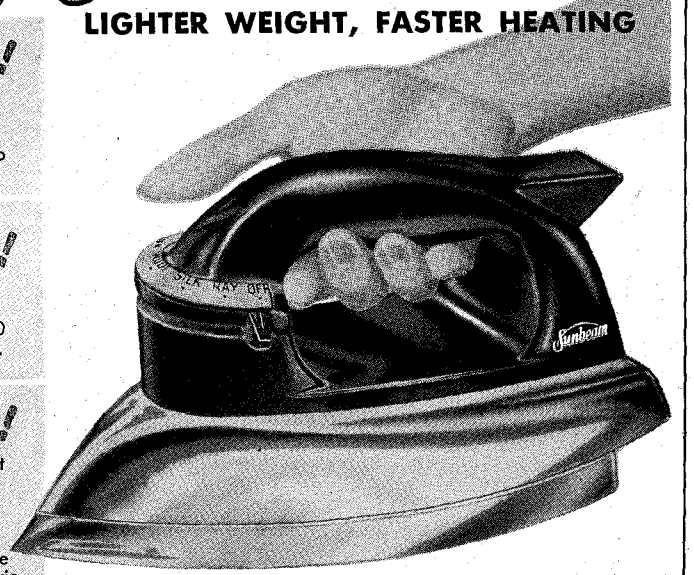

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Sunbeam

"Why don't we just have a conveyor belt installed between here and our house?"

(*Continued from Page 65*) the Roosevelt Raceway harness events at the time.

There are ninety buildings, including twenty-seven houses occupied by employees, and thirty-seven barns with more than seven hundred stalls, all set in a rolling, smiling countryside that makes some of Kentucky's famed Thoroughbred farms look like poor potatoes indeed. According to William Melhorn, young Hanover Shoe Company executive and business manager for the Farms, the place uses approximately 1200 tons of hay each year, 1000 tons of straw and 45,000 bushels of oats.

Despite its fast-growing popularity, harness racing remains a sort of bucolic sport. Several things have boomed it to a new high—the United States Trotting Association, night racing, parimutuel betting and the mobile starting gate which did away with the boring old-fashioned method of "scoring for the start" to get all horses away at the same time. But a horse still must win the best out of three heats, usually of a mile each. The Grand Circuit remains the major league of harness racing, and the harness events—without betting—are still the big thing at county and state fairs each fall. In 1956, there were 10,533,133 visitors to parimutuel tracks, where they wagered a total of $534,857,847, and approximately 9,000,000 spectators at fair tracks.

"We get visitors here at the Farms from all over the world," Sheppard said, "but most of them are country people or true harness-racing fans, and they've never stolen a thing from us, although given free run of the place. I think that marks the difference between standardbred and Thoroughbred racing. Thoroughbred farms often discourage visitors, but we welcome them as honest folk."

Hanover Farms has achieved a distinction of sorts by being classed as a "place of interest" in Pennsylvania, right along with the nearby Gettysburg battlefield, on the free highway maps issued by oil companies. Many of the visitors come from the surrounding countryside, however, with whole families driving to the Farms at the insistence of the children, who want to see the horses, especially in spring when the foals are beside their mothers. They troop through the barns, lean over the fences to talk to the horses or even pet them, or look at the big house which Mrs. Sheppard designed practically by herself.

Occasional visitors are plain-garbed Amish men who come over from Lancaster County to eat their hearts out with an unseemly worldly envy. The strict Amish abhor automobiles and motors, and since they use horses for farming and to draw their old-fashioned enclosed buggies, they are excellent judges of horseflesh. Furthermore, there is nothing in their religion which says they can't have the fastest horse on the back-country roads, and the young bucks aren't averse to doing a bit of road-brushing. So they watch appreciatively as Hoot Mon kicks up his $500,000 heels or wistfully regard the older horses, wondering whether they can pick up a slightly used racer at a good price.

Sheppard moves through all this, the horse farm and the shoe business, a somewhat lonely man—although he has warm friends all over the world. His father died in 1951, and Myers in 1954; their widows now occupy identical old mansions on opposite sides of Hanover. With his son gone, Sheppard depends heavily upon aides such as young Bill Melhorn; his new superintendent, McNamara; and Marvin Childs, who retired as superintendent to take full-time charge of the all-important yearling sales.

Sheppard's younger brother, Richard, deserted horseflesh to invent a diesel motor, which he manufactures in Hanover, but which leaves Lawrence cold, no matter how well it runs. His daughter, Charlotte, or Sugar—now Mrs. W. Todd DeVan, the wife of a surgeon—owns Leopold Hanover, which shared second and third money in the 1955 Hambletonian. Alma—Mrs. Robert Knipper—also races a few horses, as does Mrs. Sheppard. And Patricia is married to Warren Williams, the assistant Farms superintendent.

But the daughters' interest in horses remains mild compared with their father's. Despite the fact that the Hanover horse family has grown to impressive size over thirty years, Sheppard's associates have an uncanny feeling that he follows the fortunes of each horse—even if the purchaser changes the Hanover name to one of his own choosing—and knows exactly what it is doing at any given time. What's more, he probably does. THE END

Answers to

Where Do You Think You Are?

Page 64

1. Ia.	2. Mont.	3. Nev.
4. Ind.	5. Okla.	6. Minn.
7. Ark.	8. Va.	9. Ore.
10. Mo.	11. N.H.	12. Ga.

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Belafonte Gives it All He's Got

(Continued from Page 28)

Negro to appear at New York's Waldorf-Astoria. Now he regularly opens the seasons of the Waldorf's Empire Room and Starlight Roof.

Thirty-year-old Belafonte is the most popular folk singer ever heard in America. There are several theories making the rounds to account for his success. A dowager at the Palmer House remarked, "Whatever else you want to say, he's a marvelous male animal!" Bing Crosby told me, "Harry Belafonte is a great, great artist, I think. His scope in our business should be illimitable." The Broadway critics, perhaps a little unnerved by his way of "singing as if his life hung in the balance," have tagged him as "incandescent" and "irrepressible." Harry himself put it this way: "I'd say it has taken me almost all my thirty years to be an 'overnight success.'"

Usually dressed in black slacks and bright shirt, Harry always comes on stage in a hurry. He's tall and slim, with clear-cut features and gold-brown skin. As the spotlights narrow and a guitar strikes a chord, he starts singing—about workingmen and religion, and love, pain, fun and longing. In song he tells you the story of the fox that went out on the town one night, of a thirsty man working in hot sun on a chain gang, of a jubilant prophet foretelling the end of Negro woes on That Great Gettin'-Up Mornin'; he sings about a lonesome pioneer or a lumberjack who daydreams the death of his mean-hearted boss.

When he slides into rollicking calypso songs like Hold 'Em Joe, the story of a mischievous donkey, or Matilda, a connivin' wench who made off with his money, he coaxes listeners to join in on the chorus. And, strangely, sometimes the sternest members of the audience are the first to find themselves singing.

Blessed with absolute pitch, Harry can pick up and sing folk songs entirely by ear. He has had no formal musical background, no singing lessons, and he doesn't read a note of music. Technically his voice is second tenor. "But don't let that mislead you," Harry told me. "I've been called everything from an illegitimate tenor to a make-believe baritone. And there are people who hate it no matter how I sound. When I was getting my vocal cords overhauled recently, some fellow in the hospital heard about the operation and said, 'Yeah? Say, that's swell! Now maybe he can sing!'"

Actually, it's not primarily vocal quality that Belafonte is seeking to get across to his audiences. "What I want to communicate," he says, "is the honest emotion of, for instance, some little guy in Haiti when he sings forth his harvest prayer of thanksgiving."

Though Belafonte was born in New York City, his family is West Indian, and the West Indian influence has been strong in both his life and his folk songs. His mother was a Jamaican, his father a Martinique seaman. His paternal grandfather, a white French farmer, went to the West Indies and married a Haitian; his maternal grandfather, of African descent, married a white woman from England. Harry is half-white and half-Negro, but he considers himself a Negro. When he was a year and a half old, he was taken to the West Indies. He returned to New York when he was three. Four years later he went to sea with his father on a Caribbean fruit boat. Then he was sent to a Jamaican boarding school.

Class distinctions on the island were rigid, and the schoolboys were forbidden to mingle with any of the "lower folks." But in tempting contrast to the boarding school, which Harry remembers as an austere place, was the warm and friendly atmosphere among these lower folks, down on the sand barges and up in the hill country. They made light of trouble and sang all the time, whether they were working or just idling. He was lonely, too, so he kept running off to be with them, even though he got whipped for it.

"Those class distinctions," Harry told me, "seemed to me a peculiar set of values. Then, at thirteen, I came back to New York City and ran smack into racial discrimination. This was not only violently painful but something I could not reason out. It sort of shut me up inside myself."

Consequently, Harry still gets stubborn—and either silent or very outspoken—when somebody suggests that he cater to a "special" group. He means to reach everybody, with no line drawn classwise, racewise, agewise or otherwise. "But that booking agent was right," he says. "This goes against the rules. For big success, you're supposed to decide whether you want to be a matinee-idol type and play to women, a tough-guy type and play to the men, or a Liberace type and play to the mothers."

Most of Belafonte's time these days is spent on his work. When he is at "home," usually a hotel suite in New York, he's constantly on the phone; musicians are tuning up for the daily work session; and everybody—ranging from an RCA Victor executive to the little boy down the hall who wants to show Harry his new fire engine—has to see him right now.

Ordinarily Harry is full of soft-speaking charm and laughter. When he gets into a discussion he speaks with such intensity that his listeners are forced to pay attention, whether or not they know what he's talking about. But at times Harry is moody, and once in a while he blows up at someone he really likes. Fortunately, he'll realize then that it's time for him to shake loose from work pressure—to go eat a big steak-and-mashed, or sit in on the drums at a jazz club, or take a solitary walk through the streets of Harlem. With his closest coworkers he has arranged to have a periodic "hell session," entirely private, in which they can blow off steam and fully understand one another.

Harry was recently divorced from his attractive wife, Marguerite, after a separation of over a year, but they work together with remarkable co-operation in bringing up their two little girls, Adrienne, seven years old, and Shari, two. The children live with their mother in her Long Island home. Summers and weekends they are often with their father.

Belafonte considers himself as much storyteller as singer. "Folk songs are music and spirit I understand," he says. "And because to me they are so much truth, I have gone beyond the pure minstrel style, the straight verse and straight melodic line, in order to communicate the great dramatic strength in them. The urgency I feel in all my work comes from the things that happened to me as a person at the American Negro Theater. Because, man, that was the biggest turning point in my life!"

At that time, 1946, Harry was working in a Harlem apartment house, firing furnaces and overhauling the plumbing. After eighteen months in the Navy, where he had served as a storekeeper, he was just slogging along by himself, not even wondering what he was going to do with his life. But one night some actor members of the

(Continued on Page 73)

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Dawn of a new era in atomic power

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One chill morning early this year, electricity flowing out over the lines you see here signaled an historic moment in the progress of power for the benefit of mankind. The atomic plant at Argonne National Laboratory near Chicago began producing electricity from *nuclear fuel.*

The nuclear reactor, hidden deep beneath the great steel shell, was designed and developed by the staff at Argonne. In this atomic furnace, water boils right next to fissioning uranium, absorbing its intense heat . . . and steam flows directly to a turbine-generator unit.

Simple as this system is, it required an intense research and development program to assure completely leak-tight steam turbine and auxiliary equipment, including the condenser, air ejector, feed water pumps, air recovery and air drying system. This equipment, as well as that for control and transmission of the power, was specially designed and built by Allis-Chalmers, pioneer in such work since the earliest days of atomic energy.

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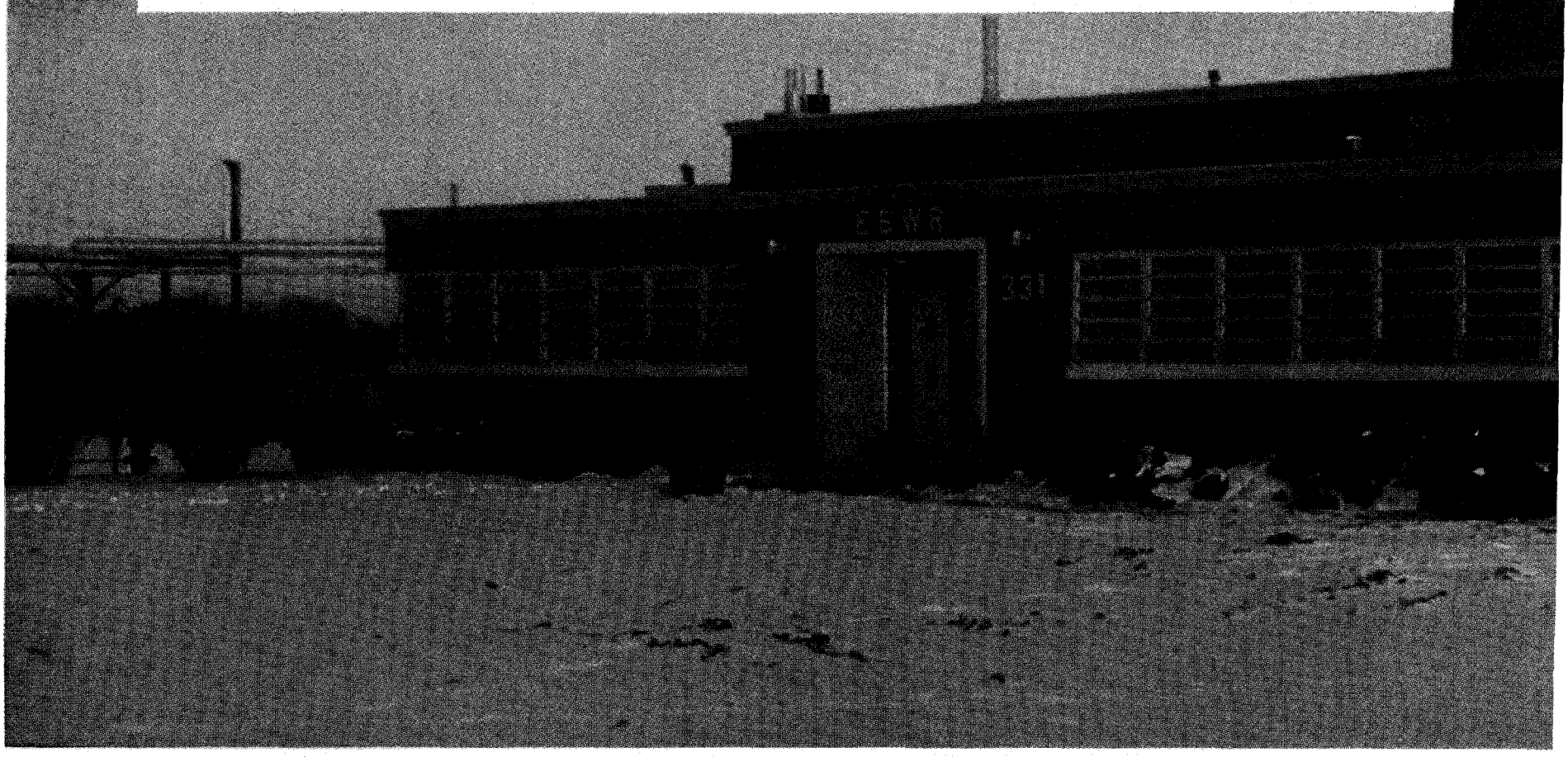

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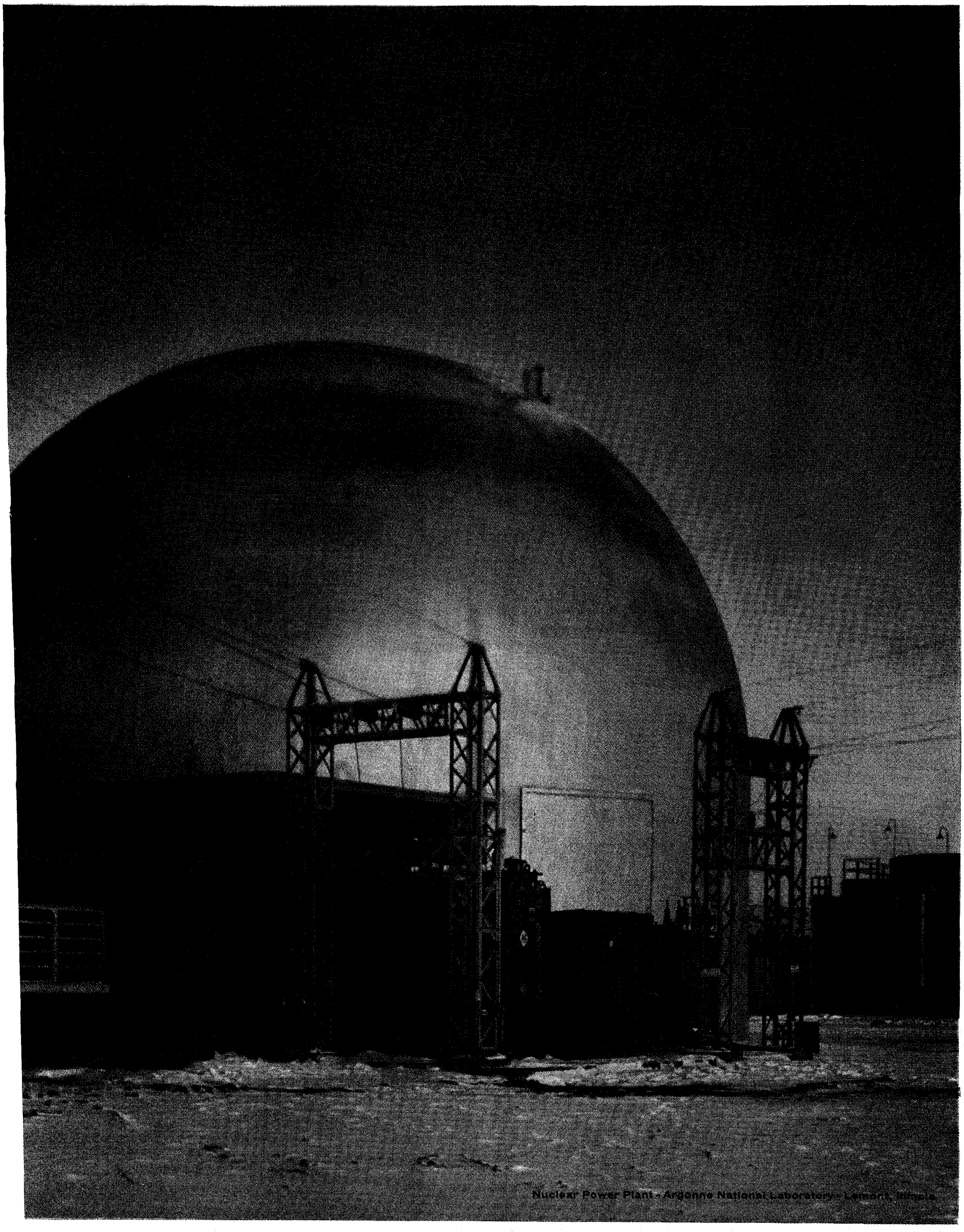

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Look for Johnson's J-Wax in this new key-opening can. Only J-Wax guarantees sealed-in freshness. It's the fastest, easiest way to genuine wax protection—*paste wax protection!*

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(*Continued from Page 69*) American Negro Theater who lived in the apartment house gave him a ticket for the closing performance of an A.N.T. play. After the show, Harry went backstage to thank them. An actor asked him to hold a rope for a minute. At three o'clock in the morning he was still there, helping tear down scenery. "I liked the atmosphere," Harry says, "the group feeling. Everybody wanted this theater to work, man; they were all pitching in to help. And it kinda rubbed off on me."

He went back the next night to help out, and before long he was taking courses given by the American Negro Theater in scenic design, lighting and stage managing. He was also a permanent, but unpaid, member of their technical production crew. Then one night when the group was casting a new play, called On Striver's Row, they needed a "type" for a certain role, and they told Harry he was it.

"Damned if I know yet what they meant," he says. "I still don't know what 'type' I am. But they asked me would I take this role? Now, there's nobody that could have been more anti-actors than I was. I just couldn't stand them. I liked being backstage inhaling dust, burning my hands on ropes, handling hot bulbs and all that. But when they asked me to act, I said no, no, no, you won't get me into that; I'm not an exhibitionist; I'm not gettin' up on nobody's stage and show myself off. They said O.K. Then they began to give me the 'group muscle'—to make me feel that I was letting the whole organization down in their moment of need. And by the time they got through giving me the workover, boy, I was in the play!"

That play's short run could have been the start and finish of Harry Belafonte's career, but while studying the next play, Sean O'Casey's Juno and the Paycock, Harry got completely absorbed in the character of young Johnny Boyle, Irish insurrectionist. He went after the part and got it. "And when I stepped out onstage, I knew that I had really and truly found the feeling and the thing I wanted to do—I wanted to be an actor and co municate to large masses of people. He was a chance for me to communicate li I'd never communicated before in r life. My life had always been such a so tary one, you know. I'd never had any childhood friends or guys I bummed around with. But now this was going to be my destiny, and my way to be with people. However, I was to find out it's not so easy for a man who's got brown skin to walk in the stage door of the theater."

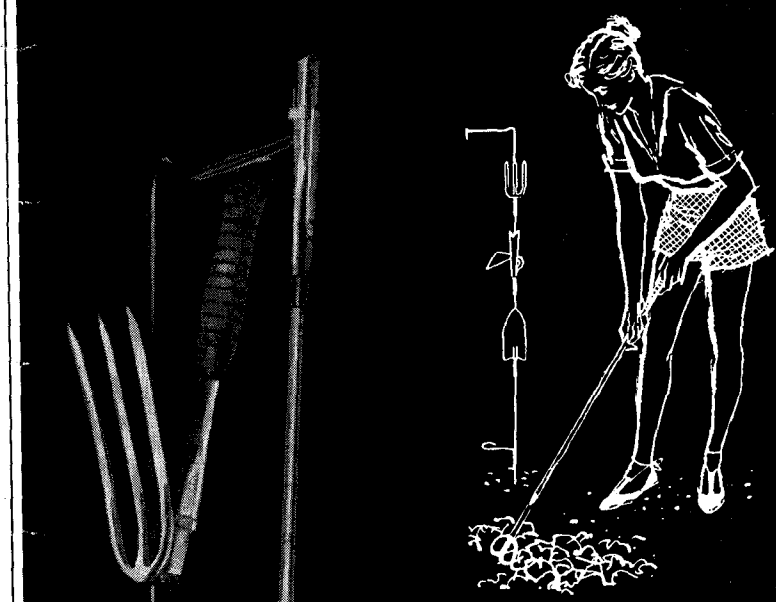
Utilizing the G.I. Bill, Harry studied acting at the Dramatic Workshop in New York with guys and girls now so well known as Marlon Brando, Tony Curtis and Elaine Stritch. But when Harry started going around to the casting offices, he faced a quick reply: "If we ever put on The Hasty Heart, you could play the part of Blossom." The Negro character Blossom had only two words to speak during the entire play.

Unable to get work as an actor, he took a forty-eight-dollar-a-week job in New York's garment district. Then his friend Monte Kay, a young producer at a new jazz spot called The Royal Roost, suggested that he try singing popular songs. "I like the way you sound," Kay told him. "I know it isn't your pure theater, but at least it's show business. And that AGVA (American Guild of Variety Artists) minimum is a hundred and ten dollars a week."

So one rainy night early in 1949 Harry got dressed in a new blue suit and went out for his first audition before paying customers at The Royal Roost. "As my accompaniment," he recalls, "I had these masters of jazz like Charlie Parker and Max Roach; and there I was, a young punk standing up stiff as a board. I had to clear my throat about ninety times before I even knew what key I was in. In spite of all my dramatic training, I couldn't figure out what to do with my hands. And my mouth was so dry that, honest to God, when I smiled I had to reach up and pull my upper lip loose! But the audience (*Continued on Page 75*)

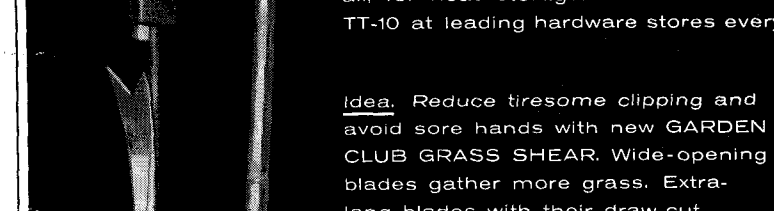
Singer Harry Belafonte with his then wife, Marguerite, as she boarded a plane for Las Vegas in January to obtain a divorce. She won her decree last February 28.

Exciting ideas for tool-up time



Idea: Save time and steps with TOOL TREE. It's ten floral tools in one set. You get a long handle — genuine golf club shaft and short handle plus five forged steel tools: full-size trowel, 3-tine cultivator, 3-tine digging fork, digger-weeder, triangle hoe. Each attaches to the long or short handle giving you a choice of 10 different garden tools... all in one set.

Foolproof lock holds tool to handle. Simple push-button release. Makes changing from one tool to another easy, fast. And, you get a handy carrying stand that sticks in the ground by your work, or hangs up, tools and all, for neat storage. See TOOL TREE No. TT-10 at leading hardware stores everywhere.



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Idea. Let kids help with JUNIOR SIZE TOOLS. Three-piece set includes steel shovel, hoe, 8-tine garden rake. Adults like them too for light work or where access is limited. Lightweight, sturdy, heads are high-grade steel finished in rich copper-bronze. Ash handles fire hardened to resist wear and weather. Splinter-free. See the 3JT Little Giant Tools at your favorite hardware store, soon. Only $3.95.

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The first spark plug ignition-engineered for today's engines* and today's driving

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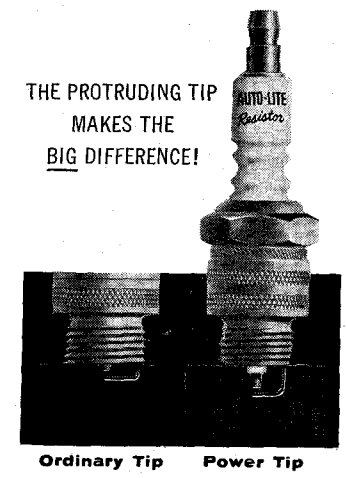

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(*Continued from Page 73*) turned out to be quite receptive, even quite warm, and to this day I really don't know why."

Belafonte sang at The Royal Roost for twenty-two weeks; then for two years he played night clubs around the country as a pop singer. "And I was a mess," Harry says. "I stood still, with my hands folded over my abdomen, so to speak. I sang to the ladies—one mushy love song after another. I couldn't get worked up over any of it except how unreal the lyrics were! I'd sing my four or five little pop ditties, take my little bow and run off backstage and—ha!—look in the mirror and ask who was I kidding. My most notable achievement was that I cut my first record of the first song I ever wrote—and it sounds like Rin-Tin-Tin with a head cold. So one night at Martha Raye's Five o'Clock Club on Miami Beach I gave it all up, the seven hundred and fifty a week included. And I guess pop singing, in turn, willingly gave me up. The field is terribly overcrowded now, what with Elvis Presley and everybody!"

After he quit pop singing in 1951, Belafonte did not quite drop from sight—he wound up frying hamburgers in the window of a Greenwich Village restaurant. He says he was happier there than he'd been in a long time. He was fed to the teeth with some of the false values of show business he'd seen. He was back among the working people he understood; he was playing basketball at the "Y" again. And he was listening to his old collection of folk records, especially those of the late Huddie Ledbetter—"Lead Belly"—a Southern Negro folk singer whose work made a lasting impression on Harry. Lead Belly was a folk singer in the raw, out of the cotton fields and chain gangs.

Harry worked up his own constructions of these folk songs. Through library books he traced the lives and events which had inspired the songs, and when he sniffed the drama there, he got excited. A folk singer, he thought, could have as vital a story to tell as any actor.

After a tryout at the resort town of Lake Mahopac, New York, he was ready for "the big town." But New York was not interested in Harry Belafonte, folk singer. He kept pestering—and got his friends to pester—Max Gordon, owner of the Village Vanguard, for even a one-night stand. Reportedly, Gordon shrugged his shoulders, spread his hands and said, "I heard him as a pop singer, and he's nothin'. So what am I supposed to do with him?" But finally Gordon let Harry sing at the Vanguard. A fourteen-week engagement followed, and Belafonte had his toehold.

Harry had been folk-singing for only four months when Dave Kapp, a top talent scout in the record industry, signed him with RCA Victor. But it was the late John Murray Anderson, last luminary of the grandiose era of Ziegfeld and Earl Carroll, who gave Belafonte his first chance to set foot on a Broadway stage. In 1953 he had Belafonte sing three songs in Almanac, the last revue he produced before he died. Harry regularly stopped the show. He won the Antoinette Perry, Show Business and Donaldson awards for being the best supporting actor in a musical. He left Almanac before the end of its run to go to Hollywood for the movie version of Carmen Jones. Later he returned to Broadway to appear in 3 for Tonight.

Belafonte's first long-play-record album, Mark Twain, was released in 1954. With his second and third albums, Belafonte and Calypso, in 1956, he hit the really big money in record sales. He leads the pack in this country's current trend to calypso music—in fact, Variety, the show-business newspaper, reports that he has in large part caused it. Sales of his album of calypso songs are approaching the one million mark.

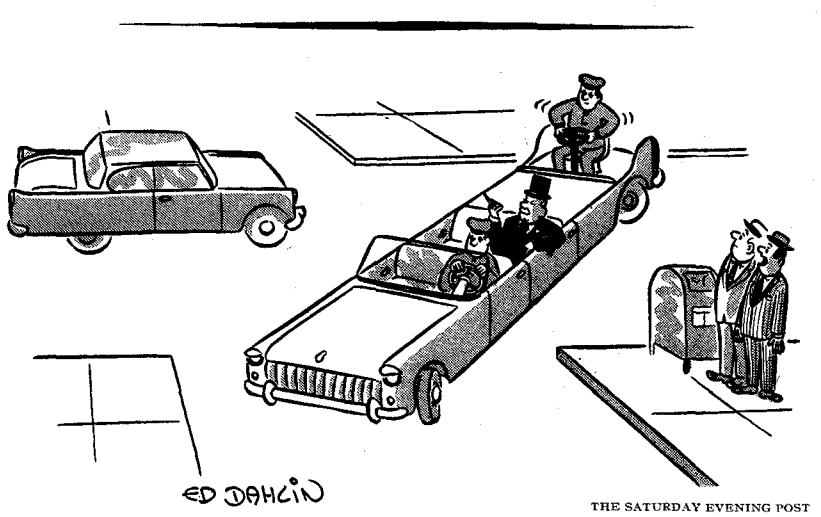
In his rise to riches, Belafonte feels that occasionally he has been taken for a sucker financially, and that he has been false-friended. Consequently, his approach to friendship now is based on a mixture of instinct and cautious appraisal of the person's integrity. As to what he has done with all his money, he replies, "Beyond the big bite for taxes and the drain for salaries and expenses, I wish I knew where some of it went. And, believe me, in this business you gotta look long and deep to find a heart that's not attached to your fame and fortune." Harry and his auditors are investigating the extent of his assets, and with a great deal of care he is working out a new long-range investment program. A year ago Harry would sign tabs with only a second's glance at the total, and add a generous tip; today he still adds the generous tip, but he stops conversation to tally up the total himself.

Harry's luxuries are few: camera equipment, Italian shoes and rewarding trips to places like South America, the Pacific islands and Mexico, where he can get to know the people and their music. Sometimes he is considered unsocial because he steers clear of the usual celebrity razzle-dazzle. "That whole routine of hurrying from one big party to another and being seen in fine restaurants just doesn't tempt me," he told me last year, after my husband and I took him on a trip into the Everglades in search of folk-song material. "I'd a lot rather go out plowing through those Florida swamps with you and your husband; you know, where you come back looking like who'd 'a' thought it and smelling like Man."

Harry's No. 1 guitar accompanist, Millard Thomas, who acts as Harry's no-man, has been a good friend since American Negro Theater days. Guitarist Frantz Casseus, a white-haired Haitian, joined them recently. According to public notion, a folk singer is generally expected to step up with his own guitar in hand. "But I can't play the guitar," Harry explains, "and Millard can't sing. And Frantz, who can play concert guitar, sings even worse than Millard."

Even though Harry can now draw down $10,000 for a single concert he never coasts through a performance. When he sings work songs, for instance, he emphasizes intrinsic sounds—a grunt, a curse or a shout. "I've had opera singers come up to me," Harry says with a laugh, "just to ask how I can 'whuh!' and 'ungh!' and attack my vocal cords the way I do. They claim it would ruin them if they ever did it."

People send folk songs to Belafonte from odd corners of the world. But sometimes when he can't unearth anywhere an authentic folk song to express a certain slice of life, Harry develops one of his own, often collaborating with the young dramatist Bill Attaway, or the West Indian folklorist Lord Burgess. These Belafonte-written songs, such as his well-known



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Mark Twain, ring so true to audiences that at a reception recently a couple of college students came up to him and criticized vehemently his rendition of "that wonderful old folk song, Mark Twain."

Belafonte's co-workers don't envy the tension and concentration he puts into every song. "I don't know how he gets himself so worked up over these songs two shows a night, week after week," said a musician at the Waldorf. "It wears me out to watch him."

The plain fact is that Belafonte works so hard because he believes what he is singing. "When, for instance, I sing John Henry," he says, "I project myself into the roots of the song: John Henry's steel-drivin' that railroad right through the rock of that mountain, the smell and sweat. . . . When I start off

John Henry! He could hammer!
He could whistle, he could sing.
He went to the mountain early in the mornin',
Just to hear his hammer ring, Lord, Lord!

I'm charged with pride in what John Henry means to all Negroes, and what John Henry really represented—a man speaking up for a man."

Harry has had a strange movie career since Hollywood first signed him during his fifth month of folk singing. "In my first movie, Bright Road," he says, "I had to fake playing the guitar. In my second, Carmen Jones, I had to fake singing. Third one, I was asked to fake being in!"

He was asked to write the score and do the offstage singing for the film Trooper Hook, but not to appear on the screen at all. The film Island in the Sun manages to get Belafonte and most of his talents together in one piece. He composed parts of the title song, he sings the island chantey Lead Man Holler and he plays the role of a West Indian leader of the have-nots.

During his days as a pop singer, Harry had played the Apollo, Harlem's equivalent of the famed Palace Theater of Broadway. As a folk singer, however, he was acclaimed by white audiences long before he faced an all-Negro audience. Because he earnestly considers himself a representative of his people, this appearance before his own folk, a benefit performance of 3 for Tonight, was important to Harry. It was also a hard-gravel test of Belafonte as folk singer, since so many of his songs center in Negro culture. "I felt," Harry says, "as if I'd been gone a long time, working far afield. Now I'd come home again. And that night it was as though my whole career was confirmed—because they accepted me."

Equally important to Belafonte, for other reasons, are the white audiences of the South. In the midst of some spontaneous incidents of violence following the Supreme Court ruling on school integration, Harry was asked to tour the South with a white company.

In Austin, Texas, the audience reacted enthusiastically to Belafonte as one of the stars of 3 for Tonight, but while overnight accommodations had been made for the white members of the company, Harry and Millard were excluded. "At Spartanburg, in South Carolina," Harry told me,

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You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

The honeymoon was scarcely over when it became painfully apparent that spendthrift Sally and thrifty Homer never should have wed. Homer tried to curb Sally's extravagance. Sally whacked him over the head with a saucepan. This became standard operating procedure in their home the first of every month. Homer finally sued for divorce. Grounds: "Extreme and repeated cruelty."

"My head is a mass of bumps," Homer testified. "Certainly repeated blows with a saucepan constitute cruelty, and I can stand no more."

"That's silly," said Sally. "Homer is a great big man. He could have taken the saucepan from me at any time. Instead, he just turned his back. That shows that my blows were light taps, not a real beating."

If you were the judge, would you grant Homer a divorce?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Homer won. The court pointed out that if he had beaten Sally as she beat him, it undoubtedly would have constituted cruelty. While conceding that men may be able to take more punishment than women, it said the law should not be construed "as subjecting a husband to one test of cruelty or mistreatment and a wife to quite another."

Based upon a 1950 Illinois case.

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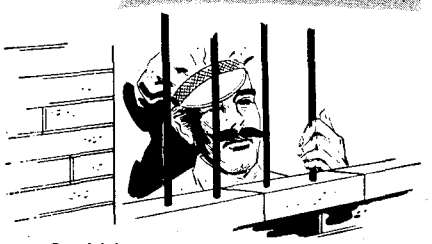

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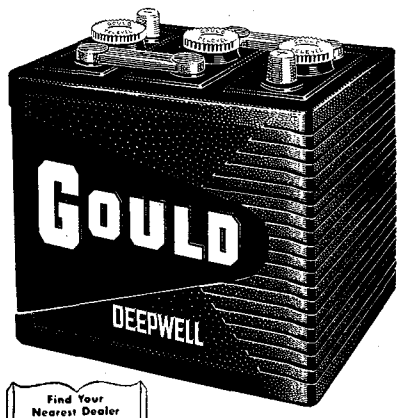

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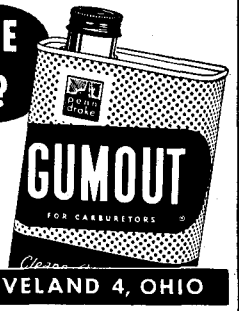

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"there was agitation in the town because I was appearing with a white company. They didn't get so riled about Millard; with his lighter skin, it was often hard for them to be sure he was a Negro. After the show, police whisked us out the stage door into a car, and in a private plane we were flown out to North Carolina. Experiences far more painful occurred all through the tour, but after that sudden plane ride, the University of North Carolina was like an oasis; the people were very cordial."

Belafonte is glad he toured the South because he believes that during each performance there was a communication with these white audiences, but he still feels keenly the fact that there were no warm overtures, nothing by way of saying hello to him as a person, from the white persons in the cities in which he appeared.

Last year, my husband and I invited Harry to have dinner with us at our home in Coral Gables, Florida. He told me afterward, "I was feted by some Southerners as a 'celebrity,' but when I walked into your house, it was the first time I had been invited into a white home in the South and treated warmly just as a person."

As a singer, Belafonte has often taken on too heavy a schedule—chain engagements, and even multiple jobs such as singing two shows a night at the Town and Country night club in Brooklyn, New York, while rehearsing hours on end for the road show Sing, Man, Sing. Finally the schedule brought on chronic laryngitis, and last June he had to have a sinus-and-vocal-cord operation. When he emerged from the hospital he was confronted with a persistent rumor, which got under his sensitive skin, that he was now through as a singer. So he was a little edgy when he filled his date at Los Angeles' open-air Greek Theater.

With fervent performances he set a new two-week-attendance record, and established himself alongside Victor Borge and Beatrice Lillie as a master of the one-man show.

"Two hours and thirteen minutes every night of doing everything I wanted to do!" Harry exulted. "As long as I live I shall never forget the tribute those people gave me."

Harry now plans to cut out all his night-club singing, except for an annual engagement at the Waldorf. He intends to devote his time to folk-music concerts, especially in universities.

"Belafonte's powers of concentration and deep feelings of truth in expressing himself make him much more than a 'voice,'" says Daniel Mann, the director of such films as The Rose Tattoo, I'll Cry Tomorrow and Teahouse of the August Moon. "Now that Belafonte has opportunity in film and theater, there will be growth, in his powers and scope. And with his tremendous emotional capacity he has the kind of talent that can make him a major artist."

Evidently the saga of Harry Belafonte is just getting under way. But there is one thing that you can be sure of: he really means what he says when he comes out singing:

"Hello, Everybody,
Everybody, how do you do?
I'm mighty glad to be livin',
And I'm mighty glad to be here too."

How Our Allies Tricked Us

(Continued from Page 23)

enlightening to him than open hearings. He said that the administration's version of what had happened in our dealings with Britain and France about the Middle East differed so widely from the versions of British and French spokesmen and of the Democratic Party that it might take a long time to bring out the essential facts. And that has proved to be the case, so far as the Senate is concerned. The Senate has asked the State Department to make a full-scale review of American involvements in the Middle East since 1946. That ought to keep the department's historical section busy for many months. After the review is completed, Senator Fulbright said he hopes for joint closed hearings of the Foreign Relations and Armed Forces Committees similar to those held in 1951 by the same committees after President Truman dismissed Gen. Douglas MacArthur. That might take many more weeks or even months.

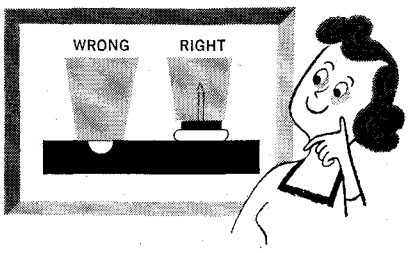
So an official explanation of the Great Middle East Mystery has been indefinitely postponed. Congressional investigators have not yet agreed upon an answer to that puzzling question: "Why did British and French leaders deliberately mislead President Eisenhower and Secretary Dulles about their decision to attack Egypt?" However, so long as that question is in doubt, Americans will continue to be confused about our relations with Britain and France, and about our new responsibilities in the Middle East. An interim report therefore seems to be in order.

This article is one reporter's attempt to piece together the Eisenhower Administration's own account of the Great Middle East Mystery. It is based upon private conversations with a number of the foremost American policy makers, including Secretary Dulles and his principal assistants who are concerned with Middle Eastern affairs. The opinions expressed here are entirely my own, but the facts were confirmed by senior Foreign Service officers whom I have known for decades. Their version of events has clarified in my mind developments in the Middle East which previously had been obscure. For one thing, it explains why the administration was so optimistic about the Egyptian crisis shortly before the Anglo-French attack, and why the Eisenhower Doctrine became an urgent necessity after that attack.

Actually the President's proposal to Congress was not properly a doctrine, although it probably will bear that label forever now. What Mr. Eisenhower really asked Congress to do was to acknowledge that the American people have suddenly been stuck with major responsibility for another huge section of the earth. What Congress told the world, in effect, when it reluctantly backed up the President, was this: "Yes, the Middle East is our baby now, even if we haven't yet figured out just how it got left on our doorstep."

As Senator Fulbright pointed out, the administration's account of Middle East events differs sharply from those presented by British and French spokesmen. In one sense this is a crime story. The principal crime was not the Anglo-French attack on Egypt, which followed years of provocation. The principal crime was the Anglo-French concealment of their Egyptian gamble from their chief ally, the United States.

During the thirty-three years in which I have been reporting international politics, I cannot recall any parallel for this strange deception. In view of the disastrous failure of the Anglo-French



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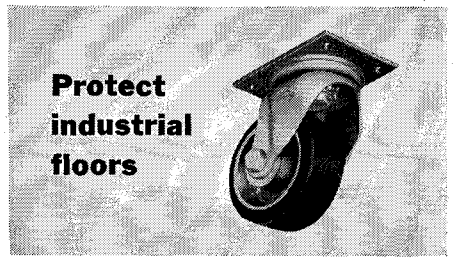

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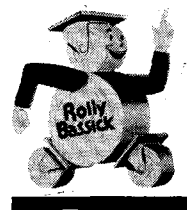

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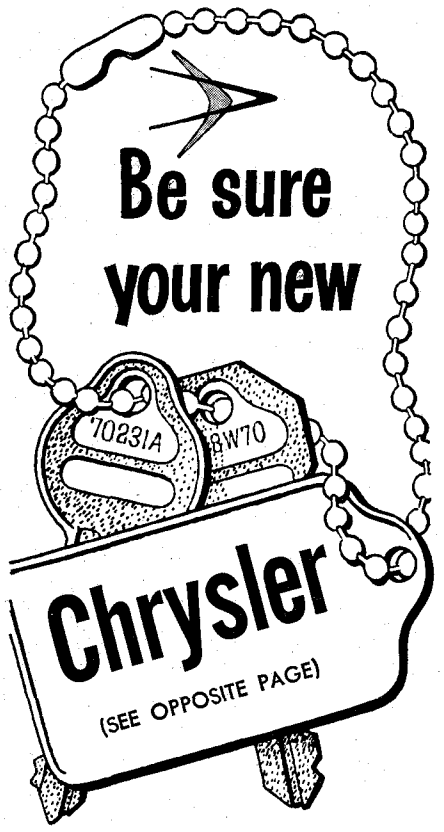

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gamble, it is not surprising that official viewpoints in London and Paris differ from Washington's. But it is surprising that so many American politicians and reporters, when confronted with contradictory assortments of facts, have preferred to believe British and French spokesmen rather than American spokesmen.

A striking illustration of the curious atmosphere prevailing in Washington came during the recent visit of the French premier, Guy Mollet. This veteran politician never has denied that he was a central figure in the October deception, and he has never even intimated that he was sorry. Nevertheless, after being courteously received by President Eisenhower, he was invited to appear before both houses of Congress and the National Press Club. In those appearances he was given demonstrative ovations which indicated more than mere politeness. His American audiences seemed to show more sympathy with this creator of a disastrous French policy than with American policy makers whom he had not only defied but had also deliberately misled.

The Eisenhower Administration's explanation for the Great Middle East Mystery, as related here, may be news to many Americans, as parts of it were to me. The Anglo-French Egyptian fiasco has affected so many vested interests of so many countries and has aroused so much emotional excitement that this has been a fertile field for various types of propagandists. The Eisenhower Administration did something which few previous American administrations have done. It split openly on a major policy with the three governments—Britain, France and Israel—which possess more politically influential American friends than all other governments combined. This policy deeply disturbed millions of Americans who are attached to these allied countries by sentimental ties or more practical bonds. The consequence has been that spokesmen for these foreign governments often have found a more receptive audience in Congress and among the Washington press corps than the American administration has.

Our own administration's story of why the Eisenhower Doctrine became necessary goes back almost four years, to May, 1953. That was the month when Secretary Dulles paid his first visit to the Middle East. The situation which Mr. Dulles found there in 1953 will be described in some detail because it gives the key clue to the Great Middle East Mystery. At that time Secretary Dulles already was an old hand at making foreign policy, having acted as consultant to both the Roosevelt and the Truman administrations, beginning in 1944. But his activities before 1953 had been confined to questions concerning Europe, the Far East and the United Nations. He had no firsthand knowledge of the Middle East when he became Secretary of State.

Mr. Dulles made his flying survey in the spring of 1953 partly because the British Government urged it, for reasons which soon became apparent. The London government was headed then by two of President Eisenhower's wartime friends, Prime Minister Winston Churchill and Foreign Minister Anthony Eden. When Secretary Dulles first flew to the Middle East the American public showed little interest. Americans then were much more concerned about Korea, where armistice negotiations were dragging out and American soldiers were still being killed almost every day. The chief topic for speculation by American pundits at that time was the possible consequences of the death of the Russian dictator, Joseph Stalin.

But in Great Britain four years ago the Middle East held the center of the political stage. The British quarrel with Iranian nationalists over oil concessions had gone from bad to worse for more than a year, and was having repercussions throughout the oil-rich Arab world. The British Government had been trying to ride two horses at once in the Arab-Israeli nonstop feud, and the horses were pulling in opposite directions. Anti-British feeling was so strong in Arab countries that the entire British strategic and economic position in the Middle East was threatened.

The most serious center of anti-British agitation was Egypt, where revolutionaries headed by General Naguib had thrown out the notoriously corrupt King Farouk in 1952, and set up a military dictatorship. The new regime was conducting what it called a "national liberation campaign," and its main target was the British garrison of 80,000 soldiers and airmen stationed in the Suez Canal Zone, a strip 100 miles long and 20 miles wide running through the Egyptian desert. The British kept bases in the zone under the terms of a 1936 treaty which the revolutionaries had denounced. The Egyptians were insisting upon unconditional British evacuation, and the Churchill government's answer had been to move in several thousand reinforcements. The British considered General Naguib the archvillain then, and did not pay very much attention to his deputy, a rather silent man who kept in the background. The deputy's name was Lt. Col. Gamal Abdel Nasser.

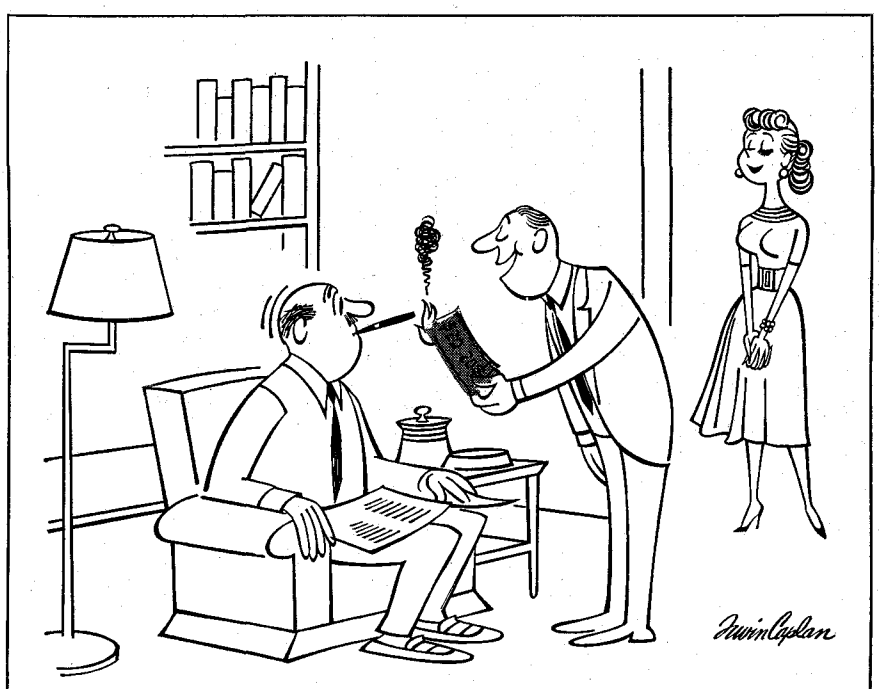
The Egyptians were making life miserable for British troops and their families in the canal zone by wholesale sabotage and terrorism. The British military community was virtually under siege. They were forbidden to visit nearby Cairo and other former leave cities, and they could not even get to bathing beaches without armed escorts. Women and children sun bathers were often shot at, and Egyptian children pelted them with stones. Students were being trained as saboteurs in "liberation camps," and terrorists had penetrated the 20,000 Egyptian civilians employed by the British military. British nerves were on edge and British opinion at home was aroused. A visiting reporter admiringly described how pilots, trying to keep up their morale, played cricket on green matting simulating grass in 100-degree heat with sand blowing in their eyes, but dressed in the traditional white shirts and flannel trousers.

That was the situation in Egypt when Mr. Dulles paid his first visit there. That trip was an eye-opener to the Secretary, who had not realized that Arab nationalists included the United States so completely in their "hate-the-West" campaign. Their newspapers and radio stations denounced the Dulles visit because, they said, he was mapping out an anti-Arab drive in concert with Britain, France and Israel. The Secretary was unable to visit some countries on his itinerary because unruly mobs had gathered to demonstrate against him.

The Churchill government had wanted Mr. Dulles to see for himself what was happening in the Middle East because it hoped he would then support London's proposed solution. The British plan in 1953 was precisely the same "police action" in Egypt which finally was launched last October. British Tory leaders were convinced that they could capture Cairo and Alexandria, Egypt's two largest cities, without serious opposition. They proposed thus to set up a more pliable Egyptian government, as they had often done in the past. But they wanted American approval for this operation, although they expressed confidence that British troops would be adequate. The French Government heartily supported this British proposal because it blamed Egyptian revolutionaries for rebellions in French North Africa.

When Secretary Dulles returned from that 1953 trip he reported the situation as he saw it to the President. Our Middle East policy, he argued, had become dangerously unbalanced because it had not taken into account the rising tide of Arab resentment against us and our allies. Yet the Arabs not only controlled Middle East oil, so valuable to us and essential to our European allies, but also were in a position to jeopardize the Suez Canal and all the chief strategic points. After World War I the British and French claimed as "spheres of influence" the former Turkish territories populated by Arabs. British predominance in that area had been maintained by the Indian Army and the British Navy.

But now London no longer controlled an Indian army, and its navy was sharply reduced. The Churchill government in 1953 expressed confidence that it could re-establish its prestige in the Middle East by forcible occupation of Egypt. (*Continued on Page 80*)



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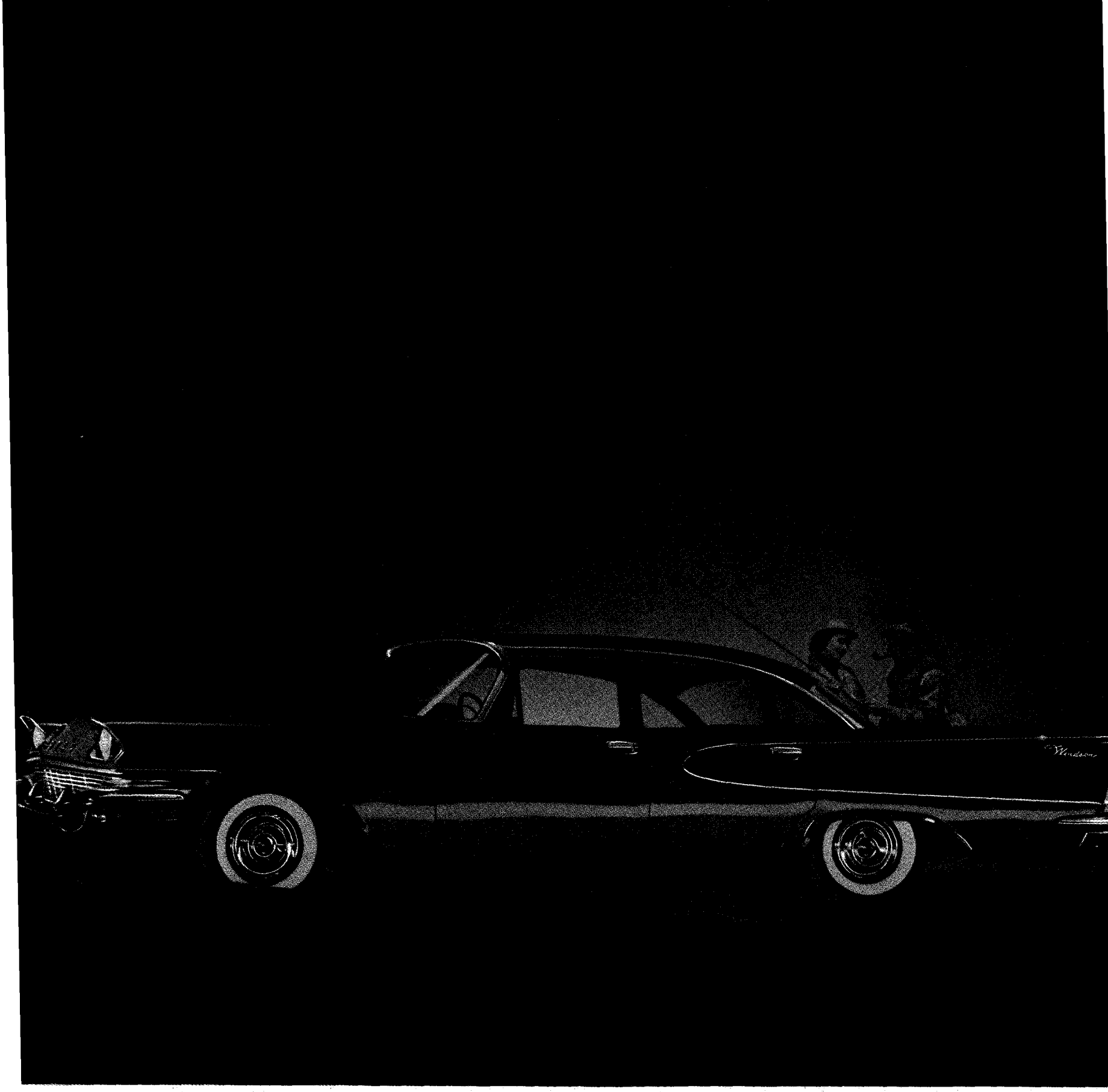

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She'll notice your clean shave, your fresh shirt. And that you smell as clean as soap and water. But, she'll also notice even *a little dandruff*. And this can destroy the whole picture. But, of course she *won't tell you*, because dandruff is one of the sins of personal carelessness that people won't talk about. There is something "dirty" about dandruff. It says you're not as careful, not as thoroughly clean, as you should be.

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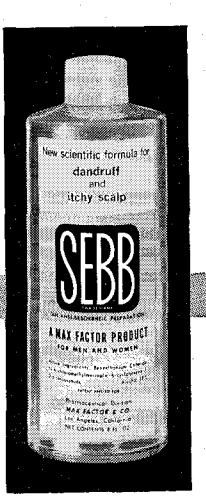

Guarantee: *Sebb used daily according to directions will stop dandruff and itchy scalp, or your money will be refunded when bottle with remaining contents is returned to: Pharmaceutical Division, Max Factor Laboratories, Los Angeles 28, California.*

(*Continued from Page 78*)

President Eisenhower immediately and emphatically opposed the British proposal. In that spring of 1953 his administration had not yet completed the Korean armistice, and all the President's principal advisers wanted no part of another "localized" war. The Middle East was regarded as a particularly dangerous region for us to get mixed up in because in 1953 that was about the only part of the world where Soviet Russia was keeping very quiet.

Because of Mr. Eisenhower's unequivocal opposition to forcible occupation of Egypt four years ago, the Churchill government decided to shelve the project, at least for the time being. The proposal had been discussed only at the highest levels in both governments, and therefore did not become public in either Britain or the United States. But a powerful section of the Tory Party to which Churchill and Eden belonged continued to insist that the only solution to the Middle East problem was an Egyptian occupation by force. Debate on this question between Washington and London was to continue, with periodic intermissions, for the next three years and six months. Time and again the American President and his Secretary of State were urged to change their minds. Time and again they refused.

Meanwhile, the British General Staff decided that, unless Cairo could be occupied, the position of the British garrison in the canal zone was untenable. So Secretary Dulles undertook to act as mediator with the Egyptian Government for a compromise agreement. The arrangement accepted by both sides in 1954 provided for withdrawal of the British forces in stages, with the right to return in case of an "outside" attack during the next seven years.

Because Mr. Dulles helped work out the British evacuation at the Churchill government's request, British advocates of the use of force have accused him ever since of "pressuring" the British into leaving the Canal Zone. Since last October these British charges have been frequently repeated by some American politicians and reporters. Adlai Stevenson used this as a campaign issue, and Thomas Hamilton, U.N. correspondent for The New York Times, has reported this as an undisputed fact on several occasions. The most impressive comment on this report was made by Anthony Nutting, the British Minister of State who resigned from the Eden government last November in protest against British Middle East policy. When asked on a television program whether the 1954 evacuation was due to American pressure, Mr. Nutting replied that American influence was not a factor in the British General Staff's decision to withdraw. He said the garrison was withdrawn because it was no longer defending the canal, but merely defending itself "against the Egyptian population."

The ill-starred Baghdad Pact provides another striking example of how British versions of Middle East events have been uncritically accepted by many American politicians and reporters. Almost every day the American press reports somewhere that Secretary Dulles was the author of the Baghdad Pact, which has been the only defensive alliance against Soviet aggression in the Middle East, and which went to pieces after the Anglo-French attack. But every American policy maker I have consulted declares that, far from being the author of the Baghdad Pact, Secretary Dulles opposed it from the outset. The defensive alliance which Mr. Dulles proposed was the so-called "northern-tier" pact, limited to the three countries of Turkey, Iran and Pakistan. Those three countries adjoining Russia were considered sufficient to seal off Moscow from the Arab world.

But the British Government insisted upon joining the "northern-tier" pact, and bringing in Iraq, one of its Arab protégés. Mr. Dulles protested that this would be regarded as another form of the old British game of "divide and rule" in Arab countries, and would be especially resented in Egypt. But his objections were overruled. Since last October the Baghdad Pact has been inoperative because no Arab country could afford to consort with the British member. If the "northern-tier" three-country alliance had been carried out as originally proposed, it might provide a firm basis for defense against Soviet aggression in the Middle East today.

The only time when the Eisenhower Administration seriously considered backing a forcible occupation of Egypt was after it became known that Colonel Nasser had concluded an arms deal with the Soviet bloc in the autumn of 1955. By that time Anthony Eden was British Prime Minister, and early in 1956 he made a special trip to Washington to plead with President Eisenhower for support of the use of force. The argument was much more appealing in 1956 than it had been in 1953 because meanwhile Russia had openly intervened in Egyptian politics by supplying

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arms. But the President and his Secretary of State finally concluded that forcible occupation even then would do more harm than good to the West.

Last July, however, when Colonel Nasser nationalized the Suez Canal Company, Washington's policy makers realized that a showdown was near. Robert Murphy, the experienced American Deputy Under Secretary of State, flew to London to confer with British leaders. He cabled word that the British and French governments were preparing to invade Egypt as soon as they could mobilize enough forces. President Eisenhower thereupon ordered Mr. Dulles to fly to London immediately, and gave him a personal letter addressed to Prime Minister Eden. The Secretary left for London a few hours later, and while en route in his plane drafted plans for the first Suez conference.

Upon his arrival in London, Mr. Dulles was greeted by British Foreign Secretary Selwyn Lloyd with the exclamation, "This is it! We have never been more united than in our decision to occupy Egypt." But British leaders became more subdued after Mr. Eden had read the President's letter. Invasion plans were halted, although menacing gestures already had been made with maximum publicity in London and Paris. French leaders were even more determined to occupy Egypt than the British were, because that seemed to them the best way to cut off outside aid to rebellious French North Africa. However, the French also reluctantly agreed to a Suez conference, which was held in London. From that moment until the Anglo-French attack was launched, all moves made in Washington were designed to provide substitutes for the forcible occupation which the President and Mr. Dulles still argued would prove disastrous.

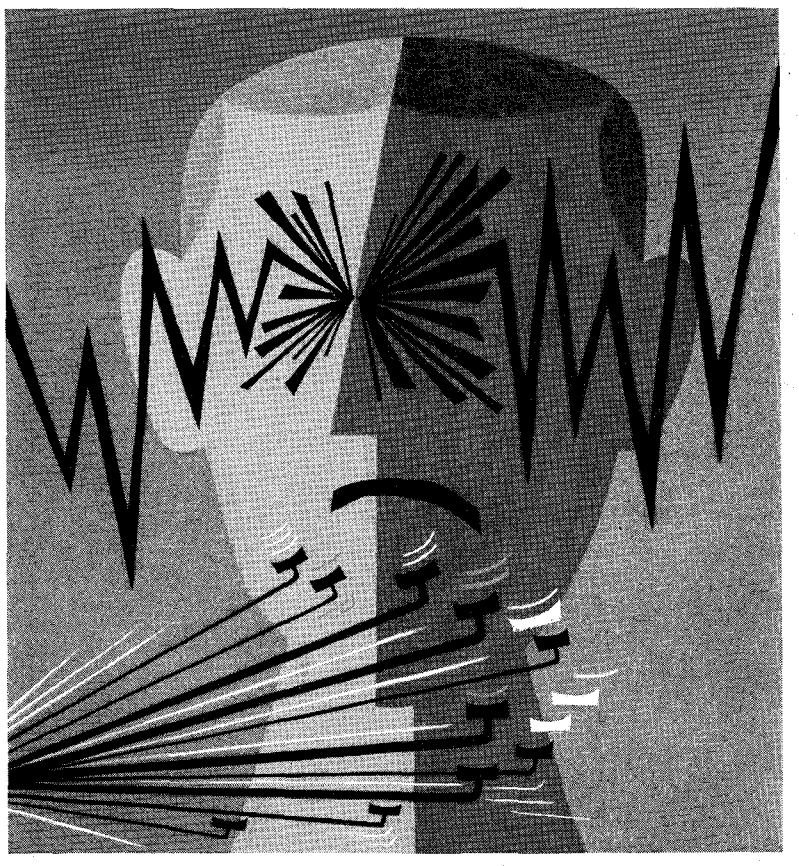
But as the fateful October approached, tension steadily mounted. A new arms deal between France and Israel was revealed. Paris sent warplanes and heavy military "hardware" to Israel, and the Paris press noted with undisguised satisfaction that the Israeli Army was preparing for action. It is now unofficially admitted that the Anglo-French decision to attack Egypt was made at a private meeting in Paris early in October between Prime Minister Eden and Premier Mollet. No word of what transpired in that meeting was sent to President Eisenhower or anybody else in the American Government. So it is clear that the British and French premiers agreed to conceal their decision from Washington and even from some members of their own cabinets. Even to this day American officials do not know just which British and French officials knew about the black-out plan.

But American officials would like to believe that the British Foreign Secretary, Selwyn Lloyd, was not let into the secret. During the three-week black-out Secretary Lloyd spent much of his time in New York, negotiating with the Egyptian Foreign Minister at the United Nations. One day Mr. Lloyd reported to Secretary Dulles, in the presence of several members of the Dulles staff, that the prospects for a peaceful settlement with Egypt through the U.N. looked better than ever before.

On the basis of that report, President Eisenhower preceded one of his last campaign speeches with the cheerful statement, "I bring you good news about the Middle East." That statement was later understandably criticized as either a deliberate attempt on somebody's part to deceive American voters just before the elections or as evidence of inexcusable ignorance. But it may have been neither. American officials who were conferring with the British Foreign Secretary at that time are inclined to believe that he was as much in the dark as they were about the Anglo-French decision already made in Paris to invade Egypt.

The timing of the Anglo-French-Israeli attack, coming in the closing days of the presidential election campaign, could not have been more dramatic. That timing may have been fixed on the assumption that no American administration would dare, so soon before an election, to oppose the policies of three nations which commanded the sympathy and respect of so many million American voters. If so, the assumption was wrong. For the President, without hesitation, instructed Secretary Dulles to go to New York to present personally the case against our allies.

Mr. Dulles had no premonition then of his approaching illness; he felt fine when he left Washington in his plane on the afternoon of October thirty-first. The weather was soupy, and the plane had to circle for hours before it finally managed to land at Newark. Mr. Dulles utilized the time to draft the American resolution asking for a cease-fire and to think about his speech. He made the speech without notes, but he told friends who visited him in the hospital a few days later that he would have been glad to consider that speech his epitaph if his illness had proved to be fatal. It is the speech which began, "I doubt that any delegate ever spoke before this forum with as heavy a heart as I have brought here tonight. We speak on a matter of vital importance where the United States finds itself unable to agree with three nations with whom it has ties of deep friendship, admiration and respect, and two of whom constitute our oldest, most trusted and reliable allies."



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The Secretary stayed throughout the all-night session of the U.N. and did not get back to his hotel until five A.M. But he was up at 9:30 A.M. and flew back to Washington. The weather was still bad and he drafted follow-up moves in the U.N. while circling the airport. He stayed in his office until 6:30 P.M. and late that same night became acutely ill and was rushed to Walter Reed Hospital, where he was operated upon for cancer. The doctors said that sharp symptoms came so soon that they were able to catch the cancer in its earliest stages. The operation put Mr. Dulles out of commission for only thirty-six hours. Within a week he was keeping three secretaries busy in relays in the presidential suite at Walter Reed, and later during two weeks of so-called convalescence in the South he worked on the request to Congress which ultimately became known as the Eisenhower Doctrine.

So the Great Middle East Mystery, like most mysteries, begins to clear itself up once you get the key clue. The British and French deceived President Eisenhower and Secretary Dulles last October because they had not been able to persuade them in almost four years of high-level discussions to underwrite the forcible occupation of Egypt. When the British and French Prime Ministers decided to move into Egypt on their own, they did not want to give the American President another chance to talk them out of their planned invasion. And when the attack proved to be even more disastrous than Americans had predicted, the responsible politicians in London and Paris naturally tried to put as much blame as possible elsewhere.

It is not likely that official publications will fully reveal the events leading to the Eisenhower Doctrine for many years. The most significant documents in this story were communications between chiefs of state, and such exchanges are not made available even to Senate investigators without permission of all the governments concerned. In this case, British and French leaders are not likely to grant such permission in the near future. No politicians anywhere can be expected to agree to make themselves look bad, especially while they still hold office.

Meanwhile, the partial account given here explains, among other things, why President Eisenhower has so vigorously upheld Secretary Dulles against his critics at home and abroad. Last January I attended a presidential press conference at which a reporter asked Mr. Eisenhower whether his high opinion of Mr. Dulles had changed as a result of congressional attacks upon his policies.

The President replied, "Secretary Dulles, to the best of my knowledge and belief—and I keep, I assure you, very close touch—has never taken any action which I have not in advance approved." In other words, the Eisenhower Doctrine bears the name of the man who accepts full responsibility for it.

Nobody doubts that the Middle East will present formidable problems to the United States for many years to come, and that Americans are inadequately prepared, to put it mildly, for major responsibility in an area whose politics is almost incredibly complicated. But I believe the facts presented here make it clear that the Eisenhower Administration neither sought nor desired this tremendous new burden—either for itself or for the American people. That burden was imposed upon Americans largely through the actions of other governments. Despite this, however, the burden seems to be inescapable.

By a curious paradox, one of the most serious threats to American relations with our British and French allies today comes from those Americans who are most deeply attached to the British and French people. In their anxiety to excuse Anglo-French blunders, these Americans have wasted valuable time trying to make it appear that American policy makers were somehow responsible for last October's unprecedented Anglo-French deception. These Americans have gone to such extremes that they have embarrassed even their British and French friends. For nobody knows better than hardheaded British and French politicians that the western Big Three is not the same today as it was before the Middle East blowup. The Anglo-French fiasco confirmed beyond any further doubt the weakness of the British and French empires in areas which they have dominated for generations. London and Paris are quietly readjusting their policies to conform with the realities of world politics. The American Government is trying to do likewise, and the Eisenhower Doctrine is a step in that direction. THE END

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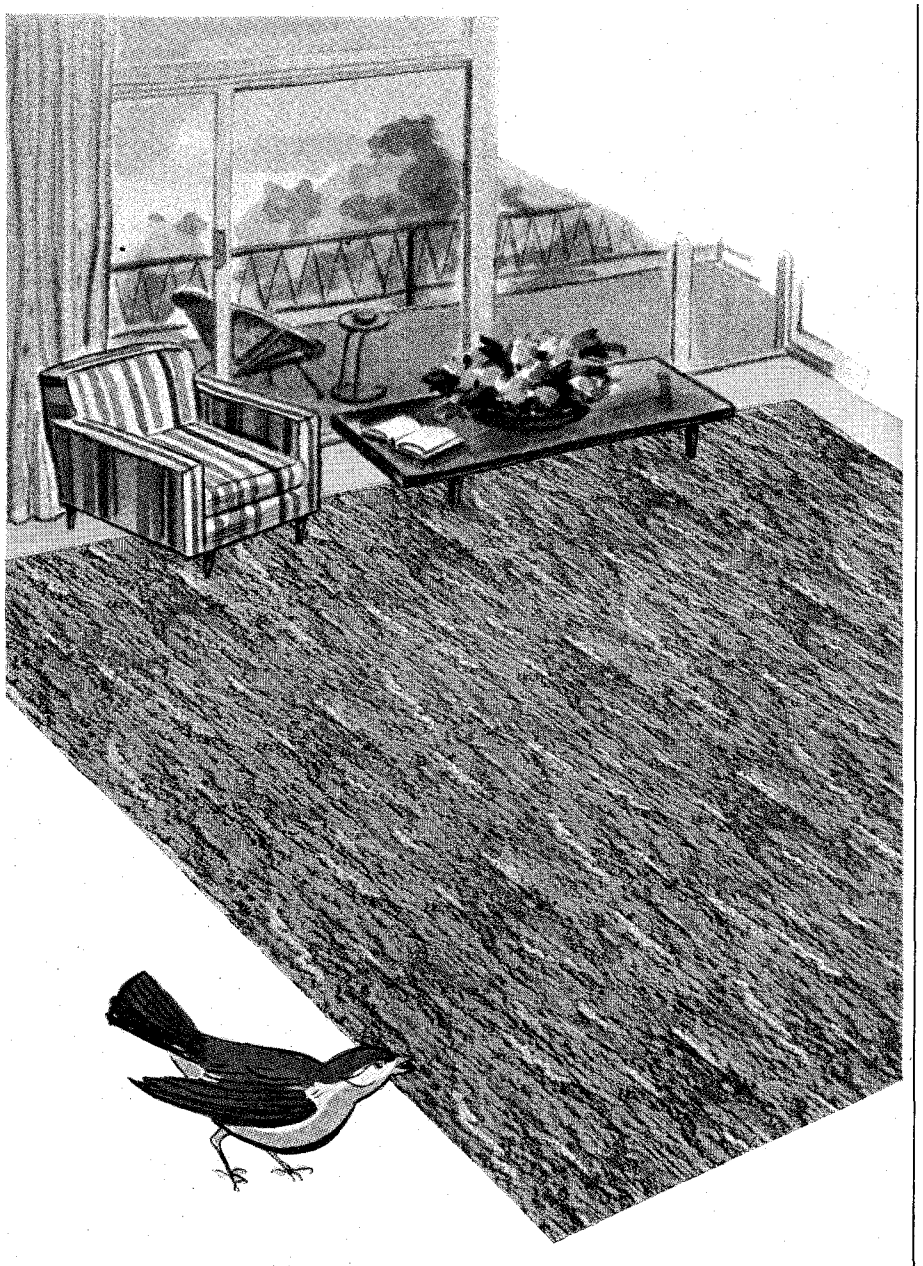

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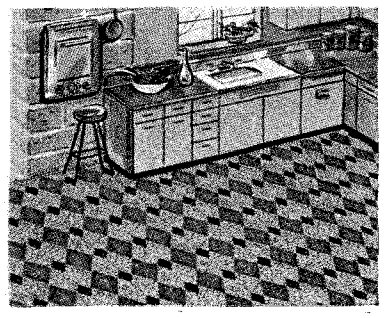

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Lost in the Bayous (Continued from Page 30)

of the warmhearted Myra, who had nowhere else to go now.

So, while Myra tempted the boy with hillocks of hot cakes and candies and puddled puddings, and Albert gave him things like lariats and pocketknives, Uncle Rennie talked. It was his specialty. He gave up his matutinal trips to the store at Era, where he practically moderated all discussion of politics, and he concentrated on the boy, this Mike Matela, aged twelve, with the bright-soft dark eyes, the brush of hair, the wide mouth and white teeth, and too much lard around the hips.

Uncle Rennie squatted in the shade and rattled off lugubrious narratives with the whiff of burnt powder in them: how, in the old times, a man put his pistol—he called it "hawg leg"—in his belt when he went to town for a sack of flour; how the grave robbers would lift a corpse for the gold in its teeth; of the mating habits of bullfrogs, a majestic misconception; and how he had seen a "lamper" eel strike a man in the face as he leaned out of his boat to get a drink of water. Within one minute the man's body had swelled to such proportions that the boat had to be chopped away to release him. The boy listened to these fables courteously, as if it were required of him.

Uncle Rennie manufactured smooth wooden darts that could be flung fifty feet with a twig and string, and "bones" that could be rattled between the fingers in a minstrel cadence. But the boy was still quiet and courteous, leaving the toys after a bit, as he left the candies and puddings, to look off over the nodding rice as if he expected someone to come for him.

It was the old man's chance mention of Try-and-Find-It Lake, the so-called lost lake in the deep woods to the east, that caught the boy's imagination and stopped his roving gaze.

"How could you lose a lake?" Mike asked.

"You can't lose a lake, of course, boy," the old man explained. "You can lose yourself trying to find Try-and-Find-It."

The thing Uncle Rennie liked best about Mike was that he would listen. It had become so around the house that Albert and Myra wouldn't even listen. He knew they didn't because they never disagreed with him any more; and he tested them periodically with some outlandish or even radical utterance, and they merely nodded and went on about their business. It made him pink with rage.

"I've never been lost," Mike said. "I don't see why anybody would get lost if he kept in the right direction."

"Anybody that traipses out there can get lost. I've been turned around once or twice myself. You take a hundred thousand acres of woods that stretches from here all the way across the White to the Mississippi ——"

When it got so hot that the whiteface cattle in the pastures hung their heads into any scrap of shade they could find and the rice was laid by and it was only two weeks until school started up, Uncle Rennie touched Mike on the shoulder after breakfast one morning and whispered, "Dig some worms." Then he went off to put his teeth on the shelf and tie up some lines with 8-0 trotline hooks.

"I just don't know whether you two have any business out there in those old woods, as hot as it is and as young and old as you two are," said Myra when she saw the preparations.

"Whoo! I'm still able to wipe my chin," said Uncle Rennie, recalling, with a flash of independence, that he still had a respectable balance at the bank and the use of his faculties.

It was early enough that the heat hadn't settled down yet, and when the two of them trudged down the road that declined eastward into the vast bottom lands of the Lower White, Uncle Rennie felt younger than he had since he used to intrigue with the Widow Dunstan over a back fence. The boy carried a fruit jar nearly full of thick red worms, and it reminded Uncle Rennie vividly of the dead, delightful days when he and his mud-spattered cronies had ducked away from school at the first bell and gone off in a delirium of wickedness to dabble in these same lakes and sloughs.

Before they reached the timber Uncle Rennie was singing, off key, nasally and high, shreds of ballads that had come west with his grandfathers.

But the antique words and ancient refrain made him think of someone, and he stopped singing and fought gnats. In the woods it was cooler, shadier, and the gnats buzzed at them angrily when they stopped for a breather. Moving off again, the boy adjusted his stride to that of the man and they followed a little-used road southward until they came to the ford across Essex Bayou. Here they took off their shoes and waded over.

When they stopped on the far side to put their shoes on, the old man said, "Keep your eyes sharpened for landmarks. We'll make us a triangle; one side from here to Loggins Point on the river, another side to the lake, and, coming back, the third side in a short straight line to this crossing. We can mark our course by the drop of the sun and by aid of a marker I'll show you, and we can hit this crossing on the eye. Before long," he added, dropping his voice, "you'll get so you'll prowl these woods with the other boys. Out here every man's as big and important as another, as long as he behaves himself."

They took the south road and kept to it until it played out in a jungle of brambles growing around the decaying carcass of a sycamore asprawl in the weeds. From there they drifted into a path to the right and wound around with it until at length they came to the river. A deer leaped up from thick cover at the edge of the water and bounced away, its flag high and glistening white.

"Ain't you ever seen a deer, boy?" Uncle Rennie asked, when he noticed the youngster's amazement.

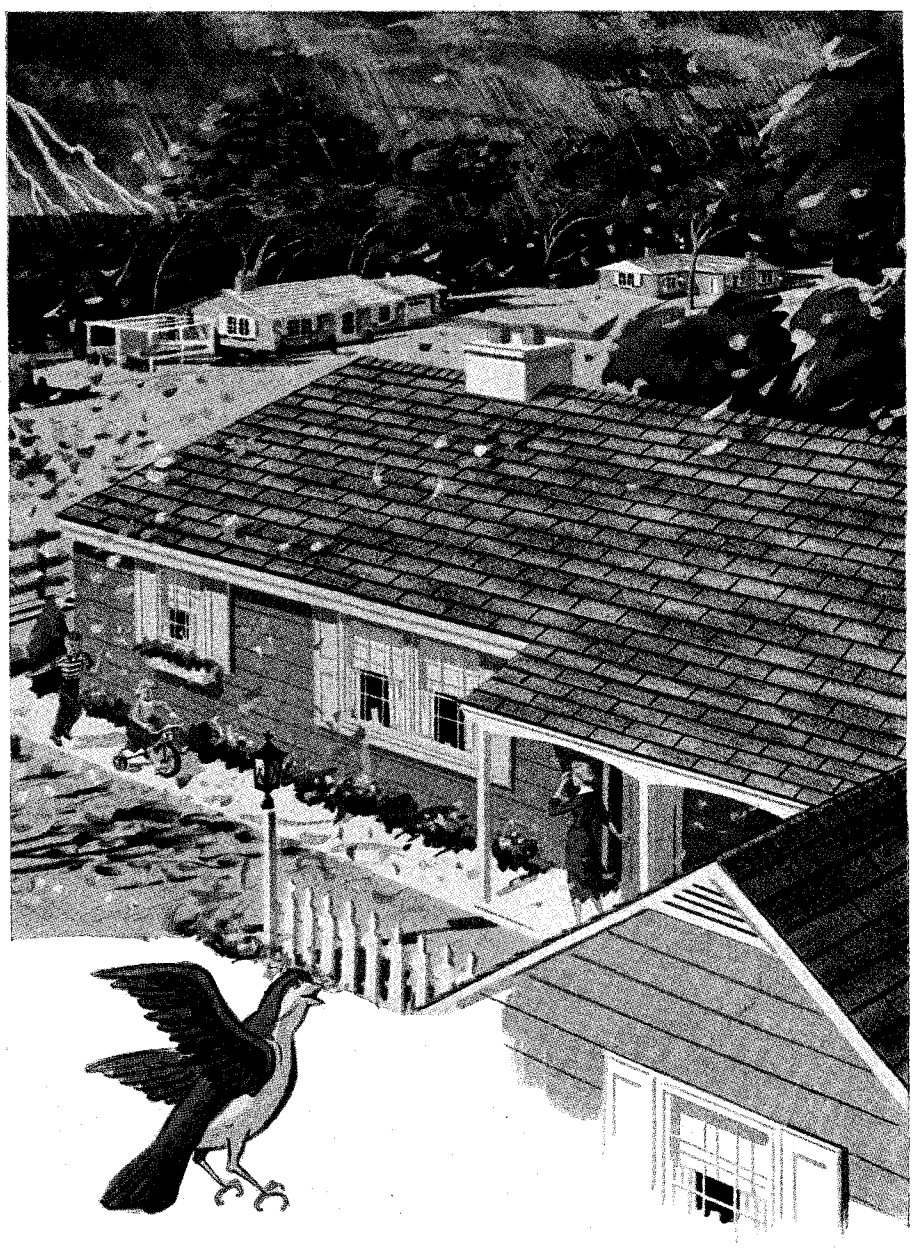
"It kept looking back when it ran off," Mike said.

"No, no, boy. That was its tail—its tail." The old man chuckled until the brown tobacco juice trickled down the corners of his mouth like the beard of a Chinese warlord. "You don't mind if I get a rise out of you?"

"No, sir."

As they struck off again through the buttonbushes and bear grass that bordered the big river, Uncle Rennie told himself that a few hours with the briers, snakes, mosquitoes and chiggers would prove whether or not a boy had character, and if he hadn't, it would likely put a little in him. *They don't load it on kids like they used to*, he told himself. *You've got to load it on a kid to find out what he's got.*

When they finally came upon it, it looked unreasonably small, this lake that Uncle Rennie liked to call Try-and-Find-It. A levee he had completely forgotten about quartered down through the woods and sliced the inside of the horseshoe, making the lake, in effect, a double one, like two links of sausage. A frog's deep voice throbbed out of the maze of cypress knees and swamp privet that bristled along the far shore. The tupelo



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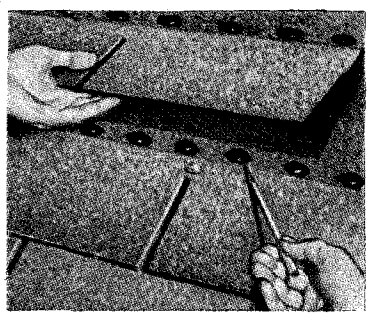

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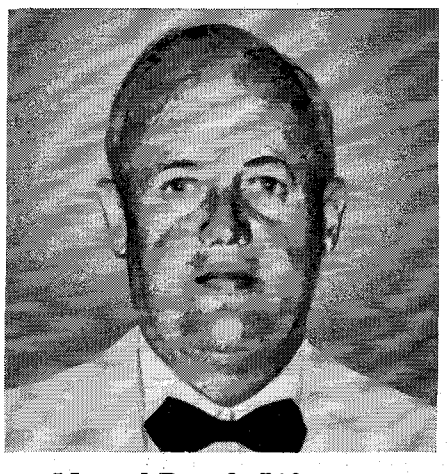

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trees with their belled skirts grouped themselves in the water at the edges of the shoals.

The old man fitted out a line for Mike, tying it to the tip of a willow pole with a scraggle of leaves still attached, and concentrating on the knot as though it were ritual.

"Put a worm on," he commanded. "Put a dozen on, and try to keep a gar from taking it. Those scissor-bill gar will snip that bait off like an old lady cutting ribbons."

Then he handed the boy a pint whisky bottle, filled with water, from his pocket, and told him to drink as much as he needed, although when it was gone there would be no more. When Mike asked him if he was sure it wasn't whisky, Uncle Rennie said he was sure, all right, though he wished it was.

"Keep gurgling till you've had enough. Nobody who's never been really and honest-to-goodness thirsty appreciates the true value of water. Of course, we could sample the lake if we had to, but Myra would raise Cain if she knew about it."

"Lamper eels," said Mike.

"Well," said Uncle Rennie, "they're not too dangerous this time of year."

"You drink too," Mike offered.

"Not me. I can go for weeks without water. I'm worse'n a camel."

With a burst of activity, the old man threw in beside a rotten stump. "If I don't bring Mr. Bass out of there, roaring and snapping his jaws, I'll be sick and surprised."

The massive woods was steeped in heat and dankness. When they didn't catch anything for an hour, the old man relaxed his efforts and said he guessed he felt the heat more than he used to. He cursed the bream and gar for stealing their baits. They jabbed their poles into the soft mud and sat back and watched them. When that didn't work, Uncle Rennie lengthened the lines with the spares he carried, doubled the weights, and they tossed the baits as far out and as deep as they could get them. Uncle Rennie said that might put the baits down below where the bream and gar usually work.

A drowsiness descended on them until a whistled arpeggio floated across the water from the other side, a scrap of a tune, and Uncle Rennie perked up.

"Why don't you take a turn around the lake? That sounds like old John Peppersack might be fishing some snag-lines over that way, and he would have a boat. If we got out in a boat, saying he would let us have it, we could fish cooler and maybe troll us up a mess of crappie. He's a hermit type of fellow who lives between Loggins Point and Sourgrass. John Peppersack. Make a circle and see what you see."

As soon as the boy was out of sight, the old man stepped to the water's edge, bent over, dipped his hat in and drank from it. He emptied the remaining water over his plaster of gray hair and, grunting with satisfaction, lay down in the cool, damp mud. Within minutes he had closed his eyes and was breathing through his mouth in a sibilant half snore.

Mike Matela pushed through the tangled thickets of young red and white oak and sweet-gum saplings, looped over here and there by possum grape vines. Although the lake at its widest was hardly a hundred feet, it was elongated and sickle-shaped, divided almost exactly in half by a mud bar adjacent to where the levee cut in. Here the water was scarcely an inch deep and alive with the skittering minnows, mostly gambusia wearing white dots atop their heads. Mike stopped to gaze at the activity in the neck of the lake. He peered out to see if he could discern the old man fishing on the other side, but the view was blocked by a half-fallen bitter-pecan tree that angled out over the water.

"Who're you, boy?" a voice asked. Mike jumped as if he'd been stung. "I said, 'Who're you?'"

"My name's Mike Matela and I'm just looking for a boat."

After a pause, the voice came again, from somewhere nearby, "I'm John Peppersack and you can't have ary boat. It's hid, sunk—sunk deep. Who's with you?"

"Uncle Rennie Waterhouse, over there. Fishing."

Another pause. "Well, Rennie Waterhouse don't know any more about fishing than I know about flying an airyplane. You come back sometime and I'll take you. I need me a boy to help me pull nets."

Mike looked the woods over and could see nobody to make such sounds. "Where are you?" he asked.

"Right here, behind a tree. I ain't going to say which tree. What are you going to be when you get big?"

"I'm going to go back to Detroit and sell sports cars," Mike said, puzzled.

Again came the whistled tune, a dozen notes. "You come back sometime and I'll show you where I sink my boat, and leave Rennie Waterhouse at home."

"Yes, sir." Mike sidled off along a dim path that led around the lake. The whistling grew fainter and almost birdlike, and then he didn't hear it any more.

He cut onto the levee, down it for a distance, and dropped off to continue with the shore line around until he came upon Uncle Rennie sleeping on his mud bed. Startled awake, the old man rubbed, with great briskness, the stubble on his face.

"No boat," said the boy.

"No pole," said Uncle Rennie, looking up and down the shore. "Mine's here, but where's yours?" Uncle Rennie leaped to his feet and ran with bounds and jerks up the bank. "Find it!" he yelled. "Find it afore he tears loose! Find it and pray!"

Mike himself saw the butt of the pole bobbing in a little drift of trash lodged at the base of a willow. He waded in without hesitation until the water reached his middle, and began to back out, clutching the pole, as the fish on the other end came powerfully alive.

It pulled and swept and tugged, but Mike held on with a grimness new to him, dug his heels in, grabbed a nearby root to brace himself with. It was not until the fish, threshing madly, untangled the line from some underwater snag that the boy felt the full weight of him.

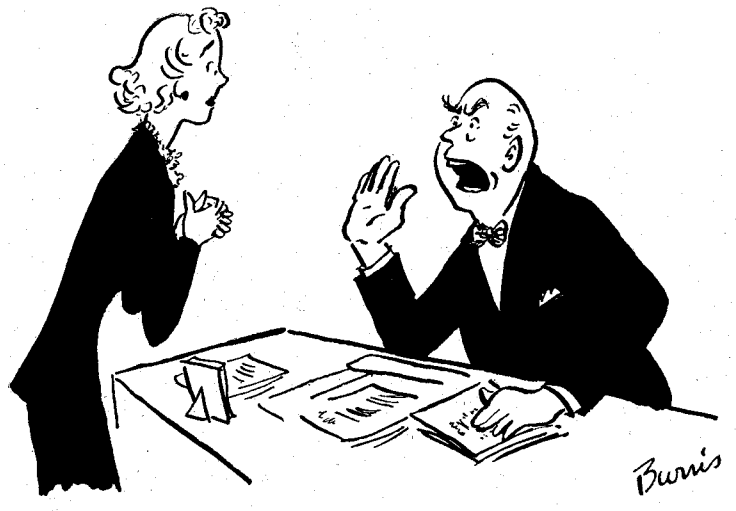
"Oh, crikey, I've got him!" he shrieked.

Uncle Rennie came hobbling back toward him, shouting imprecations and encouragement. "Oh, Jehovah, hold him, hold him!"

Uncle Rennie lost his hat and waved his arms and jigged up and down. "Oh, glory, let me help you land him! He's big—he's big!"

"My fish," said Mike, between clenched teeth.

"Then, dammit, pull!" Uncle Rennie screamed. "He's agoin' to snap off if you don't get him out of that deep water! Pull, dammit!" (*Continued on Page 88*)



The Perfect Squelch

Joan, an energetic and efficient young career girl, was overworked and underpaid. Yet each time she asked her boss for a raise, he would roar like a sorrowful sea lion. Then he invariably began an endless chant about the wonderful experience she was getting, the many business tricks she was learning, the responsibility he gave her and the valuable contacts she was making.

Finally, however, another firm realized Joan's worth and offered her a job at almost double her current salary. When Joan told her boss about the new job, he looked at her reproachfully. Hadn't she any loyalty? he asked in a hurt tone. Did she put no value on all the training and experience he was giving her?

He paused and sighed. "Money," he said heavily, "isn't everything, you know."

"That's right," Joan said briskly. "But I've had everything else. Now I want money."

Alice Brown

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Meet the men of atomic-electric power

These are two of the new "atomic men" in the business of producing electricity. In the photograph, they are studying a small-scale model of an atomic reactor designed for an atomic-electric power plant.

They, and hundreds of other electric company men, are learning how to harness the power of atomic energy to the job of producing electricity. With scientists and engineers of the Atomic Energy Commission, equipment makers and builders, they are helping develop the new tools, new machinery and new kinds of buildings needed for atomic-powered electric plants.

The nation's appetite for electric power is growing rapidly, and atomic energy promises a vast new source of fuel to make more electricity. That's why independent electric companies are studying, testing and comparing methods and equipment to find the best ways to put the atom to work for America.

America's Independent Electric Light and Power Companies*

*Company names on request through this magazine

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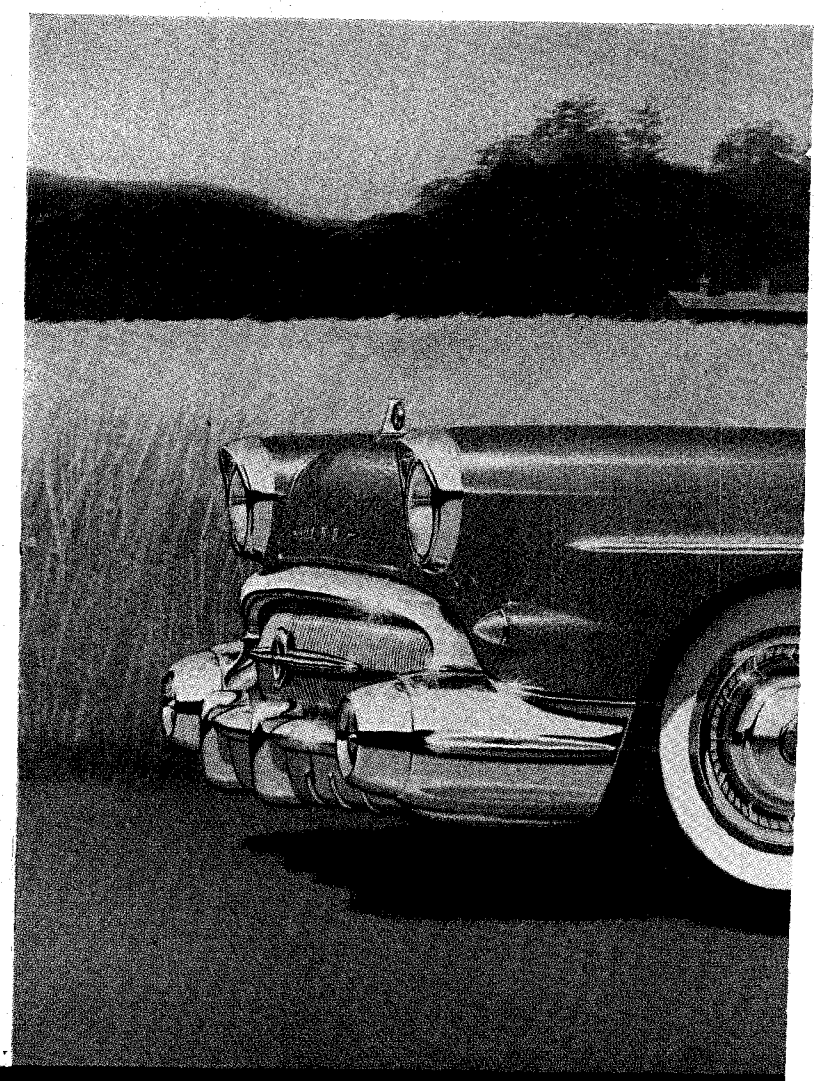
Sportiest distance



YOU WANT FUN? You want sport? You want to journey from here to there with a spirit that's pure Springtime?

What better way—what more exciting way to make your move—than in this '57 Buick CENTURY Convertible?

Why, even at rest it invites you to romp. It looks long enough to meet Summer halfway. With its top down, it's low as a sprinter awaiting the gun.

But hop in. Slide behind that sweep of windshield. Grip that dip-center steering wheel.

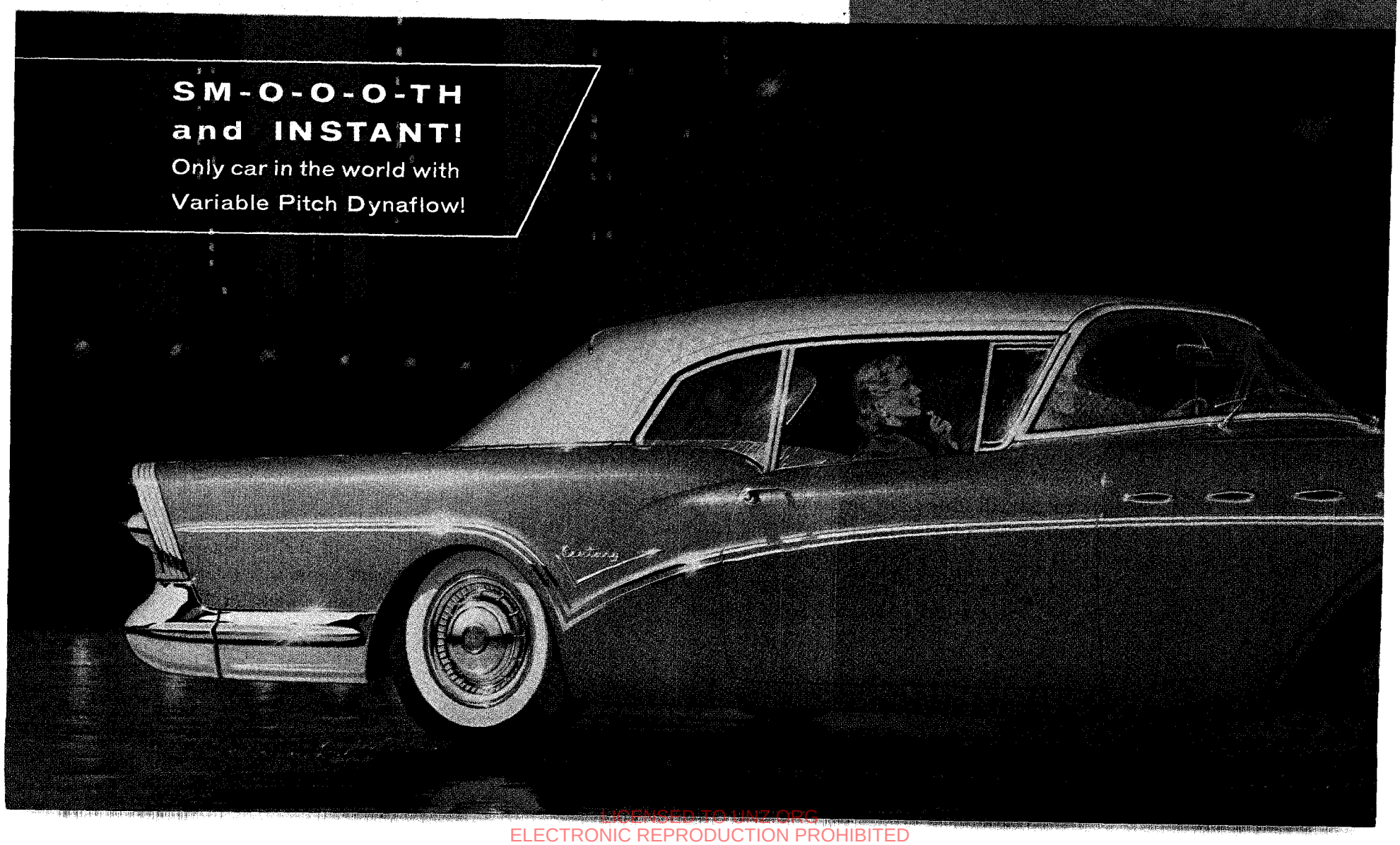
Listen closely. Maybe you can hear Buick's completely new 300-horsepower V8 engine at 10 to 1 compression. It seems to whisper, "Show me a road map and let me travel."

Now—pat that gas pedal.

That's when you discover a totally new kind of performance—the performance of the CENTURY.

For that's where Buick's greatest power is coupled to a new Variable Pitch Dynaflow* on Buick's most nimble chassis—and spurred to a brilliant new kind of action.

Response was never so instant. Response was never so smooth. Response never felt so safe or so thrilling. It fairly makes your toe



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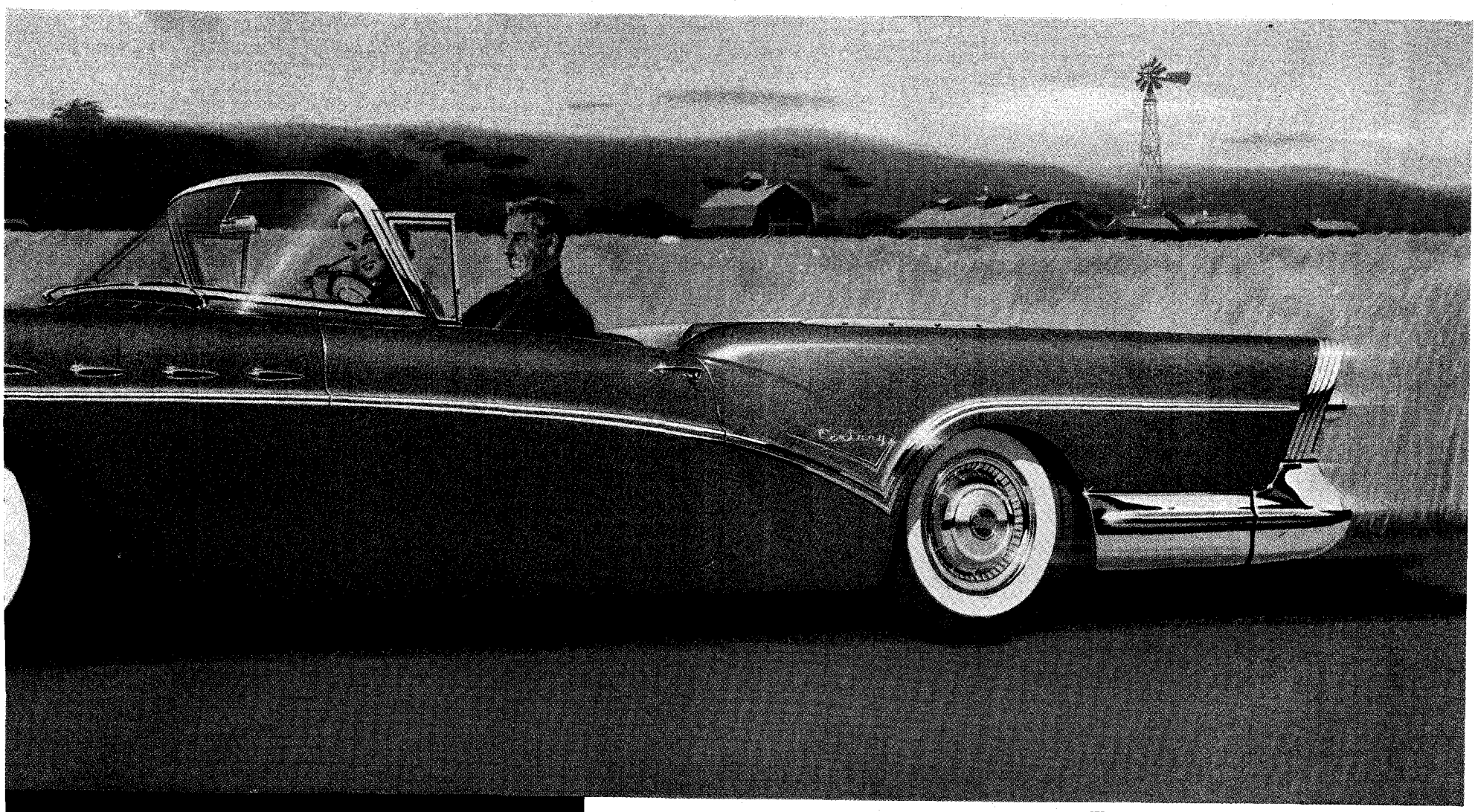
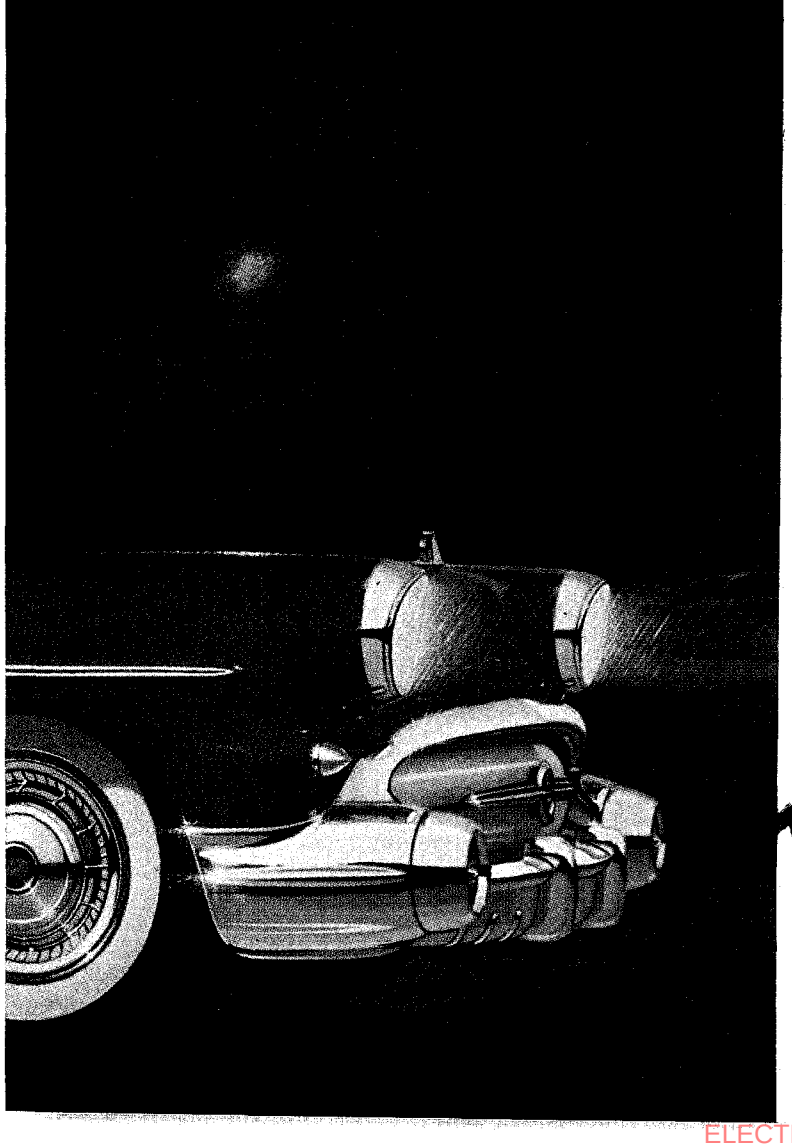
between two points





When better automobiles are built Buick will build them

tingle—even without switching the pitch. It all but cuts out your need for "Low."

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Come prove that to your own joy and satisfaction. Come see how your joy is stepped up by a buoyantly "nested" new ride. By the airy ease of Buick's new ball-joint steering. By a safer new levelized braking. By an exclusive new Buick Safety-Minder* that lets you enjoy the thrills without having to keep one eye on the speedometer.

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BUICK *Division of* GENERAL MOTORS

**New Advanced Variable Pitch Dynaflow is the only Dynaflow Buick builds today. It is standard on Roadmaster, Super and Century—optional at modest extra cost on the Special. Safety-Minder is standard on Roadmaster, optional other Series.*

Big Thrills Buick

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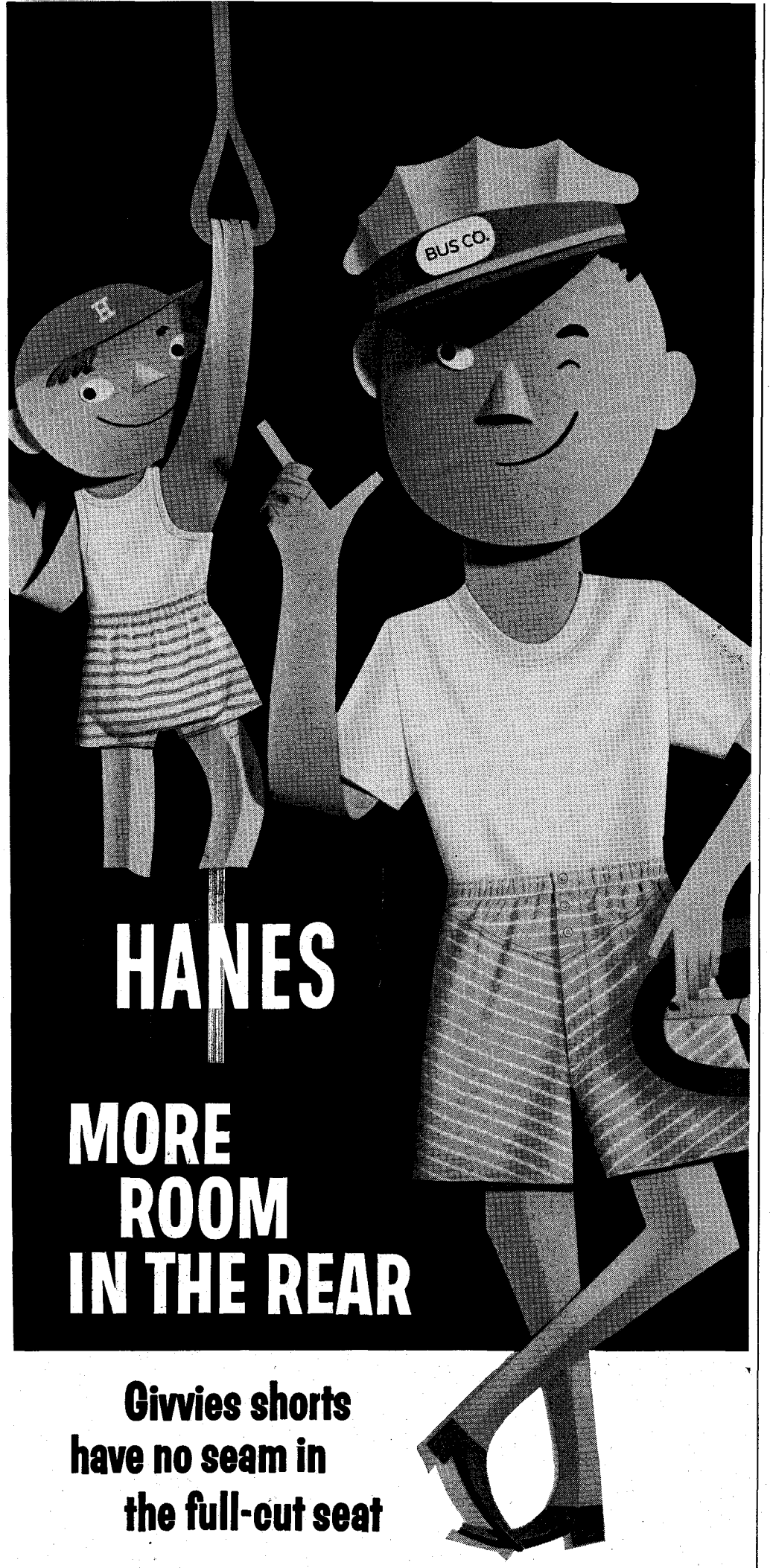

Givvies shorts have no seam in the full-cut seat

Walk, run, bend, sit, stoop — those Hanes Givvies just won't bind! They actually give with your motions. And there's no center seam—that means smooth comfort at all times. The fabric is high-count broadcloth, Sanforized for perfect, permanent fit. The waistband is heat-resistant elastic that stays lively. Perfect comfort-mates to Hanes no-sag T-shirts!

Givvies: Only $1 for men, 69¢ to 75¢ for boys
No-sag T-shirts: $1 for men, 75¢ for boys

MORE GREAT BUYS	for men	and boys
Fig Leaf briefs	95¢ to $1	69¢
Whiter-than-white undershirts	79¢	59¢

GET MORE THAN YOU BARGAINED FOR . . . GET HANES

P. H. Hanes Knitting Co., Winston-Salem 1, N.C. Canadian manufacturer and distributor, C. Turnbull Ltd., Galt, Ontario

(*Continued from Page 84*) "I've got him if I can hold him," Mike said.

"You haven't got him till you've got him, and as long as he's still in the lake, you haven't got him. I'll give you a hand."

"No," Mike said.

"Sure he's your fish, but I want the end of that pole. He's more fish than a boy can handle. Hand me the end of that pole." Uncle Rennie, overextending himself to grab the pole, lost his footing and tumbled with a gasp down the water slope and went in over his head, but promptly put his head back into the air and kept talking a blue streak. "Lose him, then! Lose him! Let him get away! I hope it's a gar! I hope it's a alligator gar!" Then, when the fish made a rush in his direction, he opened his mouth wide and screamed between his gums, "No, pull! Pull!"

The fish began to ease up momentarily, and then made a dash as though trying to catch his adversary off guard. The boy hauled him closer, tensing and trembling, and the fish, with a spasm of effort, dug for deep water and freedom. The pounding of its effort telegraphed up the singing line through the pole into the hands of the boy.

"He's tiring," said Uncle Rennie at last, after he had managed to crawl back onto the bank, where he stood uncomfortably and streamed water. "Keep a tight line! Keep it tight, and pull steady!"

Mike pulled the captive closer until he had worked the pole, hand over hand, behind him. He gripped the line, thin, sharp and taut, and lifted the fish onto the ledge where the water was shallow.

"I think it's a gar," he said ruefully.

"Well, I don't think so," Uncle Rennie came back, with a note of mockery. "I think it's a big fine flathead catfish, and I wouldn't be surprised if he went better than fifteen pounds."

The boy grabbed the fish with both hands while Uncle Rennie slit apertures in its lower and upper lips, behind the cartilage with its sandpaper teeth, and they worked a length of staging through, making a bowline that would allow the fish to open its jaws.

"He might go eighteen or even twenty, but I think maybe fifteen would be more likely," said Uncle Rennie.

"He'll die," the boy said, "if we don't put him back in the water where he can breathe."

"Being a catfish, he'll live a good long while. They don't give up so easy."

They rested on the bank while the fish stayed tethered close by, swishing his tail in the water. Somehow the day had slipped away during the excitement and it was past midafternoon.

"He's one fine fish," Uncle Rennie conceded. "Don't you reckon we'd better start making tracks toward supper?"

Mike stared at the fish.

"He's going to get pretty heavy, but we'll spell each other. We'll cut straight across to the ford, according to the sun, and save nearly a mile.

"Now, you see that grandaddy cypress? The tall one with the fanned top? You see it? It stands just on the northwest edge of the lake and it's a leaner—leans to the right point of the compass to take us in."

The boy hung the fish down the middle of his back, where it drooped, wet and inert, gasping between his shoulder blades. The old man had made him a handhold out of a piece of elm branch, and he grasped this stick at his shoulder. When Uncle Rennie started off at a good clip, the boy stumbled along behind him, seldom looking to either side, deep in thought.

At the big cypress they stopped, walked around it and examined the angle of the lean. Uncle Rennie said you could kind of take a course from it, but he sounded as if he wanted to convince himself as much as he wanted to convince the boy.

"It hasn't grown an inch in thirty years. Neither have I," he said. "But it's the sun that's always right, and the sun sets on top of that ford." He sighted across the woods, closed one eye and moved his hand vertically, like a country grocer slicing cheese.

They moved into the heart of the woods—no paths here—and when they traversed openings of sparser growth and could see the sun well, it threw sharp long shadows all about them. There was an old log road that was almost indistinguishable, and this they followed for a distance, but the old man swung away into the rougher walking in the bear grass and tangled undergrowths.

Once he pointed out a 'coon peering suspiciously at them from around the limb of a cottonwood. Time and again they were challenged from on high by barking, growling squirrels that flirted their tails in little frenzies of ill humor.

The boy's arms grew tired from carrying the limp and dying fish, which breathed in a poignant rhythm against his back. Once he found a bit of water in a stump hole. He bathed the fish's brown, leathery skin. Again, he stopped and asked for the water bottle, from which he managed to shake a few drops into the fish's white mouth, a split in the front of the wedge-shaped brown head with its limp barbels and dead-gray pinpoint eyes.

If I didn't know I was right, Uncle Rennie tried to reassure himself, *I'd bend more to the north. The bayou loops big and if I don't hit it on the near loop where the crossing is, I'm fixing to walk that boy and me halfway to Kansas City.*

He was never too good at going cross-country like this, and he knew it well, but would not have admitted such a shortcoming even at the point of a gun. Albert always liked to josh him about carrying a compass when he went off to find a strayed calf.

It was getting later faster than seemed decorous. Crows—drifts and flights of them—labored high over the woods toward some secret roosting place to the south. The shadows were long and thin and would soon blur out as the sun dropped under the trees. Owls began to mutter and chatter their "Oh-oh-oh-ah-ah!" followed by a screech and obscene cackle.

The boy was diffident and untalkative. Uncle Rennie figured that he must be tired.

"I'll take that load off of you, son," he offered. "We'll be out of here and across that bayou soon, but I'll carry that fish from here on in."

Mike shook his head and looked quickly away.

The sun was almost down now and the woods seemed, if anything, to get thicker and more unfamiliar. The ground was too high to be right; there were no low

Sporting Note

Come baseball time and I'll
defend
This proposition to the end:
A diamond is a boy's best
friend.

Charles Lee

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swags, as there should be this close to the ford. The timber was too much sycamore and oak and too little pecan. Besides, they should have crossed a plain path before now. Assuming that he was too far north, he bent south, and then regretted it and bent back to the north, as though some instinct pulled him that way even though he knew it was wrong.

The hooting and caterwauling of the owls made the boy shiver, but it was the weight of the fish—the weight and the spasmodic gasping of the gills—that made him uneasy and fearful.

"We'll be out and across in a bit, we sure will." It was hard for Uncle Rennie to force confidence into his voice. His legs were tired. Sharp pains threaded up and down his calves and thighs. He gummed off a fresh portion of the fragment of plug tobacco he carried in a reasonably dry pocket, and reset his course, which he knew now to be wrong, for they should have touched the bayou long since.

Suddenly his right leg went out and he came down in a heap against a sapling.

"Dammit!" he said. "Let's just sit heer awhile and rest and study on what we've done wrong." Mike paused and turned his face away. "It's that danged idiot tree!" Uncle Rennie went on. "It don't lean like it ought to—like it used to."

Suddenly it occurred to him that the boy was crying. It was in the set of his shoulders and a certain frozen attitude. Uncle Rennie watched the fish on the boy's back, and it had almost ceased to breathe. For a quarter of a minute at a time it would lie slack, and then, with a wrenching that seemed almost to tear its gill covers, it flared its chunk of a head, exposing the scarlet gills like bloody gashes.

"Let's roast the fish right here," Uncle Rennie suggested. "It may be I've got one match dry enough to burn. I'll show you how to kill a catfish with a straw, and we'll roast him over a slow fire and eat him here. All you have to do is find a little dimple in their heads and push a straw through, and it knocks them dead in a second."

There was no response. Uncle Rennie got painfully to his feet.

"Yes, sir," he said wearily. "I may be a point or so off. It comes with practice, like everything else, and I ain't practiced in a good long time. Now, if that log road we crossed ——"

In the gathering twilight it was hard to see the low branches that raked the skin off their faces, hard to sidestep the vines that looped under the trees like snares. The deepening green of the thickly leaved timber had begun to turn gray, like smoke, and the nocturnal mosquitoes came on in fierce little formations, whining for blood.

When the old man's throat got so dry he found it difficult either to spit or to swallow, he unloaded a cheekful of quid and cursed in a mystic tongue.

Night came down for certain. They moved slowly now, the boy a half dozen steps behind the old man, pushing their way cautiously toward the fading sun glow in the far west. There was a moon due to rise in about an hour, and until then the stars would not be much help.

The old man sang softly now and then as he pushed ahead. The boy followed in silence.

"I'll tell you what," Uncle Rennie said. "One time I got turned around with Albert when we were turkey hunting, and we had to camp out all night and sleep on the ground, and when the sun came up next morning, it came up square dab in the southwest. The southwest, boy, and that's contrary to the laws of nature." He chuckled. "But I never got what you might call lost," he added.

Before they realized it, they came upon the bank of the bayou. It slipped along with a sort of swish immediately below. The little frogs they had been hearing for some time past and had taken no notice of—the kind that go in a sort of breathless gup-gup-gup—clustered along the under banks of the sluggish stream that bounds the big White River woods on the west.

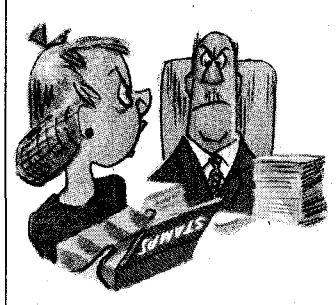
With a long sigh of relief and weariness, the old man sank to his haunches and then rolled over on his back. He lay inert, relieved and almost comfortable in a tangle of weeds.

Mike Matela paused momentarily, then crawled down to the water's edge. He waded in to his knees and laid the catfish gently in the water, where it lay motionless, its white belly up. The stars brought in a better light here in the opening along the bayou, and Uncle Rennie, propped on an elbow, could see the white belly of the fish beside the shape of the boy.

Uncle Rennie watched. The fish lay still as the boy crouched over it. A slow current pulled the fish around. It hung, headed upstream, for long minutes. The old man couldn't be sure whether it was alive. He could see only the long cream-white belly floating against the boy's leg.

Suddenly the boy bent quickly and made a motion with his hand, sawing up and down as if with a knife, and the white fish belly drifted free downstream. With a tiny slap of its tail, the fish turned over, righting itself, and disappeared.

"Well," said Uncle Rennie, when Mike came back to where he was sitting, and



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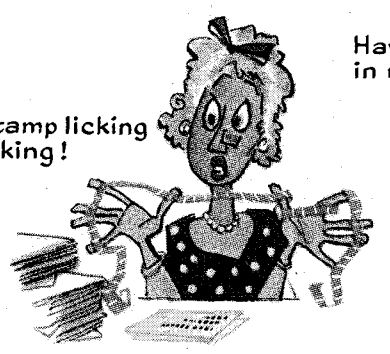

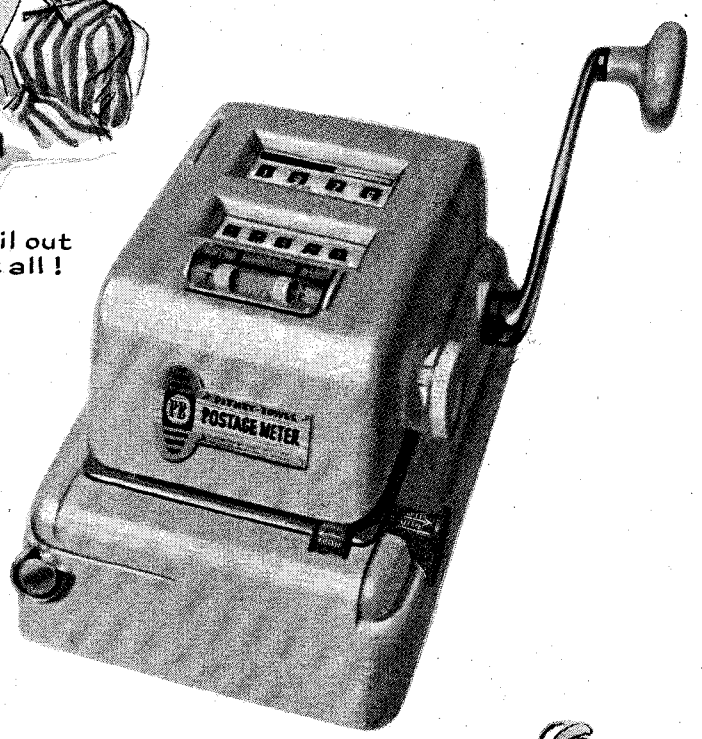

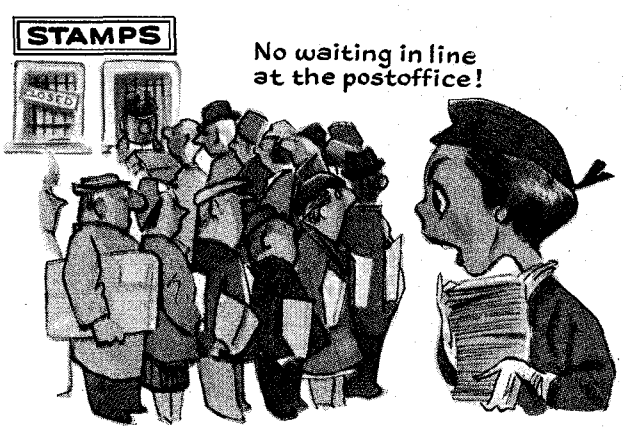

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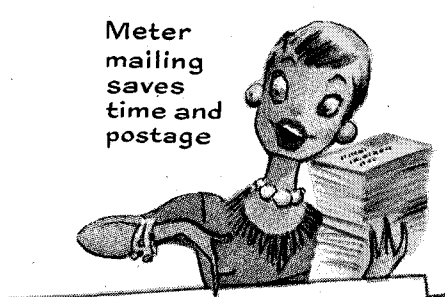

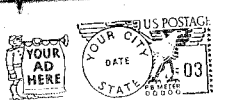

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stood there looking at him as if waiting to see what he would do or say. "I told you I'd get you out of the woods. I might have missed the crossing a point or two, but it's not too bad a miss—if we can ford here. May be deep. If we can ford here, we're closer to home than we would have been at the crossing. We sure don't want to go in over our heads this late in the day."

They kept their shoes on this time and punched poles ahead of them as they eased across, making a slow circuit of a mush hole. Uncle Rennie was wet above his belt and the boy nearly to his shoulders by the time they scrambled up the far side. The boy had kept a grip on Uncle Rennie's hand and both had taken drinks coming over.

Feeling their way along, for the moon was just now beginning to climb, they struck a rutted road that felt friendly and familiar, turned right on it, and within a short time were out of the woods and climbing the rise.

"It was that idiot tree that threw us wrong, or maybe the sun. No, the sun's never wrong. It was the tree."

"I talked to John Peppersack, but I never saw him," Mike said. "It sure was funny about the way he kept hidden."

"Peppersack's crazy. Long years ago he killed his wife, and it turned him against everybody and everybody turned against him. He's crazy, but he won't harm you. He's genteel crazy."

Tired, tired, tired, the old man thought. But the proximity to the house, which they could see all lighted up in the distance, a quarter of a mile away, brought a little extra push to his aching legs.

The nearness of the house brought a perkiness to the boy. Softly, tentatively, he sang in an approximation of Uncle Rennie's falsetto, the words of the ballad that brought the past into the present

Uncle Rennie said, "I'll find us a guitar and we'll do it right."

"You want to hear some calypso?" asked Mike.

"I don't know what it is, but I still don't want to hear it," Uncle Rennie said. "All I want to hear is a call to supper."

They plodded ahead, sidestepping the chuckholes, avoiding the ruts. *Tired, tired, tired,* Uncle Rennie thought, but he said aloud, "When you get old like me, boy, about all you appreciate is courage. I sure do appreciate courage. I like to see the weight loaded on a boy and him carry it. It puts iron in his backbone and takes the fat out of his liver."

After digesting this, Mike said abruptly, "Dammit, Uncle Rennie, you did get lost. Why don't you admit it?"

"Whoo!" said the old man, choking. "No such thing. We took a short cut and I don't care to hear any more about it. And I don't want anything said to Albert and Myra either. We don't pry into their business and they don't pry into ours. And you stop using that kind of strong language or—or I might have to look for a razor strap."

The wind off the rice fields laved them with its liquid coolness. Some night birds chittered somewhere and frog voices came from down in the muck lands. The house loomed bigger. Albert and Myra stood on the lighted front porch, looking and listening. There was a tractor idling somewhere close to the house.

Uncle Rennie dropped the pitch of his voice. "It was your fish and your business what you did with him, but why did you throw him back? I could have carried him for you."

"I can't stand to see anything slow-die," the boy said.

A picture of Mike's mother lying for months in a stark room with drawn shades rose up before the old man and moved him almost to tears.

"Oh, I'm tired," Uncle Rennie said in an onrush of sentiment and enthusiasm. "I'm tired, tired in my haunches and I'm tired in my heels, but I know where we can have us a ball. Indians!"

"Indians?"

"Indians lived below Loggins Point by the uncounted thousands; hunted and fished and camped and died and got buried there. Arrowheads, spearheads, bones and all the weepons of war. Tell you what we'll do, we'll get us spades and go dig. What do you think of that?"

"Uncle Rennie, maybe sometime later."

"You don't like Indians?" the old man asked in unfeigned astonishment. "You don't mean to tell me ——"

"Sometime later, maybe," Mike said.

"Well, of course, my shanks will take a day to rest up, but —— Tell you what; a horse to ride. I'll borrow a horse from up at Era, and Albert's got a saddle."

"Those things are fine, Uncle Rennie, but ——"

"What the devil do you want then, if you don't like Indians and you don't like horses?" They were at the gate now.

"Well," Mike said, weighing words and keeping his voice down, so Albert and Myra wouldn't hear, "I was just wondering if we couldn't go back tomorrow and twist that cypress tree around so it would point true." His face was a blob of white, looking up beside the gate.

"Point true?" asked Uncle Rennie. "Point true? What do you mean, point true?"

GIFTS of stainless steel, plus their own selection of housewares crafted in stainless, will have these newlyweds congratulating themselves for years . . . *for a lifetime, in fact.* It may be one of their first experiences with an old, old fact: that the original cost of a thing is only a good criterion of value when you consider the length of service you're buying, too.

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"And run that course again and hit that crossing on the eye." The boy kept looking up at him fixedly.

"You're pulling my leg, boy; pulling my sore, aged, aching leg."

The boy kept talking, "I may not sell sports cars like I've always wanted to, I may be an explorer, after all. I always wanted to be an explorer anyway."

"Tomorrow?" asked the old man, permitting himself a low moan over the meaning of his victory.

"Yes, sir, tomorrow if you think you can."

"Tomorrow at daylight. Grannies, I've taken you to raise and I'll raise you if it kills me. Whoo," he yelled at Albert and Myra on the porch in a final triumph of will power over exhaustion, "pile those biscuits high and slosh that redeye gravy, for we're starved. This fool boy got me lost today and the bears nearly et us up and I don't know what-all happened."

Hunting a Husband

(Continued from Page 37)

you were sixteen I couldn't tell your apple pie from your mother's. The neighbors said you were an ideal baby sitter and I stopped worrying."

My mother came in the room then and the discussion ended. "Staying in tonight?" my mother said.

"I'm the home type," I said. "Curled up by the fire with a neurosis."

We lived in a quiet residential town that loathed industry and deplored smokestacks. So in my town a girl could clerk in a store or do clerical work for a professional man.

I went with a law firm—Price, Lawson, Jessup, Dean and Finch. I'd liked the name originally; I mean it sounded like a lot of men for our town. But as it turned out, there was only one junior partner, and that was Finch. Around the office he was "the boy." Mr. Finch was fifty-seven. We did a lot of estate work, and clients who have estate problems may give a girl a mink, but I wanted a strong right arm around my shoulders.

So I sat in my niche and typed up the forms, and when business was slack, I thought, Well, suppose those cells hadn't divided, but had remained one, and the one had been not George but just me. And then I would have been the only child and the apple of my parents' eye, and my father would probably have beaten me over the head with a geometry text until enough of it sank in to get me into college. He would have spent the eight thousand dollars. And suppose, I said to myself, that I did go to college to major in Finding a Husband. I know that eight thousand dollars is a lot of money, but if a girl plays her cards right, it may be worth the original investment.

Most of the time I'm resigned; it's just once in a while, on a real pretty day, that I look up from the legal jargon and think that if it weren't for George I might be in a canoe with a boy or walking under the elms or even sitting in class looking at the neck of the boy in front of me.

Spring is when I feel this way the most, and this was spring, and a few days after my discussion with my father, which, I told myself, would be absolutely the last time I would ever mention it, I left the office at five and walked home to find my father mowing the lawn.

"Good afternoon, counselor," he greeted me. "We had a letter from George this morning."

"You had a letter last week," I said. "He wrote again so soon? How much does he want?"

"You do your brother an injustice," my father said. "It seems they are having a big social weekend a week from Saturday. The point is that George would like to take you to this shindig."

"George wants to take me to a college dance?" I said. "His twin sister?"

"It's a very nice gesture on George's part," my father said. "He's not the first boy to escort his sister to a dance."

Of course my father is transparent. I could see right through him, but what I saw gave me a lump in my throat. Obviously my father had telephoned George to insist that he invite me. And George had no doubt been in a state of total collapse ever since, praying desperately that I break a leg the day before I was to leave.

There was my father grimly mowing the lawn, and I knew I had to go for his sake. "A college weekend," I said. "How thrilling!"

"You'll need some clothes," my father said, beaming. He took out his wallet and began dealing bills into my hands like playing cards.

"I get a good salary," I protested.

"I couldn't give you four years of college," my father said, "but nobody's going to stop me from giving you a big weekend."

So that was how, on a Friday afternoon at four o'clock, I got off the train. There were other girls on the train, a big group of them, but we hadn't mixed. From their talk, I gathered they were coming over from Stafford in a body and, Stafford being an exclusive girls' college, I kept my nose in a magazine after they got on.

They were all met at the train. And there I was alone on the platform with my suitcases. No George.

I was about to step back on the train and just mysteriously vanish into the frozen north when I saw something move. It was George's head. He was hiding behind one of those wagons they load suitcases on.

He straightened up and shambled over. He peered at me. He scrutinized my face as though he were reading a road map.

"Well, thank God, no pimples," he said.

"I haven't had pimples since I was sixteen," I said. "You had more pimples than I ever had."

"You're shouting," he said. "Keep your voice down, sis. I don't know why, but I expected a hickey on the end of your nose. Come on."

He took two steps and stopped to pick up my big suitcase when I tripped him with it. There was a car in the lot and we got in and started off.

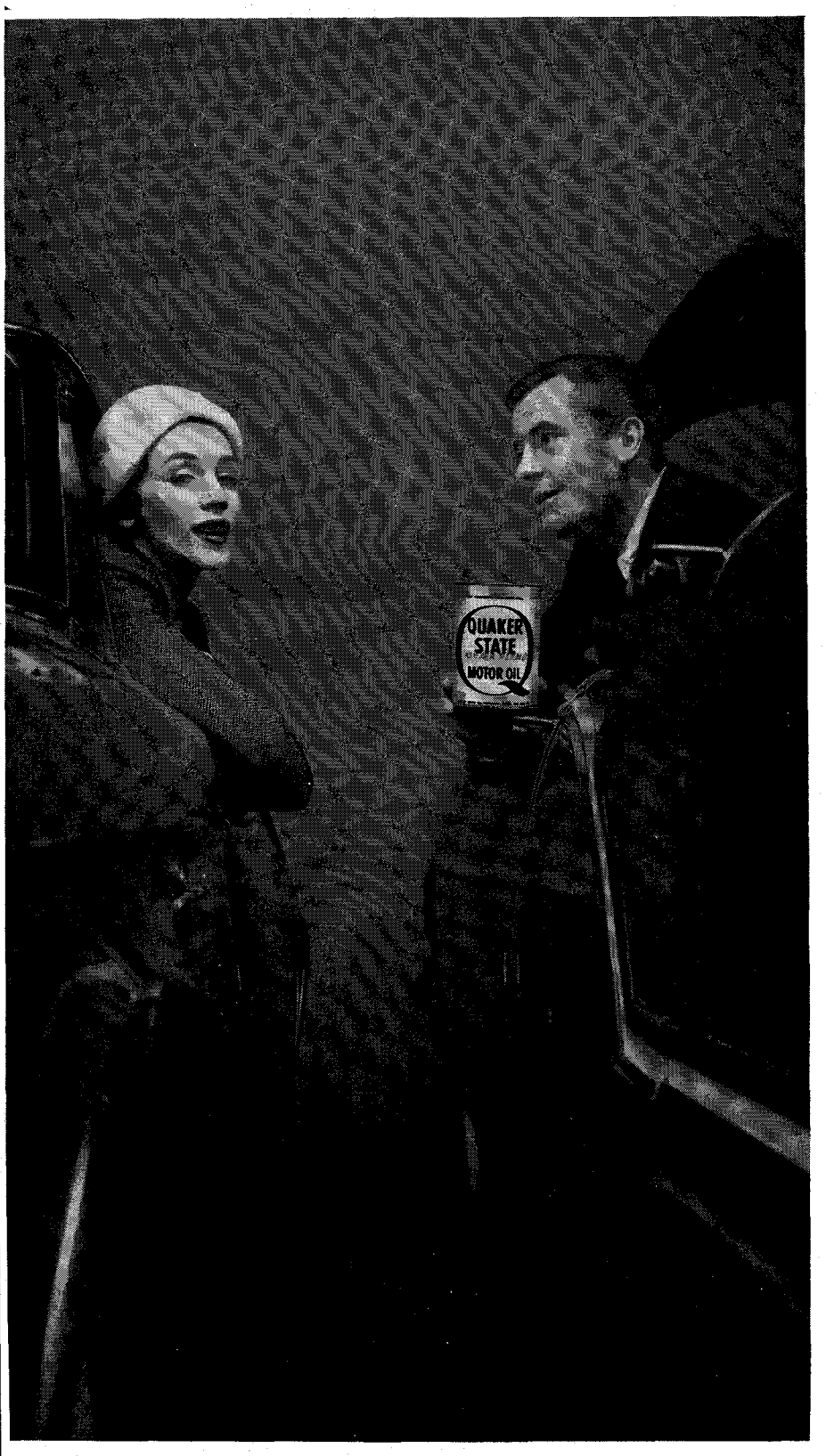
"Somebody lend you this car?" I said.

"Not exactly," George said, getting red. "I bought it. You have no idea how desperately I needed it. I haven't told dad. It's so hard to put these things in a letter. I thought maybe you could break it to him gently."

I can see through my father and I can see through George. Sometimes I think I can see through any man alive.

"Well," I said, "all the way up on the train I was racking my brains trying to figure why you let dad talk you into inviting me, and now I know. You haven't been able to make the second payment on the car, I bet."

"The third payment," George said. "These finance companies are ruthless. I had a job as a fry cook, but I lost it. I



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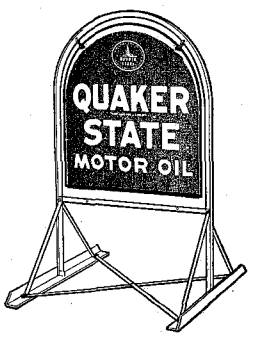

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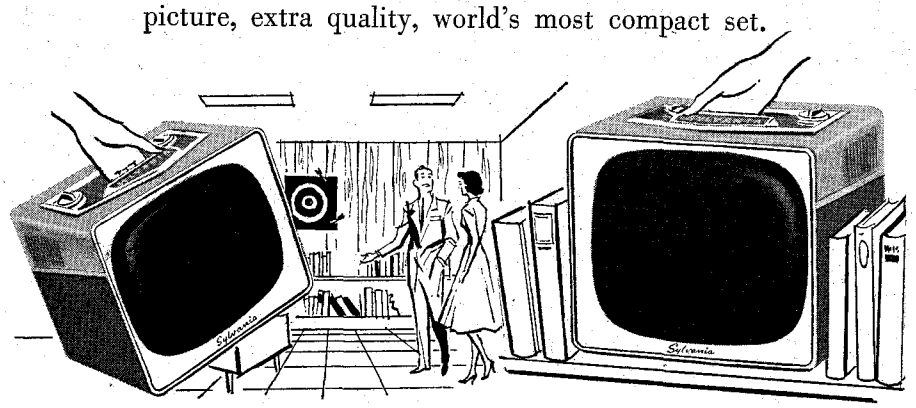

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was thinking maybe you could float me a loan, just send me a check when you get home and don't worry dad about it. I'll pay you back this summer when I get a vacation job."

"The deal is," I said, "I get to borrow the car once in a while when I want to go to the beach."

"Any time," George said. "You're a good kid, sis. Your name is Dugan."

"It is?" I said. "I thought it was Molly Douglas."

"Dugan," he said. "This could ruin my college career. If a boy brings his sister to a deal, it looks like the best he can do. So you're Dugan. I kind of set you up as an old flame. Some of the local talent was kind of miffed and I had to explain you ——"

"So I'm an old flame and burned out, but you were obligated to bring me to something. That explains me to the coeds. Are you in love, George? Are you thinking of marriage?"

The car bucked for a moment before he brought it under control. "Stop trying to frighten me," George said, stopping in the next block. "This was the best place where I could find a room for you on short notice."

George carried my bags up the steps and the landlady opened the door and clicked her false teeth at me.

"We have a dinner dance at the fraternity tonight," George said. "Track meet tomorrow; then a Union dance tomorrow night. I'll pick you up at six."

My room matched my landlady in charm. I sat on the bed and in the distance I could see the campus. I could see the elms and boys and girls walking under them, just the way I'd imagined it, but I wasn't part of it, I didn't belong. I belonged with Price, Lawson, Jessup, Dean and Finch, and I wished I hadn't come.

At six o'clock the doorbell rang and I went downstairs. A boy a half a head shorter than I and wearing glasses piped up, "Miss Dugan?"

"No," I said, "but I'll try and locate ——" I stopped short. "On second thought, yes," I said. "Were you looking for me?"

"Old George got tied up," he said. "He asked me to bring you."

He didn't tell me his name—maybe it was a secret. We went down the walk to George's car, and he tried to start it, without results.

"You've flooded it, sonny," I said finally.

He sat there silently studying the dashboard. Well, I thought, he was probably a whiz at trigonometry.

"Move over," I said, and climbed under the wheel. After balking for a minute or two, the car gave in. "Just point the way," I said, starting down the street, and presently we rolled up to the fraternity house.

He took me inside where crowds of people were milling around. "I'll find old George," he said, and disappeared into the throng, never to be seen again. I shifted my weight from my right to my left foot and back, and people were going in to dinner when George appeared.

"You're late," he said hoarsely, pulling me into the dining room, where we sat down at one of the tables. George mumbled names.

An ice blonde sized me up. "Are you a Stafford import?"

George was staring at his soup, embarrassed at being saddled with an illiterate, and I decided to make it easy for him. "I'm not in college," I said. I looked the ice blonde straight in the eye. "I was educated in Switzerland at private schools."

George gave a squawk and strangled on his soup. A huge, ham-handed waiter standing behind him thumped him on the back.

"Be careful, George," the waiter said. He had a crew-cut, but I decided his hair might be curly if it weren't shorn. His blue eyes went through me, and I decided he knew I was a phony, he could see typewriter-ribbon smudges on my nose despite my evening gown.

"Imported from Switzerland," he said, "giving old George the long-distance championship. . . . You're not worried about the shot-put tomorrow, are you, George?"

George had abandoned the soup as being too perilous. The waiter removed it. He put his thumb in the soup. It was a clean thumb, but he was a dreadful waiter. I was scared to death when he came around with the coffee.

"I'll take half a cup," I said, playing it safe.

That took care of dinner, and afterward George showed me around the downstairs until dancing began.

George danced with me three straight dances, wearing a hopeless, trapped look, and then I headed for the powder room to give him a breather. When I came back, he was entangled with the ice blonde and so close you would have thought they were the twins, and Siamese at that. As I watched them, a voice rumbled a request for a dance.

It was the waiter.

"I hope I dance better than I wait on table," he said. "After four years I'm not a bad waiter, but when I have to serve soup to a pretty girl in an evening dress I go into a state of total collapse."

"You must be a senior, then," I said. Real clever line. Showed him I could add up to four. With George I was as sharp as a Boy Scout ax, but with this big beautiful hunk of college senior I was tongue-tied.

So we danced in silence, my head against his chest. There was something about his chest that gave me an urge to confide in him, and I lifted my head. "I never went to Switzerland," I said. "I went to Grimesville High."

"Switzerland's loss was Grimesville's gain," he said, and I put my head back on his chest, feeling practically like a coed. Suddenly I noticed a change in the atmosphere, the music was fainter, and we were outside on the terrace.

"So you're from the same town as old George," my partner said.

Seeing that I had been born first, I was actually a few minutes older than old George.

"Yes," I said. "I've known George a long time. Virtually since birth."

"Some guys have all the luck," my partner said. I wondered if it would be fair for me to ask him his name; it was a nice thing for him to say and I would treasure it down the lonely years at Price, Lawson, Jessup, Dean and Finch.

"We went to kindergarten together," I said. "In those days I was bigger than he was."

My partner sighed wistfully. "You've been very close all through the years."

The music stopped and so did we. I had my hand on my partner's shoulder and I felt his biceps quiver. I waited for him to crush (*Continued on Page 94*)

Middle age is the period when you look back on your mistakes—and wish you could repeat them.

FRANCES RODMAN

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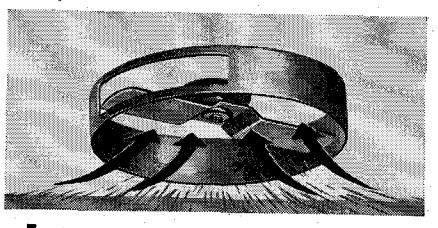

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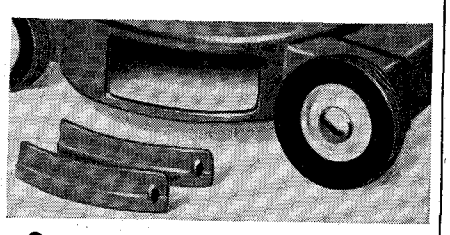

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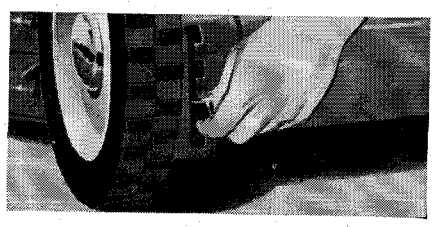

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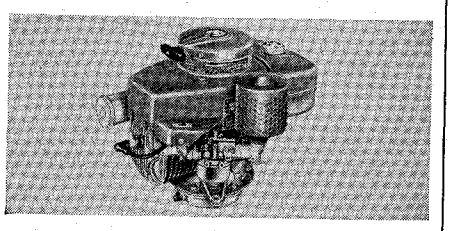

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(*Continued from Page 92*) me to him like a fragile flower and press his lips to mine, in accordance with my ideas of what went on at college after class. Everything went according to the script, but ended with shocking suddenness.

He pulled away from me and looked stricken. "I apologize," he said. "I'm sorry. It will never happen again, I assure you."

"It won't?" I said piteously.

"Never," he assured me. "This kind of thing is not done."

"It's not?" I said. "Only in high school, you mean?" The movies and television had deceived me; I'd believed it went on all the time.

"A Sig Ep does not two-time a fraternity brother," my partner said, and I began to understand. This was one of those male loyalty quirks that make no sense to a woman.

George showed up in our vicinity then like a bad penny and my partner broke the sound barrier getting back to the dance floor.

"George," I said, "go tell that boy I'm your sister or I will. Take your choice. I only have a weekend and time is running out."

"What boy?" George said.

"I don't know his name," I said. "He is the boy who waited on us at table."

"You don't mean Dick Prentice."

It struck him funny. He doubled up with horrid laughter, then finally recovered sufficiently to pat my shoulder in an odious, brotherly way.

"Sis," he said, "you're a good kid and I'm on your side. Don't forget about the car payment you promised me. I sent that freshman down to pick you up just to try and get you fixed up."

"I like boys who have to shave every day," I said, "and listen to me, old George ——"

"Dick Prentice," George said patiently, "is a wheel. He is president of this fraternity and captain of the track team. He's the Number One shot-putter. They're counting on him for five points tomorrow; with me they're just hoping for fourth place. Dick can have any girl he wants." George looked suddenly disconsolate. "Look at him now," he complained. "Now he has Ellen sewed up."

I followed George's hungry gaze. The ice blonde who had been at table with us had her head against my shot-putter's chest. I could learn to hate that girl, I thought bitterly.

"I've made a play for that girl all year," George said. "I've tried everything. She can't see me."

"Well, let's dance," I said. "If we stand here talking, people will think we're related."

I wanted to get close to Dick Prentice, I'm the masochistic type. We circled the floor and glimpsed the ice blonde hidden in Dick's arms.

We brushed them in passing and the blonde murmured, "Avoiding me, George?"

He danced me off the floor. "You heard that?" he said. "You saw it?"

"The subtle type," I said. "She did everything but throw up a roadblock. Tell Dick I'm your sister."

"Never," he said. "I tried everything in the book, and you did it. Importing the old flame from home did the trick. She's jealous of you."

"Sister," I said firmly. "Tell him I'm ——"

"Not on your life," said George. "I will stick closer to you than glue all this weekend. Let's dance."

He hugged me to him, my brother, who in former years had thrown rocks at me all the way home from dancing class.

"This means everything to me," he said. "We'll be with her all weekend and I'll ignore her."

"I'll tell daddy about the car," I said. "I won't send the check."

"That sleuth from the finance company can have it back," George said. "I think I'm in love."

Maybe he really was. Giving up the car almost made it sound like the real thing with George. And he had invited me. Blood was a stronger tie than the silly little dream of romance in my head.

George arranged it so the four of us went downtown for a snack at midnight. He held my hand in the booth, making certain the blonde could see.

At the roominghouse, he left Dick and the blonde in the car and took me up the walk, carefully maneuvering me directly beneath the porch light.

"I have to make this look like the real thing," George said.

"I'll co-operate," I said, but the meanness in me came out, and when he bent over me I bit his earlobe. He leaped a foot.

"That will send her, George," I said.

He returned in the morning, and again he had the blonde and Dick Prentice in tow. We had a campus tour, George mooning over me. The blonde looked haughty and my shot-put champion looked even better by daylight, but was moody and uncommunicative.

They dropped me back at the roominghouse at eleven, and later I found my way to the athletic field. The ice blonde was there ahead of me.

Dick Prentice ambled up. He held the shot in one hand. He talked to the blonde and I was a desperate girl.

"I used to do that," I said. "George used to let me try it. I wasn't bad."

"That accounts for all those muscles," the blonde said.

"Show me how you did it," Dick said.

I guess in high school George had owned an eight-pound shot. This must have been twelve or sixteen. I wasn't expecting it and my arms came right out of their sockets. (*Continued on Page 96*)

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Early Maples

By Harvena Richter

The maples' fire, which
November snow
Put out, is burning softly
now again
With a more luminous yet
fainter glow
That is not quenched at all
by April rain.

Why red should be the
maples' twice-year
choice—
When autumn freezes
silver on the ground
And when the early peeper
tries its voice—
Is curious, and may
perhaps confound

Unless we realize that
trees, like us,
Have state-occasion colors,
somehow knowing
What sets them off to their
advantage. Thus
Maples find red is brave,
both coming and going.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

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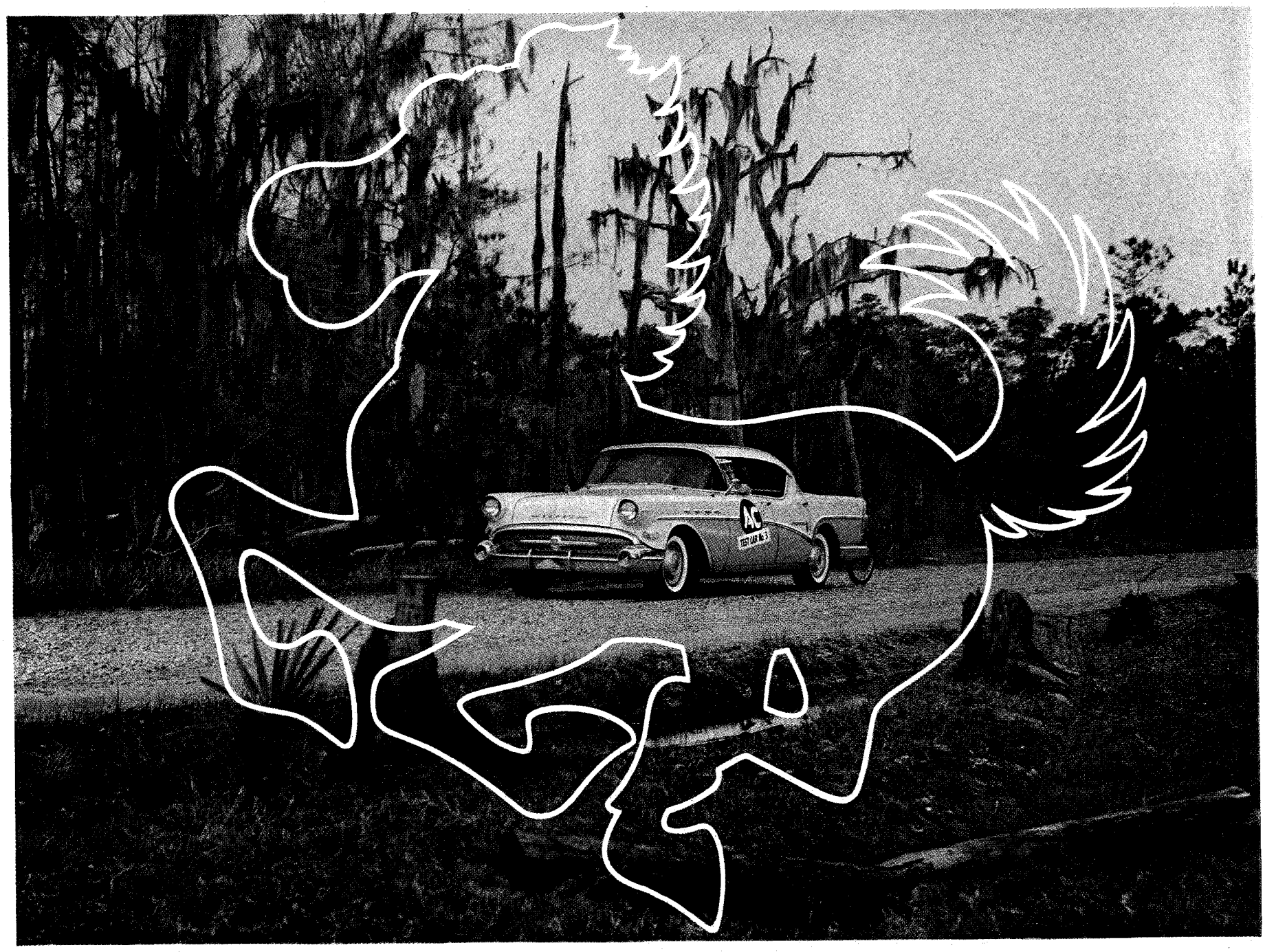

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(*Continued from Page 94*) "Oops!" I cried. "Look out!" and it went through my fingers. There was a dull thud and a roar of pain, and suddenly Dick was sitting on the ground and very white in the face.

We were surrounded. The trainer worked to get Dick's shoe off. The coach knelt beside him, moaning and groaning. "There goes the track meet," he said. "We had to have that first place. How in blazes did it happen?"

"I dropped it," Dick said between clenched teeth, a gentleman to the end.

"Thank you, Dick" I said. "I'll always remember that. . . . I did it," I said to the coach. "I'm terribly sorry."

I looked at him sitting there. I wanted to put my arms around him and cradle his head on my breast. I loved him. I moved forward, and the coach snarled, "Leave him alone, lady! Haven't you done enough to him already?"

"Maybe that's the Swiss way of getting rid of a boy," the blonde said.

I had no comeback and was beating an undignified retreat when George caught up with me.

"I expected trouble," he said dolefully, "but I didn't think even you could blow the whole track meet for us."

"Good-by, old George," I said. "There's an afternoon train leaving in forty minutes and I'm going to be aboard. Let's face it. I'm not the college type."

George tried not to look relieved. "Well," he said, "if it came out now that you're my sister, they'd probably throw me off the track team."

Seven hours later I unlocked the front door. My parents were not at home and I was in bed and pretending to be asleep when my father came into my room.

"What happened, baby?" he said. "George didn't co-operate? Big as he is, I'll take my belt to him ——"

"George was all right," I said. "I met a boy. He was wonderful. I broke his foot."

"For Pete's sake, how?" my father said, and I waved him away. The story was too long and grim.

Sunday was one of those dreadful days. Mother and father went around on tiptoe, looking at each other and sighing, and smiling bravely whenever they caught my eye.

About four o'clock we heard a clumping sound on the porch steps and the door opened, and there stood George, wearing sunglasses. Behind him was Dick Prentice. He leaned on a cane and had a cast on one foot.

My father stared hard at George's sunglasses. "Are you traveling incognito, son?" he asked mildly.

"Dad," said George earnestly, "I've been studying so hard that I strained my eyes."

He introduced Dick, and when he hobbled across the room to shake hands, I was close to tears.

"You can sue me," I said brokenly. "I'll even recommend a good law firm. Price, Lawson ——"

"Why, I'm in clover," Dick said. "I get out of waiting on table the rest of the year. I get service. Old George is going to be a waiter. He needs money for ——"

He broke off as George had a sudden coughing fit.

"But the track meet!" I babbled. "You lost ——"

"We won," Dick said. "Good old George leaped into the breach and took first place in the shot-put."

He thumped George on the back. George staggered and his sunglasses flew off. We all stared at him in fascination. George's right eye was a rainbow, a subject for color photography.

"My stricken child," my mother said, clutching him to her.

Dick's face grew red. "It's my fault," he said. "Last night I slugged him. I was under a misapprehension. I caught him kissing a certain blonde and I felt that he was being disloyal to the finest girl I had ever met. After I knocked him down he explained certain facts to me."

My mother was holding George and glaring at Dick, but a broad grin spread across my father's face.

"You gave him that eye while standing on one foot?" he said. "No leverage at all. Amazing."

"It was a lucky punch," Dick said. "George was nice enough to take it in the right spirit, and drove me down here today so that I could make my apologies to you folks in person."

"Very commendable," my father said, with a twinkle in his eye. He looked at Dick and then at me.

"Mother," he said, "you and I will now take our stricken boy to the kitchen and see if we have a steak big enough to cover his wound."

The three of them departed. Dick limped over to me. "I couldn't believe you were twins," he said. "I'm very fond of old George, but you're so darn unlike him."

I nodded brightly. "I'm a girl," I said.

"I'll be able to dance by the time of the Graduation Ball," he said. "You've got to be my guest that weekend. George is going to drive me down here every weekend until then. I think you're wonderful."

I helped him sit beside me on the davenport. There was nothing at all wrong with the strong right arm that rested possessively around my shoulder.

THE END

YORK Snorkel Air Conditioner

Barely "Peeks" Above The Window Sill To Fill Your Room With Cool, Clean Comfort!

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You'll love this new kind of air conditioner from YORK! Because there's not one single inch of overhang, it conforms to building codes, ends window washing problems—lets you open, close, lock the window!

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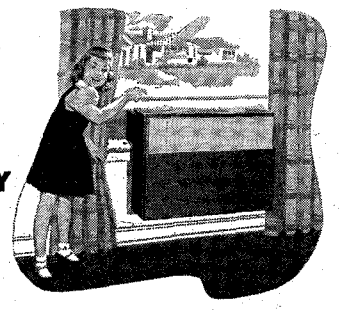

Imagine! A full-size room air conditioner that measures only 12¾″ front-to-back and stands only 9″ high in the window! Daylight is never shut out—your view is never blocked. And there are no external braces or supports. Choice of colors.

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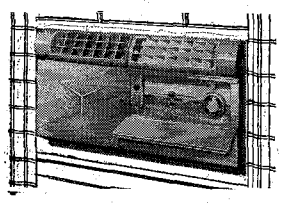

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And So I Got Married . . .

(Continued from Page 35)

wouldn't dream of buying a tie or dressing gown except at Battistoni in Rome. But yesterday I was looking through what one could laughingly describe as my wardrobe, and I found that my favorite tie cost a dollar—twelve months ago—and that really, my ready-made shoes are extremely comfortable. One dressing gown is quite enough—it has to be, for Musty has long since pinched the others.

And before all this I thought I was happy. But all the same I had misgivings from time to time about my solitary life, despite its obvious advantages. I adore children—I really love their company—but the idea of being a father instead of an uncle frightened me because of the responsibilities. I love the country—but the idea of settling my loose cash into a pile of bricks and mortar frightened me too.

Well, now I have got what I asked for—or rather what I was afraid to ask for—and since the world is full of middle-aged bachelors afraid to take the plunge, maybe I can detail some of the problems and some of the magic that were mine in the transition from gay bachelor to polyglot papa.

It isn't easy, an upheaval after the age of forty, for the trouble with adult life and change is not that your feelings alter, but that your emotions get wrecked and torn by material problems, and often there is very little you can do about them unless you make a big effort. And when you are over forty you don't like a change that demands a big effort.

For a start, of course, there was our separation. It isn't much fun for the bride of a newspaperman when he gets his marching orders halfway through lunch and sends her his first telegram when he lands in Timbuktu and doesn't come back to finish his lunch for two months. And in this age of war and strife, it isn't much fun being a young mother while papa is being stabbed by terrorists, as I was in Casablanca, or being shot, as I was by the Russians in Budapest.

Yet if you are a writer you cannot change a way of life that means more to you almost than life itself just because you fall in love, for you would end by hating the person who made you change. So we both had to adjust our personal relationships very quickly; otherwise we would have been half married, half single, and you don't have to be a divorce-court judge to know where that road leads.

But quite apart from that, right at the start of our married life, we decided on one thing: When the first child was on the way, we decided to give apartment life a miss and move to a new country. We chose Switzerland because taxwise it's wonderful, it is clean, property is reasonably cheap, and on the shores of Lake Geneva they speak French.

On our honeymoon we had driven along the lake and stayed a couple of nights at a town called Rolle. It is a town, though it has only 2000 inhabitants, and it lies about midway between Geneva and Lausanne. The lake sits gently in front of the main street, with eternal snows on the mountains that dominate it, and, behind, the vineyards sweep up to the sky line.

So I took a week's vacation and we motored there in my spanking Citroën, the pride of my existence and—like everything bought before my marriage, from phonograph discs to automobiles—bought for me and me alone.

We installed ourselves in the hotel at Rolle, where they remembered our confetti, and on the first morning I said firmly to Titina, "Now, buying property is a very serious business. We've got to be very careful. We'll comb the lakeside and look at every single empty house before deciding anything."

In order to carry out this ambitious program we needed gas for the car, so we stopped at Ulliel's garage in the main street. Madame Ulliel is a nice, homely country woman, and she remembered our confetti too.

"But if you're going to look for houses," she confided, "you really ought to go and look at an empty farmhouse just a quarter of a mile behind the town."

So we went to see it—our first inspection. We were accompanied by Monsieur Peter—that's his surname—a dignified gentleman who is mayor, bank manager, estate agent and just about everything else in Rolle.

"Now remember," I whispered to Titina as we drove up, "this is just the beginning, so don't lose your head."

It was at the end of a country lane, with a high hedge, a dozen fruit trees, a fair slice of land and, in front of the kitchen and barn doors, a fountain that spilled mountain water into a trough where once the horses had drunk. The house itself was long and low and of stone.

"Amusing," I said nonchalantly to Monsieur Peter. Then I felt a small Italian hand creep into mine as I looked out at the snow-clad mountains. And there was Titina, and in her two big dark eyes were the beginnings of two tears.

We bought it before lunch. It had no water laid on, no drains, no heating, no lighting. But it was lovely. Monsieur Peter drew up the deeds in the bank and then introduced us to a quaint old Swiss banking custom that I strongly urge other countries to adopt. The signing over, he unlocked with some ceremony a stout door at the rear of his office, through which we walked into a real, old wine cellar, gravel on the floor, hundreds of bottles (full) lining the walls, an old table, chairs and glasses. We uncorked a bottle of good Swiss wine and toasted our new home. With the possibility of discussing future overdrafts in such convivial surroundings, I opened an account with Monsieur Peter on the spot.

It took three months or more to lick the farm into some sort of shape and I was away all the time, so poor Titina had to look after the work. Before I left I rented a temporary bungalow for the family and then I went off to foreign parts.

To assess the changed character of polyglot papa, it is important to note that this bungalow was a few miles from the farm, and though Mamie looked after Bengy, Titina had to visit the farm each day to superintend the work. As she had an Italian driving license, it was only natural that I left her my automobile, the Citroën. It shows the depth of my love that she was the first woman who ever drove it.

Alas, I did not know then the ways of Italy, nor that in that heavenly country, people with a bit of pull roar with laughter at the idea of such silly things as taking driving tests. If you know somebody, you get a license, and *then* you have a shot at driving. When I left Geneva airport and I showed Titina the gear positions, I thought she looked a trifle startled, but I put it down to wifely sorrow at our parting.

Ah! That was a car, that Citroën. I loved her dearly. I returned three months later, and somehow—we shall never know how, for these things are veiled in mystery—Titina had managed not only to dent every fender but even to knock numbers off the license plates.

It was not love, but self-defense that made me visit the gallant Monsieur Peter and, over a bottle of wine, ask for a quick $500 to buy the poor girl a second-hand auto. I didn't want her to suffer from an eternal guilt complex.

It was during this trip that I first tasted the joys of correspondence with my polyglot family. Mamie's letters I just couldn't understand. Emanuela wrote me in Italian, so I had to buy a dictionary. Musty wrote in French. Titina though, as a surprise, wrote me every single day in English.

But Titina is as impatient as she is pretty and, though she actually speaks very good English, if she does not have the correct word at hand, she makes one up. She says it is quicker than looking up the word in a dictionary, a point of view that had not hitherto occurred to me. And furthermore, until our marriage she had spoken but never written our tongue. Thus I became involved in an exchange of correspondence resulting almost in the birth of a new language.

When I was in cold climates, a letter implored me, "Please, darling, be careful not to catch an ammonia." When I forgot to reply to specific questions about the house, I was reproved gently, "You must please reed my letters more attentiously." Then Bengy had such a bad cold that "he has a very sore fro and can hardly brief." But at least during these difficult times my letters to Titina arrived regularly "and you will never know how eech letter is a frill."

Life was difficult, but like a good Italian—and what good wives they do make—Titina kept the cost down, telling me so with, "I can promise you, deer, I will never be spendencious." There was a minor crisis when Mamie hurt her hand. "She put it in mistake into scaldacious water, but despite our disordinate life, we are happy."

Finally I arrived home at Geneva airport—yes, "home"—and I looked in blank dismay at the tattered remains of my fastest girl friend, the Citroën.

"Now, dammit ——" I began.

"Yes, darling," said Titina nervously, "I do listen. I suspend your lips." Which is why there was never a row about the Citroën. Oh, what the heck's one automobile, anyway?

That was my first return to my polyglot family, by now installed in "Three Circles Farm." It had been a hard trip, more than 30,000 miles and a lot of work, but now I had a home and I looked forward to peace and quiet after those grueling three months away. At last I had a well-ordered household, and I imagined the quiet evenings with a little good music,

NEXT WEEK

IN COLOR:

ON THE LOOSE IN MOSCOW

By David Douglas Duncan

The Most Remarkable Photographs Ever Taken by an American in Russia

GENTLEMAN JOE CLARK

Democratic Senator From Pennsylvania

Beginning—The Story That Shocked the Editors:

NO BLADE OF GRASS

A Novel by John Christopher

ROBERT YOUNG: TV'S PERFECT PAPA

Private Life of the Father Who Knows Best

HOW MEDICAL HYPNOSIS WORKS

Many Doctors Now Use This Controversial Technique

BOXING'S PIOUS BATTLER

Middleweight Champion Gene Fullmer

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some of the latest books, a pretty wife, no worries.

Ah, sweet dreams! I lost ten pounds—and ten years—on that first trip home. Emanuela had fallen in love. Not very seriously perhaps, but the boy had a jeep. I suppose that was the reason. Well, that had to be sorted out, and explanations made that she really was far too beautiful for a jeep, and she had better wait a bit anyway. I sorted that one out in Italian.

Grete, our nurse, was pining for Denmark, or at least for Danish food, and I don't blame her for that. She was even thinking of leaving us. I sorted that one out in Danish—by telephoning to Copenhagen and having a Danish *smörgåsbord* air-freighted out to Geneva for us. That kept Grete quiet for a while.

Then there was Musty. Though he had persuaded me to take up tennis again and we played together, it wasn't easy making friends with a stepson of sixteen, especially one with Italian blood in his veins.

The Italians are violently jealous and suspicious, and he hated the idea that his mamma, single and close to him for ten years, now loved somebody else. And naturally, with our "disordinate" life, I demanded that Titina and I spend quite a lot of time alone and slip into Geneva or Lausanne for quiet dinners when we felt like it.

So Musty sulked. He missed Paris. He refused to make friends with the nice families around. He hated the country. He certainly hated me. He hated life.

Then one day I could stand his long face no longer and, in a sudden burst of quite unpardonable rage, I slapped him so hard at the dining table that I nearly knocked him off his chair. For ten years no man had hit him. Good boy—he held back the tears as, in a scarlet-faced fury, he left the room.

A couple of hours later he came and apologized, and so did I. That was the moment I ceased to be a stepfather and became a real father. The next time I had to visit Paris on business, "we men" left the women behind, and Musty and I drove there alone, and I took him for his first dinner at Maxim's. Our friendship has never wavered since.

A stepson was a problem, but my mother-in-law presented none. From now on, I am a devoted enthusiast of mothers-in-law—Rumanian brand. I was frightened at first. The old music-hall joke about the mother-in-law dies hard, and as I settled down to life with a wife younger than myself, I wanted to be surrounded by the young. But I needn't have worried. Perhaps Rumanian mothers-in-law have codes of their own, for Mamie's attitude is simple: If you don't want to be an old lady spending your remaining years in a lonely bed-sitting room, then treasure your chance by keeping out of the way.

In the eighteen months since we settled here in this farmhouse, I have had dinner with Mamie only once and lunched with her at the table twice. No amount of cajoling—even if actuated by a feeling of guilt rather than sincerity—can make her join us. Every time I arrive back from a trip abroad, she vanishes. She eats in the old spacious kitchen or on a tray in her room. If she is playing with Bengy in the field and I walk toward them, she fades away. If I ask her to come to the local cinema, she pretends to be tired, even though I know she loves the cinema. We all love her, and I think she loves me and her life with us. But I don't see her more than a couple of minutes a day.

Having a polyglot family has one great advantage—we get a polyglot cuisine. Else, our German-Swiss factotum, is hot on wiener schnitzel, and also roast pork with red cabbage. Titina looks after the spaghetti and *pasta* department. Mamie takes an occasional turn at the stove to produce a ripsnorting goulash that fairly reeks of the Balkans, while Nurse—usually on a Sunday—cooks us a Danish lunch.

So we don't only speak, we eat in different languages, and the only language and food that is missing is English. Early I set about remedying the lack of English food. It's one thing to be fairly fluent with spaghetti, but now and again the lone Englishman who occasionally visits his farm pines for the substantial fare that actually does exist in Britain, though Americans will never believe it.

I have not yet succeeded in having a steak and oyster pudding, for even simple English dishes presented enormous problems, but I am trying. It is, however, a costly business.

My first request, before the advent of our maid and nurse, was very simple. It was the case of the boiled onions. Now I happen to like boiled onions. It is rude country fare, but an excellent way of starting a meal and, as I explained, quite simple to make: A big plate of onions, well boiled, and covered with a cheese sauce.

I arrived home that night as hungry as a hunter to find the most depressing spectacle of our early marriage. I had omitted to mention that the dish should be served hot, and on the table stood a score of sad, wilted, shrunken onions, covered with a gluey substance like wallpaper paste.

It was a grave moment, calling for instant action. Just as when a flier crashes he must immediately take to the air again, so a cook who falters must return to her stove before she loses her nerve. Together we put a fresh serving of onions in the pan to boil. But for how long? And what about that cheese sauce? How to make it the way my mother used to make it?

Well, I hand it to Titina, they were wonderful. The dish came out rather expensive, but you can't blame a girl for taking no chances when cooking in a foreign language. To make sure all went well, Titina telephoned my sister-in-law, 500 miles away in London and, at a cost not to be despised, the two ladies kept up a running cookery lesson until the onions were done to a turn.

Of course, the moral to all this story is simple. Get married and be happy, and if you can form your own private United Nations, you will be happier than you ever imagined it possible to be.

I must warn you that if you are set in your ways and you like every book to be in its place as I do, and you would never dare to play a phonograph disc without first wiping it with one of those patent cloths, you will find your books vanish unaccountably, and the record cloth has been used to clean the silver, and you will be driven crazy.

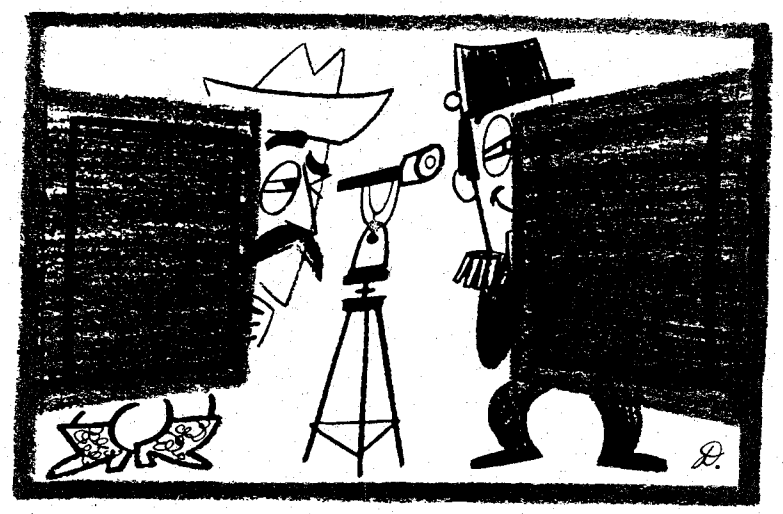
And you have no idea what a damned nuisance four children can be when you acquire them all in two years. The teenagers, whom I never watched growing, but who came to me ready-made, are at times insufferable. I am sure Emanuela still pines for that fellow with the jeep. It wasn't even a new jeep. And I know Musty is aching to return to Paris. Bengy is impossible. How can you write a book when some wretched brat screams all day long for his papa and won't be quiet until you go to talk to him. And as for Simonetta—why, it's just absurd. I still can't understand how a baby can cry that much and still live.

And the money that goes! Fancy having a nurse who speaks only Danish, a maid who can talk only German! Why, it's ridiculous! And Mamie, there she is, a good sort, of course, but who wants the children to be brought up swearing in Korean?

No, I never knew just how tough life could be as a polyglot papa. And then suddenly everything clicked. I shall remember the moment forever.

I came back from the Belgian Congo, landing at six A.M. at Geneva airport, after a day and a night in the air. I joined the crocodile of people filing toward the immigration authorities and I thought, half asleep, *Well, here it goes again, the worst part of my job, landing lonely with the dawn.* I would get me a taxi and drive the half hour to the farm, but how I hate those lonely landings.

I walked through the customs shed, cleared my tattered old suitcase—and there they were, the whole darned family, screaming and yelling. They had all come down to meet me. Bengy actually recognized me—yes, dammit, he did—and banged everything within reach, including a Swiss policeman, as he cried "Allo, papa!" Emanuela and Titina fought to plant kisses on my cheeks, and Titina whispered, "*Mio adorato.*" Musty, too grown up (*Continued on Page 100*)



Look at the State They're In!

Except for the worries of a railroad and a political faction, the United States today might take in all of Lower California and the northwest corner of Mexico proper.

Having bought one huge hunk of land from Mexico for a dirt-cheap $15,000,000 after defeating her in 1846–48, the up-and-coming United States wanted still more Mexican territory to open its routes to the Pacific Coast. So James Gadsden, a prominent South Carolina planter who was then Minister to Mexico, was told to offer $20,000,000 for a triangle of land taking in Northwest Mexico all the way down to the port of Guaymas, on the Gulf of California, plus all of Lower California.

Mexico, though nearly prostrate, refused. Suddenly she received unexpected support from within the United States. Powerful railroad interests backing a transcontinental line along the northern route from Chicago to San Francisco wanted no deal by which a shorter line could reach the sea at Guaymas. Antislavery politicians objected that the transaction would add a huge expanse to the slavery area of the South. The combination of railroad and antislavery interests prevailed upon Congress to whack the proposition down to $15,000,000 for the Gila River watershed, a smaller triangle between the Gila, Rio Grande and Colorado rivers.

The Mexican Government was then headed by Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna, the general who had seized the Alamo years earlier. Santa Anna, often pro-American, played coy and hard to get. Gadsden slashed the offer from $15,000,000 to a meager $10,000,000 on a take-it-or-leave-it basis, and sat back. Santa Anna grabbed. Angry Mexicans subsequently ran him out of the country as a traitor. The successful Gadsden scarcely fared better. Bitter critics in the United States termed the 45,535 sandy, arid square miles that he bought "our national cactus garden" and "rattlesnake heaven."

In surveying the new boundary northwest from Nogales to the Colorado River fifteen miles south of Yuma, United States and Mexican commissioners got into a dispute. They are said to have adjourned to a Yuma saloon for repeated rounds of friendly drinks, after which they sighted their transit through the swinging barroom doors at a point across the river and called the job done. Whatever the truth, there is a distinct jog in the boundary at that point.

"Rattlesnake heaven," now the lower part of New Mexico and Arizona, has paid for itself many times over through mineral wealth, such as the great copper deposits at Ajo. Meanwhile American tourists can "go native" at colorful Mexican resorts like Tijuana, Agua Caliente and Mexicali, all of which would have been in the sober-sided United States under the original deal.

Clarence M. Conkling

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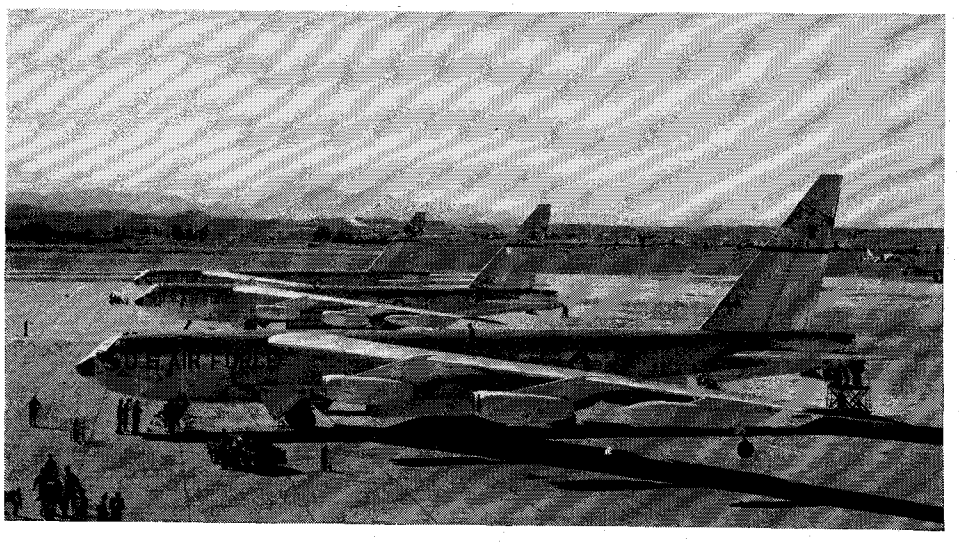
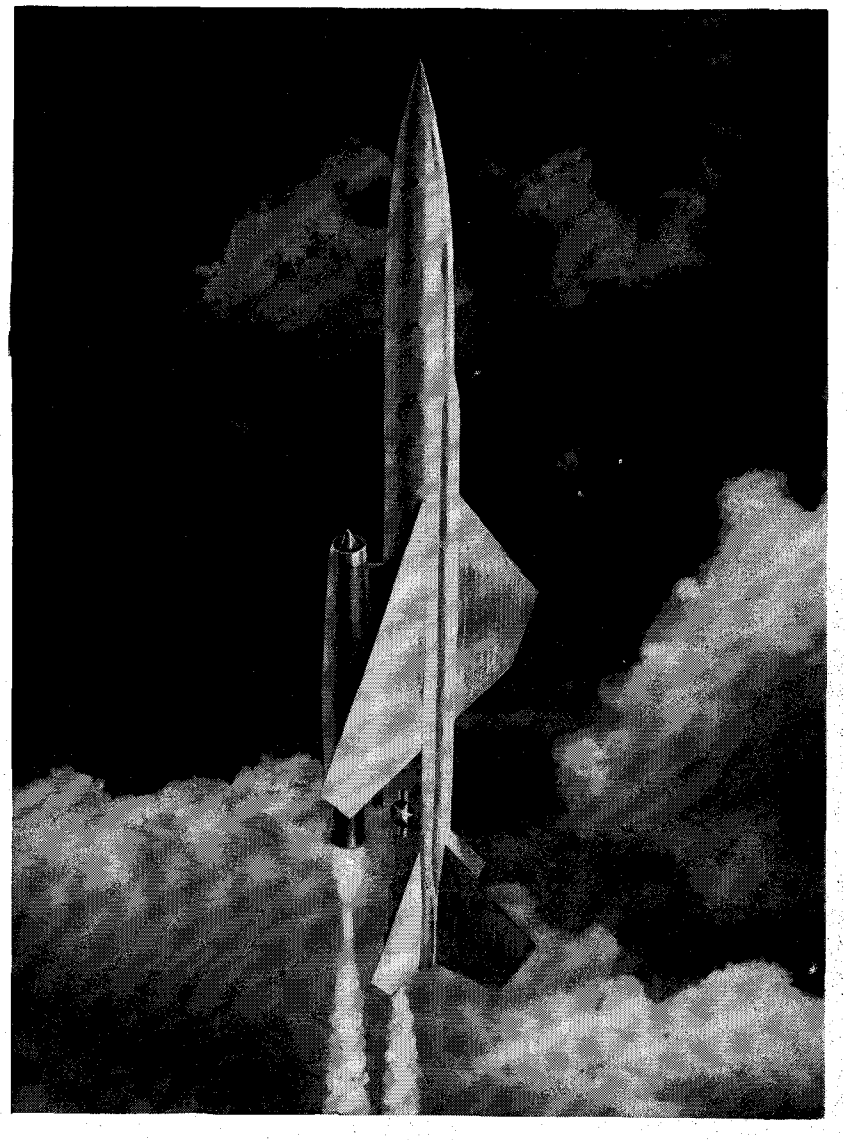
IT'S A SMALLER WORLD. Air Force crews made aviation history when they flew three Boeing B-52 jet bombers around the world, nonstop, in 45 hours, 19 minutes. The B-52's were refueled aloft from Boeing KC-97 tankers. Previous 'round-the-world record was set in 1949, by the famous B-50 "Lucky Lady"—another Boeing.



AFTER THE LANDING, the Air Force flight commander commented: "With a plane like the B-52 and the fine crews we have, the flight was strictly routine." These three Boeing B-52's are the first jets ever to circle the earth nonstop.

AMERICA'S ONLY JETLINER, the Boeing 707, is backed by the same unequalled jet experience that produced the history-making B-52. Pictured at Los Angeles airport, the 707 is helping officials set standards for commercial jet flight in U. S.



BOMARC. Boeing is conducting successful firing tests of supersonic defense missiles. In addition to the BOMARC missile, Boeing is developing an entire weapon system, including launching means, bases, communications and electronic guidance.

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(*Continued from Page 98*) for this sort of nonsense, asked with the gravest urgency—in French, of course—if I would be free to play tennis today. And we all drove back home singing in the car.

The flowers were out, the apples were ripening. Mamie made a rare appearance to welcome me in Rumanian—or was it Korean? Nurse said, "*Gut dag, Herr Barber.*"

I went to my room to change and take a bath. A pile of bills was waiting to be paid, but what the hell, it's only money. All over the house a babel of tongues was working overtime, all planning life for polyglot papa.

I was home, that's all there is to it—I was home. And I wouldn't give up my polyglot family for all the lonely freedom the world could give me, not for anything.

I Say Milwaukee Will Win the Pennant (Continued from Page 36)

gathered below at the terminal building. It was eleven P.M., so we were pretty sure that those people must be waiting for the Braves. We were curious and nervous. We weren't sure but what they'd gathered to throw stones at us.

When we started down the ramp from the plane, the crowd cheered us just as if it were a victory celebration. There must have been 15,000 to 20,000 men, women and children, including some parents with babies in their arms. Some of the people were crying. Many of them patted us on the back and told us not to worry, that we'd get them next year.

Some of the players stopped to chat with the fans. Most of the boys didn't feel like talking. The Chamber of Commerce had arranged buses for the team to ride into town, but only five of us got aboard. I don't remember who the others were; I was too busy feeling sorry for myself, and promising myself that we would win it for those fans the next year.

An experience like that can either kill you or inspire you. Here was a mob of fans just as disappointed as we were, and they had shown up to tell us we were forgiven. I appreciated their wonderful loyalty, but still it made me become irritated with myself. It made me feel that we should have done more.

The feeling we carried away from that night stayed with us all winter. I think this is the inspiration that will drive us to the pennant this season. I don't believe there was a player who reported to training this spring at Bradenton, Florida, who wasn't determined to win a pennant for those Milwaukee fans.

They've stuck by us since we moved there from Boston in 1953. Three times we've finished second and one time third, but we've never given them the thrill of a pennant. On the other hand, they've given us the biggest and most worshipful following in the majors. We were in Milwaukee over three years before we heard our first boo. Where else do you find fans like that?

In the National League race this year, Brooklyn is still the team to beat. But the Dodgers will not be the same superior ball club they have been since 1947. When Jackie Robinson quit, they lost a real spark plug. They'll have lost another if Pee Wee Reese can't play every day. And there are question marks. Maybe Roy Campanella will come back and maybe he won't. How can you count on Don Newcombe to win twenty-seven games again, or Sal Maglie to win, say, fifteen?

A pitcher who might pick up some of the slack is Clem Labine, the most underrated player on the club last year. The Dodgers also have a lot of promising new players around, and Gil Hodges, Carl Furillo and Duke Snider seem ageless. But the years are catching up with the Dodgers. Their domineering days are over.

Cincinnati was a powerhouse last season. The Redlegs hit 221 home runs to tie the all-time major-league record. Johnny Temple and Roy McMillan were the best double-play combination in the majors. Even their pitching, notoriously vulnerable for several seasons, was improved.

But a lot of those Cincinnati players had as good a season last year as they'll ever have. Although manager Birdie Tebbetts did a great job of building up their confidence, I don't know how long that college psychology course he took can hold out. And I doubt that he can come up with another find like Frank Robinson, who was the league's rookie of the year in 1956.

Thinking of Cincinnati's deal with the Chicago Cubs for Warren Hacker, you'd say their pitching should be better. But will it? Can Brooks Lawrence win nineteen again, and can the Redlegs get the same kind of relief work out of Hershell Freeman, who won fourteen games? And on the physical side, will Ted Kluszewski be able to play regularly?

As for the St. Louis Cardinals, we can't brush them off, either, for they were the team that knocked us out of it down the stretch last year. They will be improved this season, but they still have to be considered outsiders.

They may have trouble in the outfield. Del Ennis will have a tougher park to hit in than he did in Philadelphia. Center field could be a problem, although one of the candidates, Bobby Del Greco, is a fielding genius. I say this with a bleeding heart. When I lost a fatal 2–1 decision to the Cards in twelve innings the next-to-last day of the 1956 season, Del Greco beat me with two fantastic catches, off Ed Mathews and Jack Dittmer. But he has yet to prove that he can do a hitting job over the course of a season.

All this is a negative approach, of course. On the positive side are the Braves themselves, not a great ball club, but more talented than the last Braves team to win a pennant—the Boston Braves of 1948. The only remaining traces of that rather odd collection of ballplayers are Connie Ryan, now one of our coaches; Bob Keely, the bullpen catcher, and myself.

The Braves of today are an entirely different type of club. The 1948 Braves were an old, experienced team that nobody picked to win. In some respects it was a makeshift team. Manager Billy Southworth made a lot of fading veterans—I use that term with some reservations—fill some vital gaps. He shifted an awful lot to meet emergencies. The way the Yankees have been winning in recent seasons, people seem to have forgotten that somebody used the platoon system before Casey Stengel. That was the secret of the 1948 Braves.

Southworth played checkers with his men. Only Al Dark at shortstop, Bob Elliott at third and Tommy Holmes in the outfield played full time. The rest alternated according to the pitching. One day Danny Litwhiler hit a home run in the first inning, then was lifted for a pinch hitter because a righthanded pitcher came in.

That was the year of the little rhyme, "Spahn, Sain and pray for rain." This was an injustice to many other players who were important to the club's success, but I'd go along with the Sain angle under any circumstances. Johnny Sain won twenty-four games, and that season he was the greatest pitcher I've ever seen. I won only fifteen—the third lowest total of my career in the majors.

Nelson Potter and Bobby Hogue did great relief jobs. Bobby won six games that I started, and saved a number of other games that he didn't get credit for. Bill Voiselle and Vern Bickford took starting turns, and contributed much to our pennant drive. Earl Torgeson had a fine season, alternating at first base with Frank McCormick. Bob Elliott was the most valuable player in the league—he and Jeff Heath furnished our power. When Heath broke his leg late in September, we came up with Marvin Rickert as his replacement. Rickert brought off the greatest catch I ever had made behind me, in the World Series game I won in Cleveland—a diving catch of a low line drive.

There was a fabulous spirit about that team. It wasn't like a fraternity off the field, but on the field the players fought like cats and dogs to win. In the ninth inning against Chicago one day, when we were two runs behind, Elliott hit a homer with the bases empty. He came back to the dugout cussing because there had been nobody on base to tie it up. Frank McCormick, the next batter, hit one a little higher up in the stands. The game was tied, and we won in extra innings.

That's the way things went all season long. The great team spirit carried us all the way. Now, for the first time since the Braves have been in Milwaukee, we'll have that kind of spirit this year. To any fans who may have their doubts, we're prepared to prove that the Braves have guts.

As far as personnel goes, we have practically the same ball club. It's a team that missed by just one game last season, and it doesn't offer much immediate future for rookies, although there'll at least be a new face or so in reserve. However, we have definite assets that we didn't have a year ago. This has been a ball club that started slowly in the spring. With our new incentive, I think the Braves will make a better getaway.

For another thing, we don't have that uncertain managerial situation that existed last year. Charley Grimm was on edge last spring because he knew his job was in the balance, and his own insecurity was felt down through the ranks. The ball players loved Charley. He was a jolly, hearty fellow who thrived on the friendship of his players, and who depended on them to give him everything they had without force or urging.

Just before the managerial change last June, somebody asked Charley why he didn't get tough with the Braves. "That's not my nature," he said. "Some people are born to be tough. I wasn't, and it's too late for me to change."

When he was succeeded by Fred Haney, there was no sudden crackdown, however. Haney began a gradual indoctrination of his ideas and his methods. He held more clubhouse meetings and we had more discussions of strategy and play as a team. Haney took complete command on the field. That is to say, no player stole on his own or swung on his own. The orders came from the dugout. But there was

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nothing in the way of new curfew rules and threats of fines and that sort of thing. Haney wore his iron fist in a velvet glove.

I've been closer to Fred Haney than to any other manager I ever played for. He's a little fellow who has succeeded by playing inside baseball. As soon as he took charge of the Braves, we went on an eleven-game winning streak. I don't know how to explain it, except that everything fell into place at the same time. Haney had us taking chances we never took before, and everything we did was right.

Against the Cubs one day we were a run behind with a man on base, one out and Joe Adcock at bat. The count reached three balls and no strikes, a situation in which the batter normally takes the pitch, looking for a base on balls. But Haney let Adcock swing, and Joe hit the ball out of the park for two runs. So we won the game because Haney had violated custom and tradition.

I asked him later why he'd done it.

"I just had a hunch," Haney said. "Adcock had been going good lately, and the next batter"—I've forgotten now who it was—"doesn't hit this pitcher so good. So I let Adcock go for the fence."

It was that kind of wide-open baseball that moved us into the lead. Then, when the situation got right, we played conservative baseball. Haney figured that with our pitching staff, we could win on four or five runs. If we got a lead we played it closer to the belt. Johnny Logan bunted a lot. Billy Bruton made fewer base-stealing attempts. And it all worked—until we hit the stretch. Then, when we should have been driving, we didn't have anything left. It was like pushing the accelerator of your car down to the floor board and getting no response.

Why didn't the Braves win the pennant? Let me assure you that Jackie Robinson didn't have the answer. In a banquet appearance in Chicago last winter, Robinson implied that the Braves' night life had caught up with them. Some acquaintances had told him that they'd seen some of our players out late carousing in Pittsburgh when the race ran hot.

I think that Robinson has a personal grudge against Milwaukee, stemming from a bat-throwing incident of two years ago that landed him in court. He knows as well as I do that there's no ball club in the majors that doesn't have its "night riders," including Brooklyn. He also knows that excessive night life didn't cost the Braves the pennant. He knows it so well that the day after he made the statement, he called a Milwaukee sports writer, Lou Chapman, of the Sentinel, and asked his help in smoothing the situation over.

The Braves were a team of extremes last season. On offense, it was either a feast or a famine. It sometimes seemed that either we'd get fifteen runs or we'd get none. The main difference between the Dodgers and us was that they got the big run when they needed it.

Our luck was either great or terrible. During that hot streak after Fred Haney took over as manager, Wes Covington, a reserve outfielder and pinch hitter, came up with a man on base in a late inning in Chicago. He had a three-ball, no-strike count, and Haney gave him the customary take sign, but Covington missed it. He hit the next pitch out of the park and won us the ball game.

In the clubhouse afterward we kidded the dickens out of Haney. "Smartest manager in baseball," we said. Everything was light and funny then. But it all turned sour in September.

I mentioned earlier our 2–1 defeat in St. Louis the night before the season ended. That was the backbreaker, for we had to win to stay even with the Dodgers, who had swept a doubleheader that afternoon in Pittsburgh. We simply couldn't muster up an offense that night. The game went into the twelfth inning tied, 1–1, with Herman Wehmeier pitching against me.

When the end came, it happened so suddenly we were all stunned. Stan Musial doubled in the twelfth with one man out. We walked Ken Boyer in the hope of setting up a double play. Then Rip Repulski hit a grounder, and the first thought that flashed through my mind was that the strategy had worked. But when I looked around, the ball was out in left field and Musial was scoring the winning run. The ball had been pretty well tagged—it bounced off Ed Mathews' knee for a two-base hit. The point is, we came that close and missed. No matter what we did the next day, we were out of it if Brooklyn won—and Brooklyn did win.

Season after season, the baseball analysts have been saying that the Braves lacked experience. "A good, solid team," they'd say, "but short on experience." They can't say that any longer. From late June until the end we were in a terrific fight with Brooklyn and Cincinnati for the lead. On July thirteenth we moved in front and stayed there until the middle of September. For nearly three months, every game we played was a big game. We had our feet to the fire all the way.

I said before that we blew it. Well, it's possible for a team just to get tired, weary and footsore. That's the way it was with us, I think.

The management has never shown any signs of bitterness over our second-place finish. Owner Lou Perini came into the clubhouse in St. Louis after that 2–1 shot through the heart, and consoled both Mathews and me. General manager John Quinn did say that we should have been five games out in front and never in any last-ditch fight at the wire, and I think all the Braves agreed.

Some writers charged that we weren't serious enough—that we did too much horsing around in the clubhouse, and things like that. I was as guilty as anybody, if there is any guilt involved. For instance, Wes Covington came in one day wearing a fancy new straw hat. My roomie, Lew Burdette, and I told him we were going to kidnap the hat and burn it at home plate. For a long time we played cat and mouse with Covington's straw. He'd check it with the clubhouse man or hide it in a trunk to keep it from us, but one day in Brooklyn, Lew and I got our hands on it. As we'd promised, we burned it at home plate in Ebbets Field.

The New York writers gave us a roasting. They wrote that the Braves were too busy clowning around to get serious about a pennant.

It sounds pretty juvenile, I guess—grown men cutting up like college kids. But you can't be grim all the way through a 154-game schedule. There's got to be a free spirit in the clubhouse or every nerve in your body will get as tight as a banjo string.

Of course it is possible to have too much circus stuff on your ball club. I came up first with the Braves in 1942, when a fellow named Casey Stengel was the manager. Casey seemed to spend more time planning his next practical joke than he did planning his strategy. However, we were battling for seventh place, so I guess poor old Casey was only trying to get his mind off his grief.

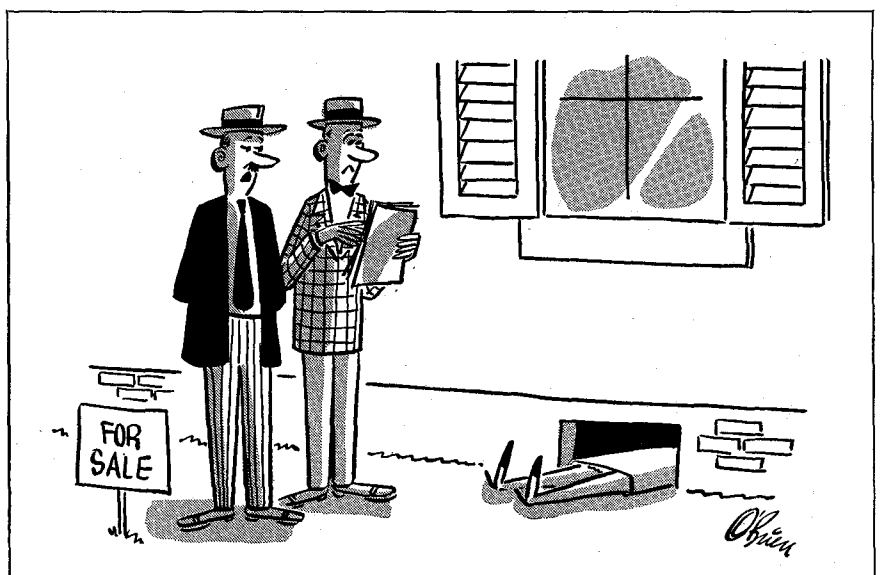
But when Casey got serious, he was serious. He showed me that my first year up. I was pitching against the Dodgers, who had been stealing our signs all spring. Casey thought he could discourage this thievery by switching signals. In other words, the usual sign for a fast ball would mean a curve, and vice versa.

Pee Wee Reese was at bat with a runner on second who could see our catcher's signals. Casey called for a brush-back pitch. Since the baserunner would see what had been our sign for a curve, this figured to convince the Dodgers that they were no longer reading our signs correctly.

I threw three straight inside fast balls that never fazed Reese. He leaned back and took them for balls, and Casey came storming out to the mound. He lifted me because I hadn't decked Reese, then stopped me in the dugout and told me to pick up my railroad ticket for Hartford. The next day I was back in the minor leagues.

It was four years before I finally got back to the Braves to stay. After winning seventeen games at Hartford that season, I spent three years in the service. When I did reach Boston again I found steady work. While the management found reason to leave the city to the Red Sox, I still feel quite warmly toward the fans and the sports writers there.

There was considerable speculation about how I personally would take the switch from Boston to Milwaukee. The day the Braves opened the season in Milwaukee, you see, Warren Spahn's Diner, a place in which I had a heavy interest, opened near Braves Field in Boston. I'm happy to report that the diner is still thriving. I may be an exception, but I'd like to go on record here as saying that the controversial Boston sports writers never gave me anything but a fair shake. With the fans, my only complaint is that not enough of them came out to the ball park to see us play.



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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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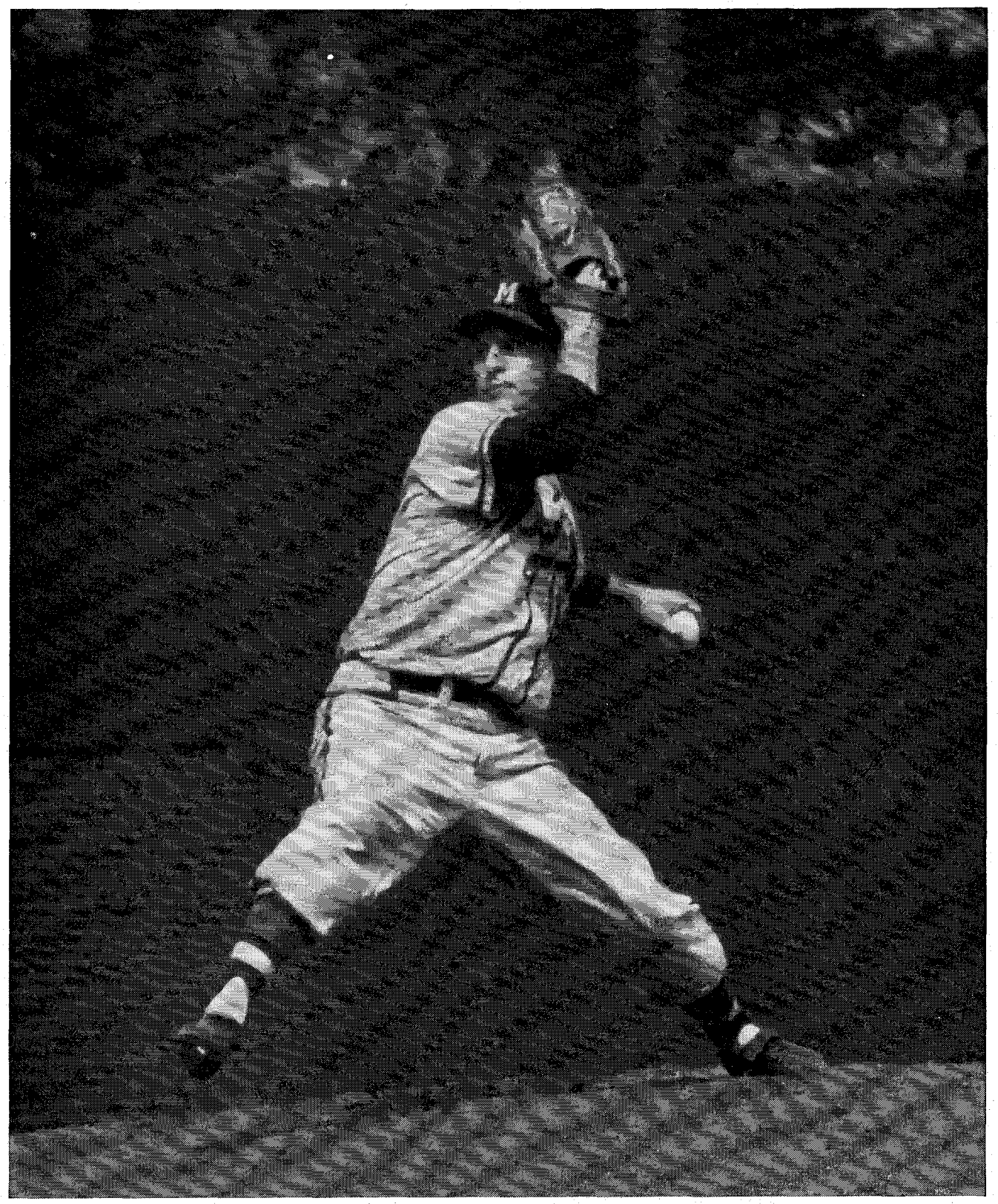

The Braves' Warren Spahn: "I don't think there is anything that should prevent me from winning 20 games again this year."

As for the fans in Milwaukee, I've already said how I feel about them, and how sure I am that we can reward them with a pennant this year. I say that, whether or not the club succeeds in strengthening itself through trades. We finished a close second last time even though several of our regulars had subpar records. I'm banking on men like Del Crandall, Ed Mathews, Danny O'Connell and Bobby Thomson all returning to normal, which should put us in the World Series.

Offensively, only outfielder Henry Aaron and first baseman Joe Adcock were up to their potential last year. You never know Aaron is around, except when he comes to bat. He's a fantastic hitter without a weakness. He should lead the league for years. Adcock has just found himself as a hitter. All he needs is consistency, for he's just naturally going to hit the long ball.

Mathews got a slow start last year, and it was midseason before he recovered. A fellow hitting thirty-seven home runs and driving in ninety-five runs isn't having too bad a year, but I contend that Mathews has yet to reach his hitting peak. Logan drove in eighty-three runs in 1955. He drove in forty-six last year. He should be better. Crandall never has come up to his hitting potential. Most clubs are lucky to have one receiver as good as our two Dels, Crandall and Rice, but we should be getting more base hits and runs-batted-in out of Crandall. You can't make me believe he's a .238 hitter, which was his average in 1956.

All the critics put the finger on second base and left field as the Braves' vulnerable spots, but I keep telling myself that even without help from trades or from our rookie crop, it never should have been true. O'Connell was a .290 hitter at Pittsburgh, although he hasn't been with us. Of course, he was a third baseman there, not a second baseman.

Thomson has been below normal ever since he came to Milwaukee. His first spring with us he broke a leg sliding, and seems never to have recovered completely. Whenever I think of Thomson, though, I remember the guy who used to play center field for the Giants, and who was a terror to me when I was pitching against him. He's only thirty-three, not too old to do it again, although it's certain his former speed will never come back. He once was the fastest runner in the National League.

In case Thomson doesn't bounce back, Covington is a good strong man with the bat, and a better fielder than he's given credit for being. Chuck Tanner is a bright young fellow who has looked good at times, on defense especially. Andy Pafko, the old pro, will give you the real good job any time you call on him. But I'll admit that left field has got to be considered a problem, unless Thomson returns to his old form, which he did the first half of the 1956 season.

We've got the pitching. The only big question mark—let's face it—is Warren Spahn. Can I have my eighth twenty-victory season?

I'll be thirty-six years old on April twenty-third. However, three years ago I passed a critical point in my career. I was having trouble then with both knees, and wasn't able to get my legs in shape. As they say, a pitcher is no better than his legs.

Last spring I reported on two sound knees for the first time in five years, and won twenty games. I think my troubles forced me to become a better pitcher. I had to get a little smarter, and I came up with a new pitch. Some people call it a screwball. I call it a sinker. Anyway, I never had a really effective below-the-belt pitch before. My age isn't bothering me. I feel I can do the job. I don't think there's anything that should prevent me from winning twenty games again.

There are three other potential twenty-game winners on the staff—Lew Burdette, Bob Buhl and Gene Conley. Lew won nineteen games and led the league in earned-run average last season. He's a big, strong right-hander—a keen competitor who doesn't get beat by the long ball. I think Buhl is about to come into his own, and he won eighteen games last season. He's got experience now, he's got the control to get the ball where he wants it with the bases loaded, and he's strong enough to go nine innings every fourth day.

Conley can't be judged as you judge other pitchers, because of his size. He's the biggest pitcher in the majors—six feet, eight inches tall and weighing 225 pounds. He's been a potential big winner for a number of years. This year he's at the crossroads. If he's going to have the big season, this should be it. Last year, with a sore arm, he won only eight games. If he as much as wins ten this season, that could be enough to take the pennant.

Any of the four of us who fall down won't get back in the starting rotation very fast, for behind us are three young fellows just waiting for a chance to become regular major-league starters. Taylor Phillips, a loose, poised left-hander with plenty of moxie, was the Braves' rookie of the year last season. Ray Crone, a low-ball pitcher who won eleven games, still hasn't got the best out of himself. Bob Trowbridge, who came up from Wichita in midseason, showed us he's starting material.

Relief pitching has become increasingly important in baseball these days, and our bull pen had its ups and downs last season. Dave Jolly, a skinny North Carolinian we call "Gabby" because he says so little, won eleven games in 1956. If he's just half as good this year, our game-saving department will give us a big lift. We've still got Ernie Johnson and Lou Sleater, and they might get some help from John Murff and Corky Valentine. Of course, the management can always reach back and have someone like Phillips, Trowbridge or Crone on call in the bull pen.

Last winter I had a lot of time out on my ranch in Hartshorne, Oklahoma, to think about the things I could have done that might have won the 1956 pennant for us. I also thought, with some bitterness, about what I call the "New York set"—how they'd said we didn't have the stuff to win, and how superior they must have felt when we didn't. But most of all, I thought about the Sunday night when 20,000 people came out to meet our plane at Billy Mitchell Field.

I thought of how there'd been cheers and tears, but no jeers. Next to the Braves' players themselves, who had lost out on a World Series cut of as much as $9000 apiece, those Milwaukee fans who'd lived and died with us had the best right to feel bitter. But there they were in the middle of the night, waiting to let us know they were still with us.

A little girl came running out of the crowd that night and took me by the hand. "Don't worry, Warren," she said, "1957 is our lucky year."

You've got something there, young lady. THE END

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Kiowa Moon (Continued from Page 49)

But Cash now saw that he had wrongly imagined the whole thing. Mounted warriors could do nothing against walls; they could only create diversion and confusion, while delivering a badly aimed covering fire for a dismounted attack. They would not bother with that against so few, if they were coming from all sides. The attack would be frontal, against the shutters, and perhaps the door.

They were barely in position when the war cries broke the night wide open, very near and all at once, an incredibly loud and inhuman yammering. A file of mounted warriors streamed across the front of the house, firing raggedly but continuously. Except for an occasional slug that splintered through a shutter, little was to be feared from this kind of fire. Andy and Cash several times raised their carbines, but lowered without firing. The Kiowas were riding close, too close. What Cash did not want was to bring down a horse. A dead horse would make a redoubt at too close a range.

The riders were circling the house now, reloading as they passed behind, and the war cries never ceased. A warrior wearing a buffalo-horn headdress pulled out of the circle and stopped his pony in the open, signaling to the racing circle with his shield. Cash and Andy fired together, and a scalp flew off the Kiowa's shield. The rider seemed to fall on the far side of his bolting pony, but he never hit the ground.

"No good," Cash said.

"I thought I ——"

"He took cover, that's all. He was sitting up again, going around the corner."

"Those black and yellow bands," Andy said, "in his war paint, and on his shield ——"

"That was Seth," Cash confirmed. "Wolf Saddle is the one painted up with black and red snakes. Seems like he dropped out of this last round. . . . Look sharp now, Rachel, Georgia!"

The circle of racing ponies went on unbroken, and the war cries screamed continuously all round the house. But nothing was hitting the shutters now. Cash went to stand by one window and Andy by the other. And now Rachel's carbine crashed.

"Get him?"

"My loop's still blocked." She fired again into whatever lay against it. Then they heard Georgia's carbine go, at her port near the other end.

"Good girl," Cash said.

For a moment, then, Georgia let her carbine fall. She rolled away from her gun port, sat up, and what sounded half like sobs and half like laughter came through her fingers.

Rachel cried out, "She's hurt! She's shot in the mouth!"

She ran to Georgia, but attempted no aid. She threw herself upon her stomach across Georgia's legs, and got her carbine muzzle to the loop Georgia had abandoned. For a split moment she saw what she took for a leg outside the port; she fired, and believed she hit it, but it was snatched away.

Georgia pushed her aside. She was breathing hard, and her voice shook, but, "Nothing hit me," she said, and she took her porthole back.

An ax, swung by an enemy who stood in the protection of the wall, was splintering into the shutter where Cash waited. He had an answer to that. He coolly studied the angle of the ax blows, then struck the wall near by with the butt of his Colt. A shard of plaster fell, revealing an opening the size of a half dollar. It showed no light but as he fired through it, the mud that plugged it went to dust and the ax blows ceased.

At the other window the whole frame loosened, and the shutters cracked and bowed inward, under the impact of a boulder no man should have been able to lift. A split opened down the middle and Andy fired through the crack at a shadow beyond.

And suddenly that was all. The mounted Kiowas circled a few times more, but their fire was thinning. Then both gunfire and war cries stopped altogether, and the rear wall brought them the sound of horses going away. Mathilda had slept through it all, and still slept, making them believe now that she might never wake.

Lost Bird's body was gone when the three-quarter moon came up, and they could see no other dead. Scoring up, they believed that three more Kiowas had been hit, one of them hard. Andy still believed he had touched up Seth a little bit. Cash didn't think so. They feverishly carpentered the broken shutters, finding out how hard it is to get anything done right in the total dark. When that was done, not much was left to do but wait.

"I guess I kind of slipped a stirrup, there for a minute," Georgia said sheepishly.

"You did fine," they all assured her. And that was all that ever was said about that.

Cash was encouraged, cocky, even, because they had come through a full-out assault without any hurt. "See how easy? I misdoubt if there's a Horse Indian alive knows how to fight against walls. If they can stand getting shot, we can sure stand pulling the triggers. Just as long as they want to keep up!"

None of them really believed their position was as good as that. But they did begin to feel that maybe they had some sort of chance.

They talked about whether Cash's cow hands would hear the firing, far off where they were. Cash had left them moving a herd southward from the extreme northeast corner of their range, and the wind was from that way, what little there was. He didn't believe they could hear. Not at worse than twenty miles away. Besides, wet cows are always losing their calves, when you chouse them around in bunches; nothing else could bawl so much. Cash doubted if you could hear the world fall down, through all that bedlam.

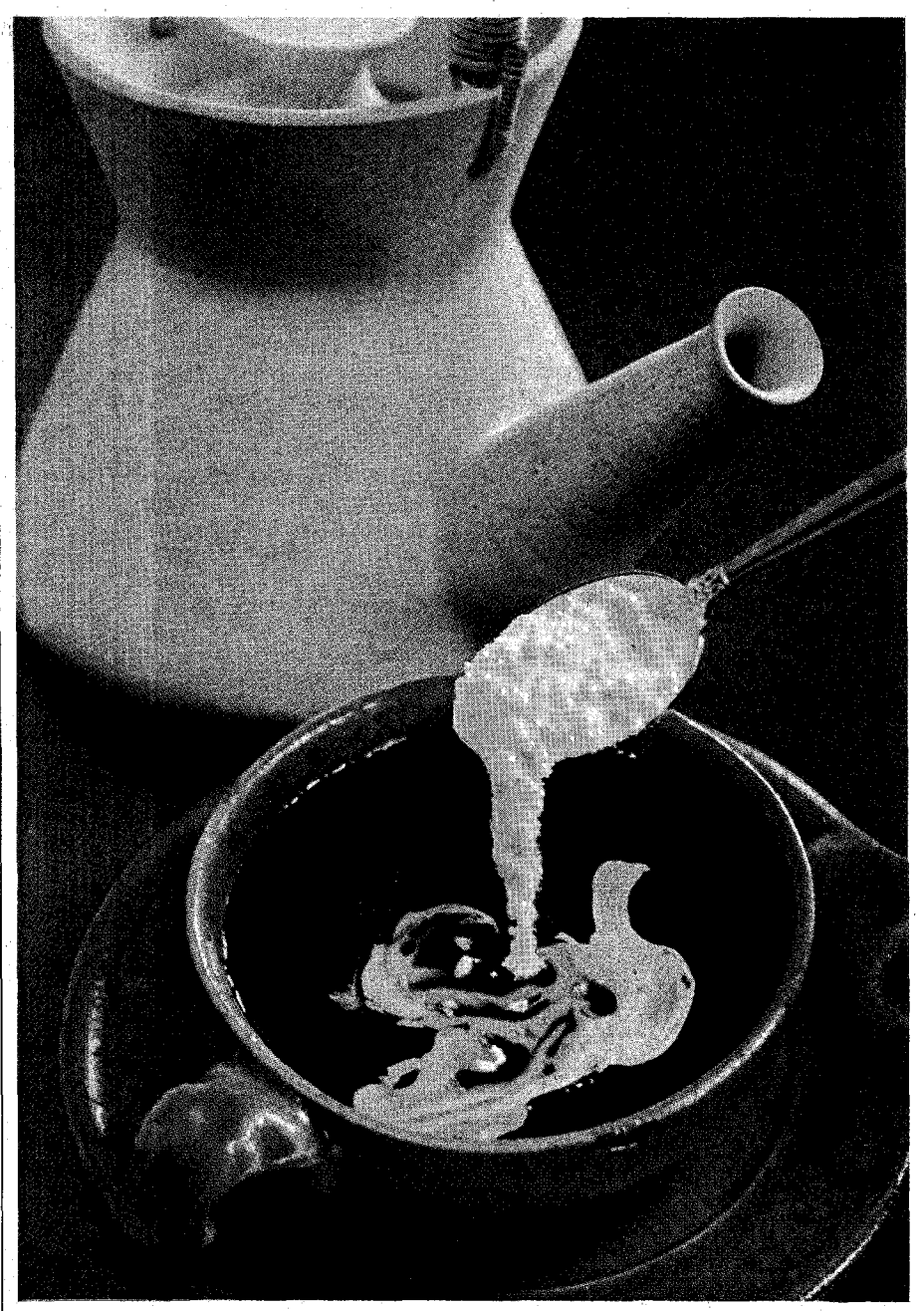
Cassius wondered out loud if the Rawlins boys were liable to come looking for their sister. Georgia thought they might. "Along about late tomorrow afternoon."

Rachel didn't speak his name, but Ben was the one she hoped would come. He could have been back by now. He ought to have been back. *Ben, Ben, aren't you ever coming home?* Maybe he wasn't. Papa had proved to them, four years ago at Witch River, that the Zachary men didn't always come back.

For three hours the people in the Zachary soddy waited, ready to fight again, but no more attacks came on. Cash concluded that the enemy would hold off, now, until the last darkness before dawn. He tried to make the others get some rest. No one could more than doze.

A little after midnight a bullet came howling from the north ridge, and broke the remaining pane in the blocked north lookout. Ten minutes later a rifle whanged from the creek, chugging a ball into the door. During the next couple of hours seven or eight more shots were fired, at irregular intervals and from various directions.

Cash had them all up at their loopholes long before the first graying of the sky. And now the Kiowas fooled him again.



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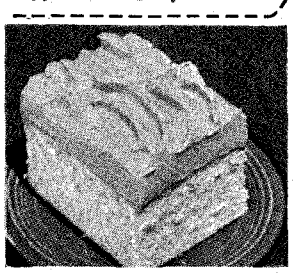

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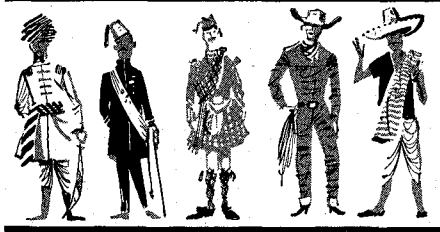

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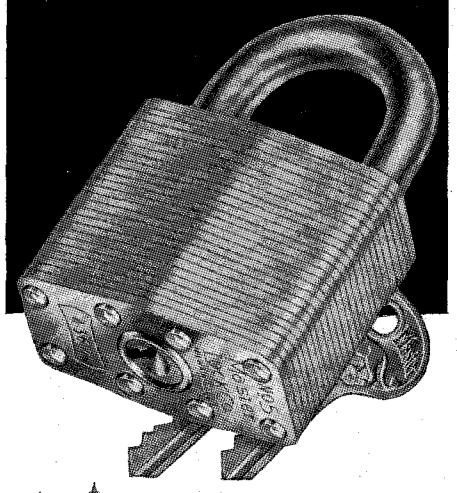

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Daylight came clear and strong. The sun came up and the locusts began winding up again, after sleeping out the cooling of the dry land between midnight and morning. And no attack came at all.

Mathilda waked, and, though she was very weak, she seemed measurably improved. Georgia made her a few spoonfuls of gruel, and it stayed down. In their unbounded relief they let Mathilda lead them back to the theory that she had suffered nothing worse than a severe siege of indigestion, after all.

Cassius seemed partly puzzled and partly suspicious of the situation outside, but he was beginning to show what appeared to be a curious disappointment. Finally, turning impatient, he threw open the outer door and stood exposed upon the stoop, his carbine in his hands. Nothing happened. He led his horse out, mounted bareback, and rode it down into the creek to let it drink.

One thing, at least, was strange, and wrong. The up-horses were still in their corral. Inconceivable that the Kiowas should have left them unmolested, unless they were coming back. Before he came back to the house Cash turned out all the horses but two, which he fed and watered.

"Nice big dust," Cash reported, "strung out to the west. The near end of it is settling down; the head end of it looks about twelve miles away, and getting farther. Like as if they're all heading back into the caprock breaks. Only thing; that dust looks just a little bit too big and plain to me. They don't need to raise that much dust. It's more like the dust you might make dragging brush behind you in the right places."

"And I better light out, dragging some brush behind me in the right places," Georgia said. "Your maw's all right now, far's I can see. I got to get home, before my old lady runs me into the caprock breaks, neck and neck with them Indians."

Cassius had to think about that awhile, and he was in a quandary. If he had been up against Comanches, he would have had a chance to figure out what they would do. They were as liable as not to quit a fight when they had you licked, for no better reason than that they thought they had fought enough. But Kiowas were another matter; their tactics included every form of trickery known to war or crime.

The safe and sure pattern of defense was perfectly plain. Cassius knew he ought to keep Georgia right here where she was, and let old Hagar fume as she might. Now that Georgia was past her first moments of battle-impact hysteria, she was every bit as valuable as a man. They ought to fetch a few buckets of fresh water from the well by the creek, then spend the rest of the day strengthening the shutters and the door. Now that they were all battle-tested and had the hang of it, the four of them could probably hold out forever, with only these simple improvements.

Some Indians were getting hurt. At least one, and maybe three, not counting Lost Bird, had been killed in action. Tonight they would hurt a few more. The Kiowas wouldn't stay with a losing deal like that for more than one more night; they weren't accomplishing a thing. Cash believed they would round up as many Dancing Bird horses as they could find by the light of the moon, and be gone before tomorrow morning.

And none of this suited Cassius the least bit. He had been at his best when they were beating off those first attacks, but he had solved that now, and knew how he could get fixed to do it more easily next time. But he was no more comfortable waiting down a hole, like a badger, patiently and forever, than the Kiowas themselves would have been. Every instinct Cash had was for attack—a clever attack, if practical, or head on, if that was the only way.

So now he had a different idea, and he judged he had better keep it to himself. He had developed a certain amount of reticence, even secretiveness, through having too many of his schemes sat upon as chancy, and even ridiculous.

He began by agreeing with Georgia that she must get home. The house would be safe enough while he rode with her a good part of the way—far enough to be sure she would make it safely, no matter what. He would be back in the latter part of the afternoon, at the latest. Meanwhile, Andy and Rachel were to stay forted up. He showed them how he wanted them to traverse the ridges and the cutbanks of the creek with the telescope sight of the buffalo gun, maybe two-three times an hour, until he got back.

Mathilda had gone back to sleep. Cash went and took a last look at her, assuring himself that she was indeed out of trouble. His fingers gently touched her hair, careful not to disturb her. Then he saddled for Georgia and himself, and took out.

By midmorning the sun outside the portholes had a violence that took all the color out of the prairie; everything showed in shades of white, and the distances shimmered. The heat would be slow to leak in behind the soddy's thick walls, but Rachel and Andy went barefoot, to fit the weather outdoors. Rachel wore nothing but a starchless cotton dress, and Andy shucked off shirt and undershirt, keeping on only his pants.

They blocked up all the portholes except one in the end, one in mamma's room and the two low ones in front. These and the cracks in the split battle shutters let in only a cool and shadowless twilight. Since they had not been cooking, the house had gone back to the cellarlike feel that never entirely bakes out of places dug into the ground. The cooled fumes of burned black powder hung acridly in the still air, giving a strange edge to the smell of the wood smoke that had steeped everything for a long time. The flies had found their way out into the sun, and there was nothing here to bring them back.

Mathilda called faintly, and, after a false start by both of them, Andy stayed on watch and let Rachel go. But his mother wanted him too. They stood beside her, and both held her nearer hand. She had a frail, bloodless look, as if she had been sick for a long time.

"Where is Cassius?" she asked them; and when they told her, "Then the fighting is over for now."

They had not known until then whether she had been conscious during any of the firing or had known that they were under attack.

"Be very watchful," Mathilda cautioned them. "They right often come back."

They assured her they were well forted up and on watch. Cash was sure to be back before night.

"The root cellar—be careful about the root cellar. So easy to dig into from outside. Of course, you pegged the slide? But it never was strong enough. A bullet could come right through those thin boards."

Andy said stoutly that bullets could go two ways.

"I may not be with you," Mathilda said, "when they come again. Something's wrong with me—just awfully wrong—inside. If I pass away ——"

Rachel cried, "It isn't going to happen!"

"I'm not afraid," Mathilda said. "It's only—I don't want to leave you." Her lip trembled, but only for a moment. She went on quietly and lucidly, "But maybe I must. Soon. If I do, you mustn't be afraid of my body. It will turn all hard and cold, but that won't be me. Just something discarded, like an old coat. You must think of me as all bright and new, someplace not too far away. And wherever I am, I'll be loving you always, always, with all my heart. . . . Don't go away. Not yet."

She closed her eyes for a moment. But when she opened them, her voice was steadier, and sounded more like herself than before.

"Someday, when your time comes to pass away, I want you to remember how it was this time, when you were born. Mamma was waiting for you, with all your little clothes made, and everything all ready for you, to take care of you." She was thinking of Rachel as having been born to her, as she had always wished it could be. "So it will be again. Mamma will be there. And I'll have everything ready for you, to take care of you and make everything all right. So you must think of it as a glad new time. You mustn't be afraid." (*Continued on Page 106*)

"Here, I want you to follow this diet."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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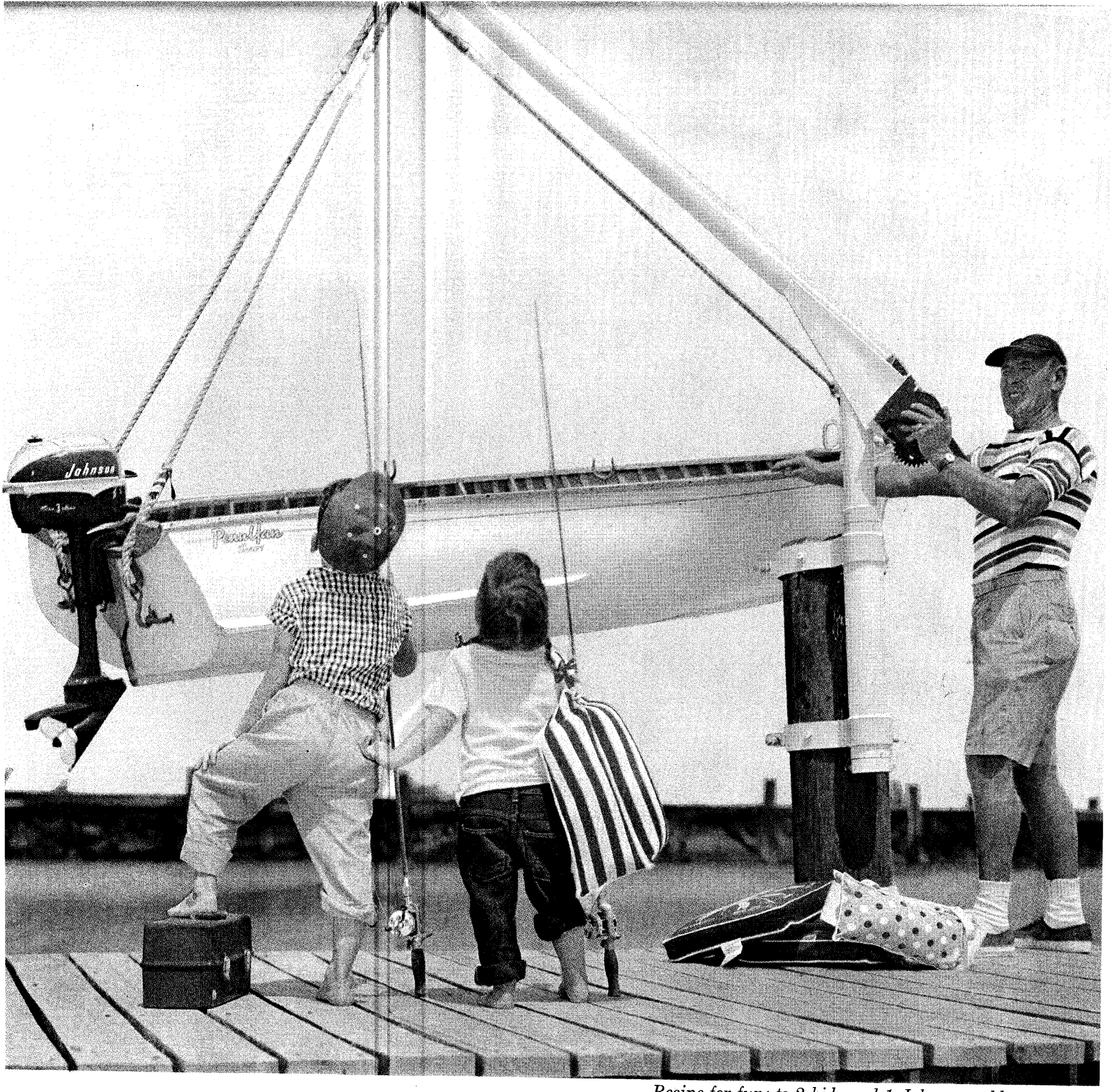

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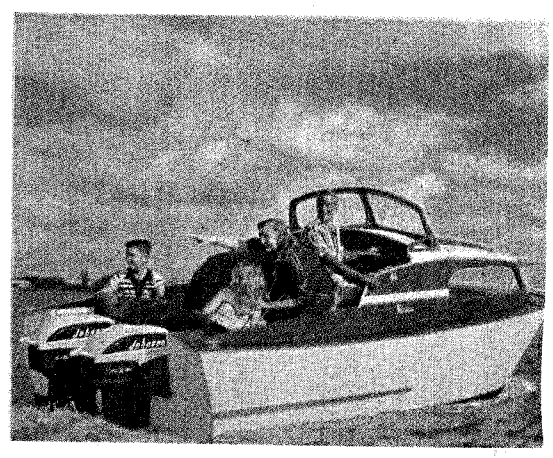

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(*Continued from Page 104*) Andy said softly, "I won't be afraid, mamma." Rachel could not speak.

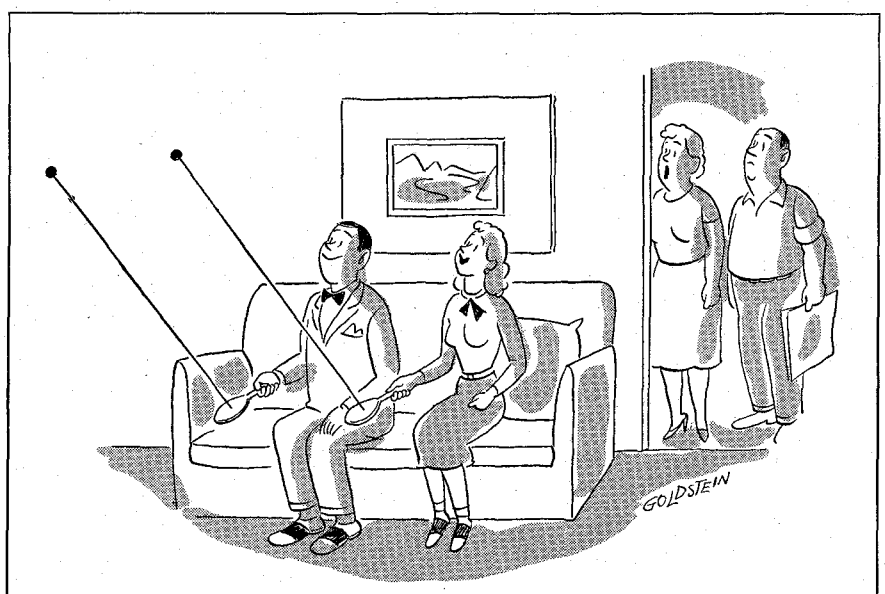
Mathilda smiled at them, a wavering, gentle smile, without sadness, and she let their hands slip from her fingers as she closed her eyes.

They wondered whether they should heat the brew Georgia had made; they were a little afraid of it, so long as Mathilda was able to rest without it.

They watched, and the sun climbed; it was straight overhead. A haze that appeared to be made of pure light crept halfway up the sky from the horizon, increasing the glare. And now they saw the horsemen in the sky. This country produced mirages every day, in the summer heat. Mostly these were a shimmering near the earth, as of distant water riffling in a breeze. Sometimes a cow hand came riding in through a knee-deep mirage of this kind, and it would reflect him exactly as if he were riding in shallows.

But today's mirage was different from any they had ever seen before. Andy saw it first, and stood astonished for a moment, before calling Rachel. Across the sky, miles above the land, rode a file of horsemen, tall beyond natural proportions, on horses of a fantastic length of leg. They seemed to come wavering into existence from the east, moving at a walk across the sky until ten were in view at a time; then the leaders shimmered into nothing as they passed on into the west. About twenty ghost riders had passed when the whole thing became indistinct and disappeared.

A little after the mirage gave out, a loud, dreadful cry came from Mathilda's room. They rushed to her, and found her half on the floor. When they had lifted her, she lay staring-eyed unconscious, her breathing hoarse and full of struggle. Too late, now, to try Georgia's brew.



"They seem to have a lot in common."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

When they had pulled themselves together, they went back to traversing the ridges and the cutbank of the creek with the telescope sight of the buffalo gun, as Cash had wanted.

The weapon was an ancient .69-caliber muzzle-loader, once a smoothbore, but now rifled for the expanding Minié bullet they called a Minnie ball. Because of its great weight, Andy used the telescope to sweep the land from the higher ports, while Rachel was responsible for the loopholes just above the floor, overlooking the creek. She had put a few sticks of firewood and a blanket at each port, for a gun rest, and she traversed by hitching herself in a quarter circle behind the port on her stomach. They hadn't been finding anything.

But now, as Rachel worked the field of the 'scope past the base of a cottonwood, she stopped and went back. After a moment, she adjusted the great gun carefully upon its improvised rest and looked again.

She spoke softly, "Andy."

His bare feet were silent on the scrubbed planking as he came to her, but the floor carried his tread, so that she knew when he was beside her without looking up.

"Don't even breathe on this," she said, and made room for him. "But quick! Look where I'm sighted."

He spraddle-armed over the gun, glancing along the side of the barrel to place the 'scope's tight field, before putting his right eye to the sight. Rachel saw his left eye focus and stare blankly, trying to see through the wall.

"That wad of leaves is a bust-off branch," she explained, hiding her nervousness. "It's lying on that big alamo root where the bank cuts under. See, where the cross hairs mark?"

She waited, then, while Andy looked for a long time through the 'scope.

"The cross hairs," she jogged him.

He spoke absently, as if his mind were out by the creek, but he didn't seem to be seeing much. "She won't hit there, you realize. Ben's got her sighted in at four hundred yards; God knows why. She'll overcarry more'n a foot."

"I know all that!" She would never handle a gun with the ease of daily use, as Andy did, but she remembered things better, and now she was losing patience. "Do you see it or not?"

"See what?"

"An eye."

He tensed, but in another moment rolled clear of the gun and sat up. "Nothing there now. Sun shows through."

She looked, and it was true. Only a glimpse of bright sand showed at the cross hairs, where before had been a lightless patch, obscured by close-framing leaves, but presently resolving into part of a dark face.

Through their silence, under the spiraling zing of the locusts, they were both hearing again their mother's struggle for breath. Something was worsening. The breathing was louder, and a flat sound had come into it, expressionless and not entirely human, like the impersonal creaking of a door.

"That branch wasn't there, early on," Andy said, tied fast to the mystery by the creek. "It's never been there before."

"It's got leaves," Rachel clinched it. "Leaves come mighty scarce around here, since the hoppers been through. Looks to be a greasebush, like, roped out and drug from someplace else."

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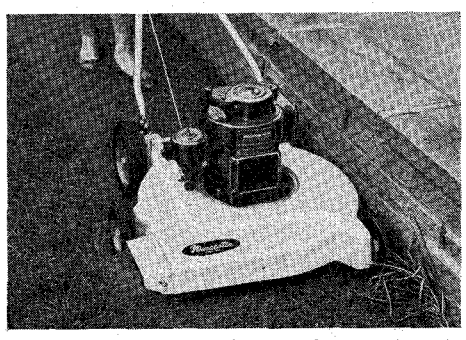

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He nodded. "So . . . I guess you know what it has to be."

She knew, all right. "A blind. Put there to spy on us from, without letting on." Suddenly her composure broke, and her words went breathless. "They're out there—all around us! Oh, Andy!" She broke off, stopped by her brother's quick glance of surprise, of appraisal. "They're watching us," she said more evenly. "Now. They've come back."

"Beginning to, anyway. Might be they're kind of sifting back by ones and fews."

Rachel hitched herself nearer the big gun; her movements were jerky, and her hands were shaking as she stretched them to the weapon. "I'll sight her down—fix that overshoot." Andy would be the one to fire, when the time came, because of this gun's heavy kick. "He's bound to fill the sights again, soon or late."

"Wait." Andy sounded tired, rather than under strain. He seemed to be feeling his way methodically, warily, as if everything that would happen here and everything they must do were parts of a pattern worked out somewhere long ago. "I question," he said finally, "if it's best we fire on 'em. Not till they begin it. Might be they'll bide their time a spell, if we don't seem to know they're there. And time's what we need. Cash is the one we have to make know."

They suspected, in spite of his taciturnity, that Cash meant to fetch home his crew, and maybe even his wagon—by what miracle of hard riding they could only imagine. But eleven men would melt to nothing in a hurry, if they came high-looping into an ambush. Rachel wanted to try making a smoke. In this still air, even a thread of smoke would rise tall and straight into the sky; it would be seen from far away.

"Cash sets no store by any size-up us younguns are liable to make." Andy said it without bitterness. He judged Cash would as lief charge in headlong as lay back; he had been that way all his life.

They finally decided that the only signal Cash could not very well misread would be a sound of fighting. They would have to fire in bursts, to make it sound real, or it would have the failing of any other kind of signal. Two shots, nearly together, then one, at the space of a reload; then wait a while to save ammunition, and run it off backwards.

For their first burst they used a Sharps .50 and a cap-and-ball Walker. The Kiowas should be able to see that the shots from the house were going wild, as if nobody knew anything, but you could never be sure. They went on with this for a good while. The sun would set in an hour more. Out on the cottonwood root by the creek the uprooted greasebush still lay, its leaves curled now by the heat, but the telescope sight had picked up no other sign that any enemy was near. Rachel was worrying about the wasted ammunition.

"It's terrible how fast the powder burns away. We're doing an awful thing here, if it turns out we're wrong."

"Well, we're not wrong," Andy answered her. "How can we be wrong?"

"We haven't a thing to go on but just that one, lone, single sign."

"If you find one, lone, single bear track," Andy said stubbornly, "there has been a bear."

"Yes, but what if ——"

"Listen!" He sprang to a shutter loop and put his ear to it. In a moment he put his finger in his other ear.

Rachel tried to listen, then went to the bedroom door, and closed it softly. Far to the eastward was sounding a faint whispering that had to be rifle fire. Were war cries sounding with the guns? Rachel thought they were. The distant whisper died away, rose briefly in a distinct rattle, then ceased altogether. They did not hear it again.

"That's Cash," Andy whispered. "He's run into a fight, way off there."

"No, he hasn't. It's something else." She was voicing no more than a wish. If he did not get back, they need not mourn for Cassius alone, but for them all.

Rachel could think of only one thing she could be sure the day had accomplished for them. She did not mention it to Andy, for no dust anywhere gave hope that it was going to do any good. Yet it meant something to her: Ben surely must be one day nearer home tonight than he had been when this sun came up.

Instead she said, "Cash is all right. He'll come home. He must come home. So he will."

Cassius lay in the bottom of a dry coulee, resting, and trying to save what strength remained to him. His left leg was broken below the knee, so badly that a spike of bone was sticking out of it. He had bound it as tightly as he could with strips of his shirt, splinting it awkwardly with bits of drift, yet it was all he could do to drag it as he crawled, and he had crawled a long way. The leg had been smashed by his horse as it crumpled in front and overended, destroyed by a bullet-broken shoulder.

Before his horse had been shot under him, he had got an arrow in the back, which was an unfairness, for it had been shot from in front of him as he charged, trying to close with his enemies. He had been lying low on the neck, and the arrow's trajectory had carried it deep along the length of a back muscle. He had got

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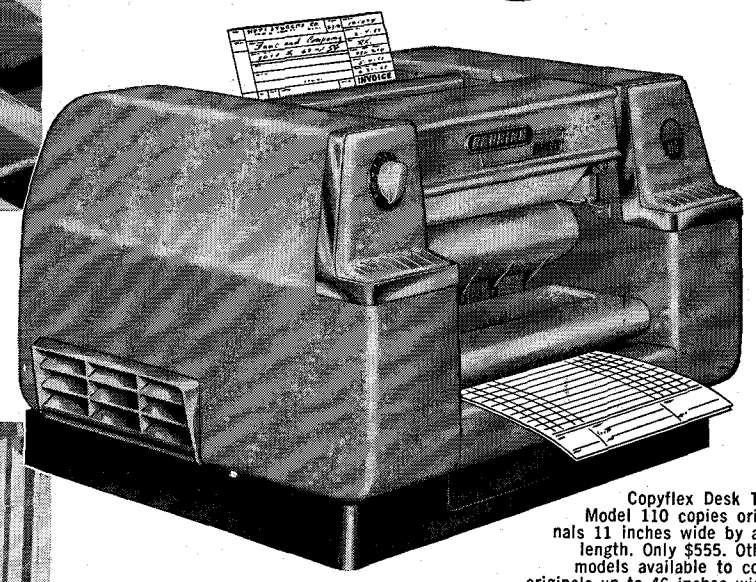

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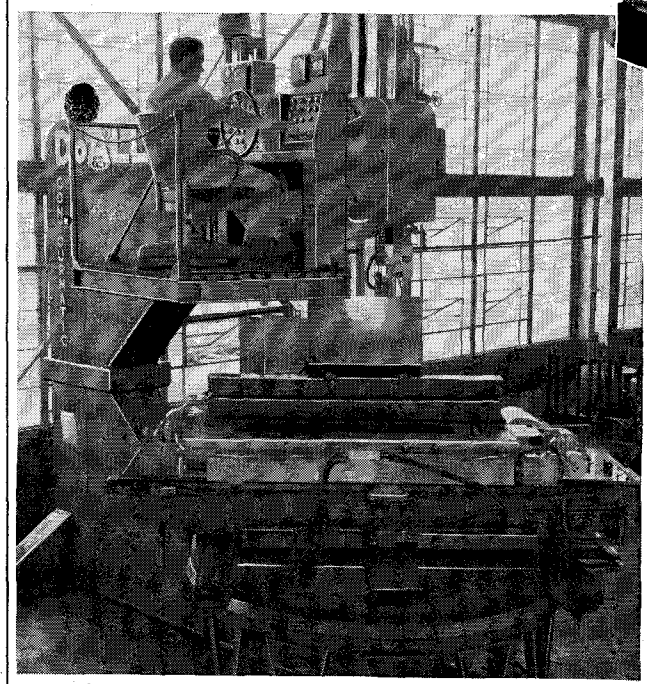

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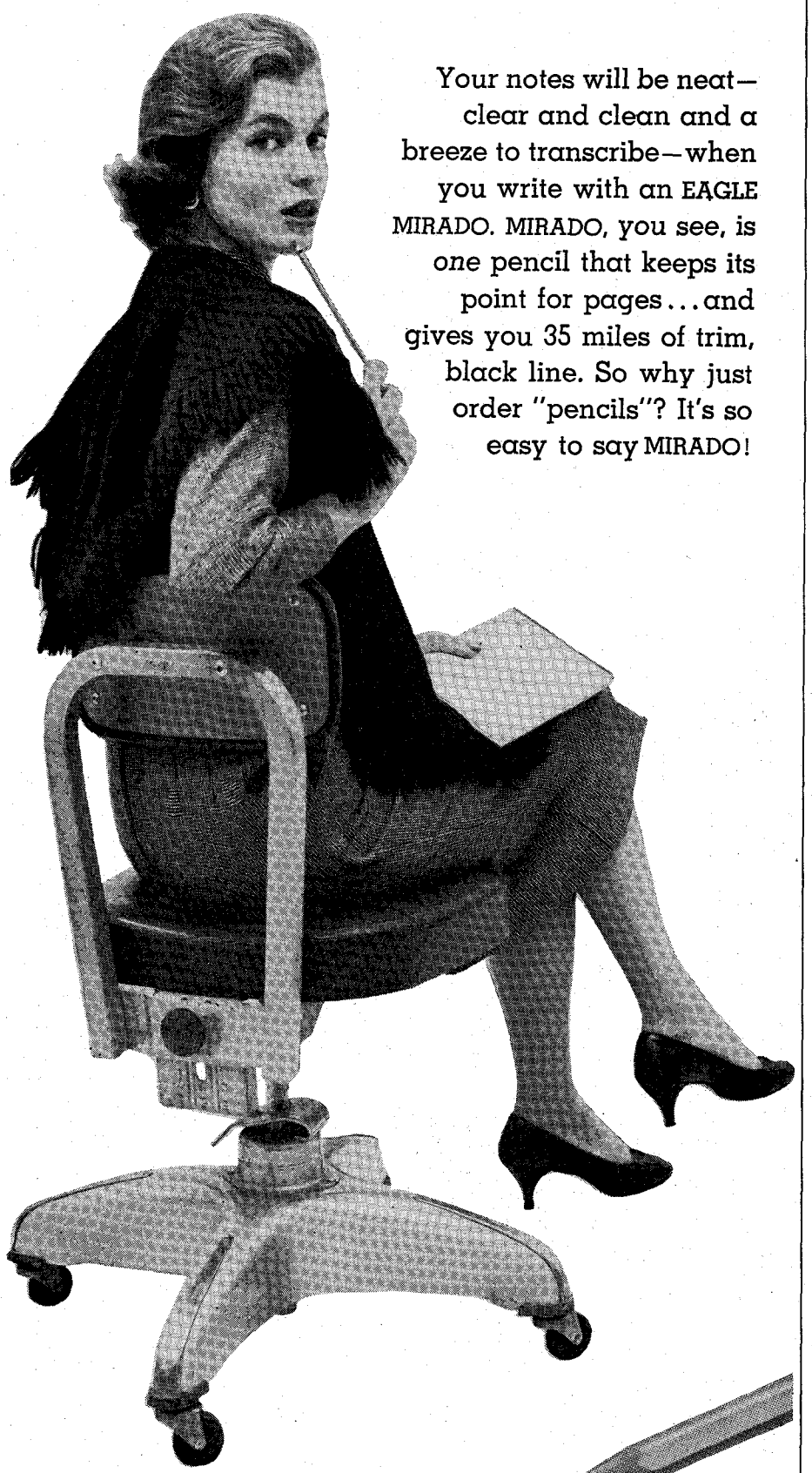

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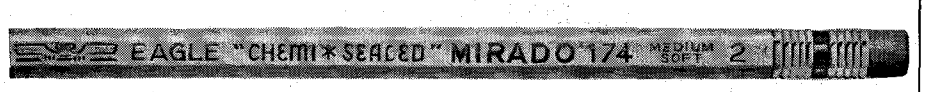

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rid of the shaft, finally, by an effort that almost knocked him out. But the sheet-iron head, a slender three-inch cone of metal, had come off the shaft and stayed.

He believed he had killed four savages. One he had got in the first brush, when they had discovered him and circled in on him. A dandy shot, when he finally got it, but he had spent six cartridges before he made it. The second he had got from behind his fallen horse, with the last shot in his carbine. After that he had taken to the coulee, trying to outwit the warriors by an interminable crippled crawling. He left a blood trail every yard of the way, and he had been able to make use of it.

When the Kiowas had come into the coulee after him, he managed to be some distance from where they expected him, so that they followed his blood trail along the bottom of the gully. And now he used a trick that wounded bears used. Beyond a twist in the coulee he climbed out onto the bank and back-trailed a little. Until now he had kept the empty carbine, sometimes using it as a crutch, but it wasn't much good to him, so he dropped it in the bottom of the gully for bait. Waiting on the lip of the coulee, just over the carbine, he had killed the first savage who bent to pick it up, shooting him through the head with the Dragoon revolver. Four or five others who were trailing them got the hell out of there, and he wounded one as they got away.

The last one he got with almost the same trick, but with an extra hitch to it. The Kiowas circled, to come safely to the place where he had lain in ambush, but he wasn't there when they got to it. As soon as the coulee was clear, he had rolled off the edge, half killing himself in the fall, and once more started crawling. At a turn of the gully he climbed out of it again, but this time he did not watch his back trail.

The Kiowas halted, well clear of the place where his blood trail disappeared around the corner. They left the coulee and circled to a safe distance ahead; then back-trailed themselves, to close from behind him.

Only they were wrong about the way he was facing. Once more he had thought one step ahead of them, and he killed another Kiowa who crept upon him from the supposedly safe direction. He had missed, though, with every shot, as he fired at those who retreated. The Dragoon was empty. He rolled himself into the coulee again and lay there.

Presently he rolled himself to the side of the gully, tight against the mud wall of the coulee, belly down, but face turned outward. He drew his bowie knife from its sheath, though even this was a struggle, and gripped it underneath his body. Then he waited, counting his own heartbeats. He had to be alive and conscious, when they got there.

They came in time. He waited with slitted eyes, unwinking, and at last they appeared around him. Another arrow in the back first; then another. He lay limp, but was still breathing. Suddenly he was grabbed by the hair and a knife sliced his scalp. He whirled; then got the scalper by the wrist and snatched him downward. The bowie knife struck upward and went home to the guard in the belly of the Indian. With his last effort, Cash twisted, carving with the knife point in a circle. Then he disappeared under a mass of as many as could reach him, hacking and stabbing.

When a quarter of an hour had passed without further sound of riflefire, Rachel opened the bedroom door, lest Mathilda regain consciousness and call too faintly to be heard. She seemed asleep, her eyes closed, her breathing again so quiet that she seemed hardly to breathe at all.

In the absence of any further indications, they judged they had better make ready to last out the night without help, regardless of what they might believe or hope. They set about bracing each other by turning their minds to the practical things they could do. Their ammunition had better be tallied, about the first thing, they guessed.

The repeaters, to begin with. The faster of their two magazine carbines was the Spencer, which loaded with a seven-ball tube. Its magazine, with three extra tubes, accounted for twenty-eight rounds, and the Henry was carrying six. But when they had emptied every pocket and scraped out the corners of the ammunition chest, they found only nineteen loose cartridges more. In all, the repeaters had fifty-three rounds, which might sound like a plenty, if you didn't know how fast those things poured away lead. Every single round would have to be held back for the desperation moments of close action.

For slow fire, they were left with only two cap-and-ball pieces. They found only seven rounds for the breech-loading Sharps .50. Its linen cartridges were slow and finicky to make, but maybe they would have to try, if the Zachary marksmanship they were so proud of was to do them any good at all. The .69 buffalo gun was muzzle-loaded with loose powder, but search brought to light only one more of the huge slugs it fired, besides the one with which it was charged.

But their two cap-and-ball revolvers worried Andy the most. The big Walker Colt was loaded in its six chambers—they carried its hammer on a capless nipple—but had a reserve of only four more .44 balls. They had used it in firing for noise, and hadn't found any way to get a good bang from it, blank, without wasting lead. And Andy's treasured Whitney had the six loads in its cylinder, and that was all. They rummaged past hope without finding one .36 ball more. The revolvers were their final recourse if the Kiowas swarmed in, and Andy meant the .36 for Rachel, because it was lighter and bucked less than the heavy Walker.

"We've got to make some, quick! Build up a fire." He rummaged frantically for the lead strips they melted down to fill the bullet mold. There were no lead strips.

"The saddle shed! There's lashings of 'em down there in a ——"

He grabbed for the door bar, but Rachel had got there and threw her weight on it. "Andy, no, no, no! Don't you dare leave me here!"

"It's our only chance to ——"

"There's nothing down there! The door's stove in! Lead would be the first thing they took!" He knew it was true.

Andy scratched up one idea more. He pulled a battered two-foot chest out from behind all the other plunder under his bunk. From this old toy box, as Andy pawed everything out of it, came such a history of Andy's childhood that Rachel could not bear to look.

In the very bottom of the chest, where they had sifted by their weight, lay tumbled some dozens of lead soldiers.

"Here—here!" He shoved a clutch of them into Rachel's hands and clawed for more. "Get the fire going! Where's the melt ladle at?"

She packed all of their lightwood splinters into a solid heap, threw on gunpowder and set it burning with the snaphance. She had already blown the flame white with the bellows when Andy stacked the rest of his soldiers on the hearth.

"Get some bigger wood onto —— No, I'll do it! Gimme that!" He took the bellows from her. "Get the thirty-six mold out! It's the one makes eight at a whack."

As she brought the long-jawed bullet mold to the hearth, the first drums started.

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A rattling noise began it, like the sound of two ax helves pounding on a log. Then a pair of medicine drums took it up, and finally, a flat loud clamor, made by beating on sheets of hardened rawhide. All of these noise makers were struck in a unison as accurate as if a single giant drumstick were hitting them all at once with every stroke. The sound built and built, now and then ending with a final wallop, like a cannon shot, to start over softly and build again.

Andy glanced up at Rachel, but they didn't say anything about the drums. He skimmed the molten lead in his ladle. "Better take a look at mamma."

The red rays of sunset were striking through the high air slits in the bedroom, filling the narrow space with a strange ruddy light. Mathilda's face quivered and her eyes opened as Rachel stood looking down at her. For a moment she stared unseeing; then she knew Rachel, and her face twisted weakly as she burst into tears.

"Darling girl," she said, as if the words were wrung out of her; "darling, precious girl. I'm so sorry. I'm so sorry."

They never knew just what it was that Mathilda so regretted as she died.

The snoring gasps called the death rattle began at once. Rachel tried to call Andy, but before she could get control of her voice, he was at her side. He looked at Rachel, questioning, with the wide-eyed look that sometimes made him seem a little boy. She nodded, dry-eyed. The rattle stopped, and Andy moved closer; his competent hands gently pressed Mathilda's ribs, and the effort to breathe began again. But the second time it stopped, Rachel took Andy's hand and wouldn't let him start it any more.

Rachel drew the sheet over Mathilda's face. Andy still stood looking down at the lifeless form, his face twisting and his breath coming hard, as he tried not to cry.

"The ladle," Rachel reminded him. "I'll do what's left to be done here."

He nodded and went back to his work. He was sniffling as he went, and wiping his nose on his bare arm, but his hands were still sure as he squatted upon the hearth.

The sun went down and the ruddiness went out of the last daylight, but the drums kept on, building again and again from a softly pulsing beginning to a thunderous climax. Sometimes the off-key "Hiyah, hiyah!" of medicine songs could be heard. Rachel brought water and clean clothes to the bedroom and closed the door.

Alone, she put a bandage over the eyes, so that they would rest closed, and another to hold shut the jaw. As she bathed the body she marveled a little, as she sometimes had before, at how smooth and white Mathilda's shoulders were, in contrast to her work-stringy forearms and gnarled hands. *They'll never touch you*, she promised silently. *They'll never take away your pretty hair.*

The body seemed an impersonal thing, as Mathilda had wanted it to seem. Something lay here, but too much else was gone. Like Mathilda's dream of how she wanted them to live, someday, after the one great cattle year that had only just now come. She had held in mind a pleasant town—a country sort of town, as you saw it when she described it, yet with shiny touches of elegance about it too. The houses, all painted white with green shutters, stood along mudless streets, where carriages wheeled handsomely in the shade of old trees. On quiet Sunday mornings the church bells tolled slowly, a peaceful sound, sweetly solemn.

Rachel tried to think of Mathilda as having gone to such a place, but she could not. She had no feeling that Mathilda was anywhere at all. She brushed the white hair, which still seemed to have more cool light in it than there was in the room, and dressed the body in Mathilda's best clothes. The materials were pitifully cheap and worn, but well sewed, by Mathilda's own hands. She stripped the bed, freshening it with one of their two best sheets, and covering Mathilda with the other one.

It happened to her the minute I was found. She could be alive and well, taking care of her boys. She could have enjoyed them a long time. Except for me.

Unlike the others, she had a clear conviction as to what had caused this death. She believed that Mathilda had quite literally died of a broken heart. Yet, she had been sure of this for too long to feel it greatly, now that the inevitable was past. What she felt was a great weight of tiredness, held up by a single thin wire of resolution containing all her strength.

An hour had passed, but the slow twilight was still clear and the drums were going as before when she came out of the bedroom and closed the door.

"Well, anyhow," Andy said, "these here will be the first toy soldiers ever did really fight, I guess. I stretched 'em into twenty more thirty-six caliber, for your Whitney."

"That was rattle-headed." Her tone was inert and sounded cold, even to

... ...

Circus Clown

With piebald wig askew,
grotesque feet flapping,
His sad-gay face illumined
like the moon's,
He sees the stands convulsed,
hands wildly clapping,
And human spirits rising
like balloons.

By R. H. Grenville

... ...

herself. "What will you do when the Walker's empty?"

"I always got my knife," he said—and immediately saw that he didn't. "Hey, you seen my skin-out knife?"

She went back into the bedroom and got Andy's narrow-bladed sheath knife and his belt from under her mattress.

"I figure you better wear this," he said. "I'll punch more holes in the belt, so's you can —— Oh, somebody already ——" He buckled the belt around her and used the knife to cut off the long tag of strap left over. For himself, he got the bowie they used for a carver, and stuck it in his waistband, punching the blade through the cloth.

They laid out their weapons and the few loads. Once it was dark, anything that became mislaid would be lost forever. Rachel put six rim-fires in the pocket of her dress, for refilling the Henry's magazine, and fetched the loading kit for the Whitney revolver. Each cylinder had to be charged with loose powder, then a ball and patch rammed home with the lever under the barrel, and a cap must be stuck on each nipple. She laid the things needed beside the powder horn on a corner of the table, where her hands could find them in the dark. Andy got the ax and stood it by the door.

Now the drums built up to one more climax, and did not start again. They left a silence that rang in the ears. Andy said wonderingly, "Why, it's just as if mamma has gone out there and stopped them someway."

Rachel said, "Stopped? They're starting now, more like."

Again the back wall brought them the sound of hoofs trampling about somewhere nearby. But the horse movement formed no pattern, other than an unreadable shuffling about, and in a little while was quiet.

"Oh, say, by the way ——" Andy had his eye glued to a loophole, and he kept it there. He was trying to sound about four times more casual than he knew how to do. "Remember to save your last shot. You will, won't you? Count careful—just awful careful—every time you let off the six-gun. Because you'll need one more, if they ever get in. You know?"

She didn't answer him. She threw a bucket of water on the fire and stepped away from the answering explosion of steam.

"Rachel? Did you hear?"

"I heard you, Andy." No use arguing. But she had no intention of wasting even one lead soldier on herself, no matter what.

"The main thing is ——" He broke off and jumped for the buffalo gun. He had to replace its lost-off cap, and his hands shook as he tried to be quick about it.

Rachel got to a door loop. The twilight had lessened, but it was still clear. She saw at once what had roused him up. Two Kiowas sat their horses on the far slope to the Dancing Bird, above the holding corrals. Even at two hundred yards and in failing light, she could not mistake the black and red snakes painted all over Wolf Saddle's body or the broad black and yellow bands that identified Seth. Immediately Andy's .69 let go with its heavy blast.

A buffalo horn vanished from the side of Seth's headdress; he was nine tenths knocked off his horse, and almost went under its belly, but pulled himself up. She saw him pull off the remains of the warbonnet and slam it down before she turned away.

Andy was pouring a second full measure of gunpowder down the buffalo gun. "Oh, damn! That was Seth! Seth!"

He had missed a chance to take half the hell-fire out of the hostiles and maybe lift the siege altogether with a single shot. She judged he would have to be straightened out, if they were to be here long. "Had to shoot at his head, didn't you? And yanked on the trigger too—fit to bust it off! Why do you ——"

"She kicked high on me," Andy stuttered, almost in tears. "Honest, I centered square on his belly button! What-all powder did Ben have in this thing—a gallon? I should have drug down with my whole weight ——" He banged home the rammer and fitted a cap.

"Put that thing down! That's her last charge you've got in her now!"

"That's Seth sitting out there—will you hear me? And Wolf Saddle with him."

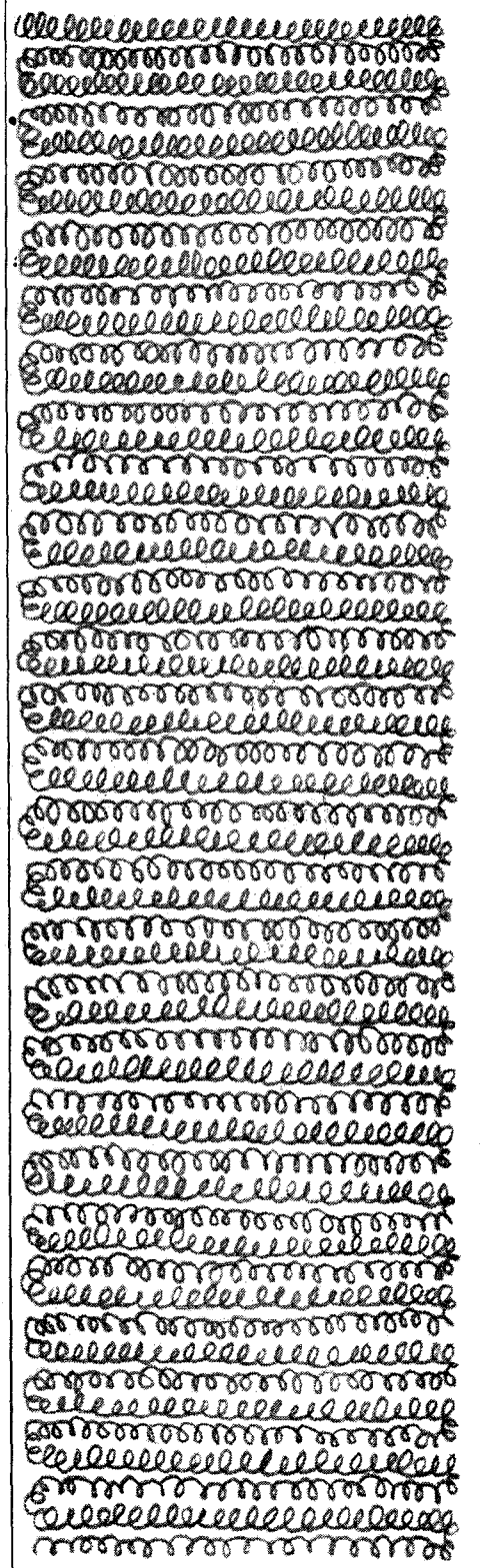
"Well, they're not sitting out there any more." Low-toned, unhurried, she went on to take him apart; then put him back together again. "What was all that scrabbling around? You looked something like a man trying to wash a cat. You know better than that. Now get your dang head up! Because we've wasted the last shot we're going to. There's not a man in Texas shoots any better than you do. Or handles anything else any better either. So take your time. There's a power of Kiowas out there now. But come morning they're going to be mighty few. And you'll be sitting with pancakes and honey to your fry meat. Because that's what I'm going to fix."

He lowered the hammer of the big .69 to half-cock, set the weapon aside and stood rubbing his shoulder. When he finally managed the shadow of a grin, she knew he was all right.

TO BE CONCLUDED

LOOK!

An Eagle Verithin made all this line (there's 34 ft. of it) and kept a sharp point! Try that with any other red pencil!



This is the point:

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*SO DO OUR 39 OTHER COLORS!

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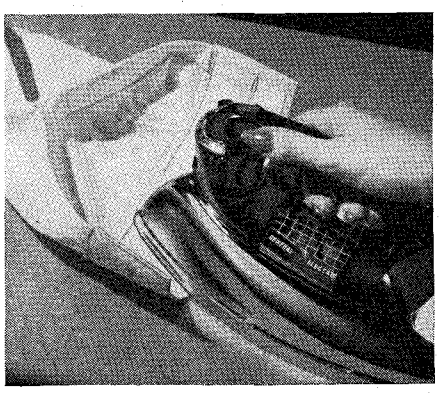

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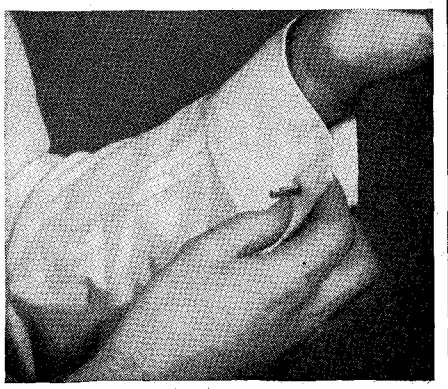

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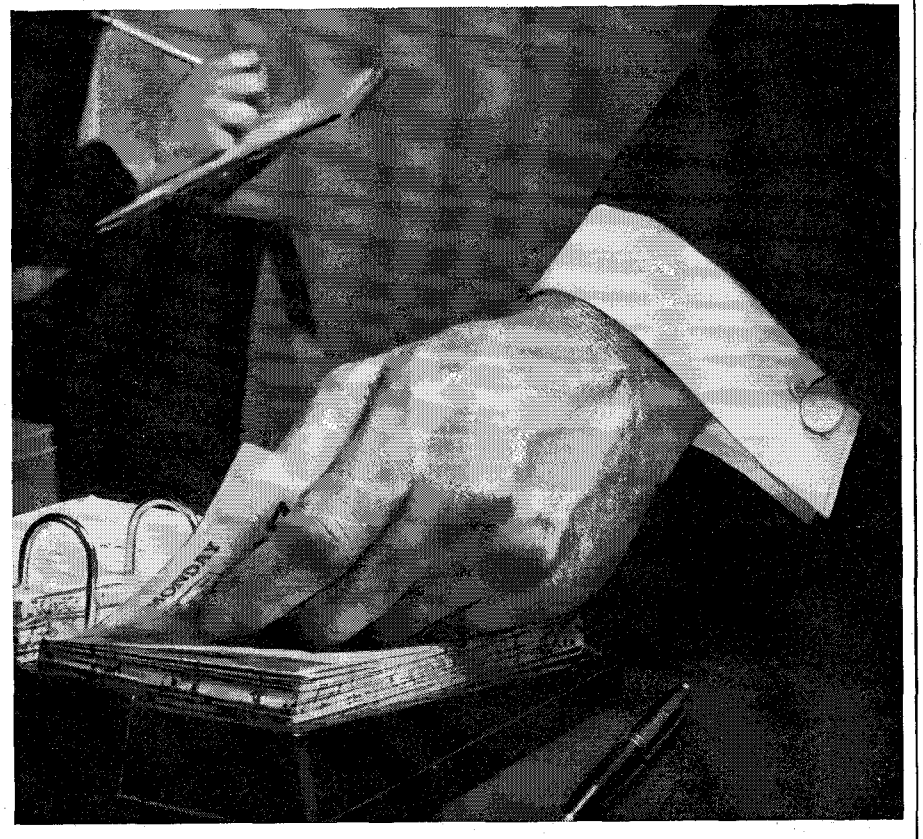

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You'll find *Link Cuff* shirts in many collar styles, now at your Arrow dealer's. (Among them, the medium-pointed *Lane* and the short-pointed *Glen*. Each $4.00.) *Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.*

*TRADE-MARK

ARROW — first in fashion

Relief for Strangled Cities

(Continued from Page 39)

was told that boundary restrictions constituted a "prime barrier to the solution of many local financial problems."

So it's small wonder that Indiana's new boundary-busting statute drew nationwide attention. In the first few weeks after the new law was passed, inquiries were received from forty-six states, a dozen cities and three overseas lands. The mail brings a stream of inquiries as to how it's working out, and the shining example of how it works is the aforementioned river town, New Albany.

"Something had to happen, that's certain," says New Albany's mayor. "Before the annexation, our situation was getting desperate." In income of its citizens, New Albany ranked in the bottom fourth of cities over 15,000, in a state which stands close to the United States average. With a "taxables per capita" figure of $775, it was the poorest city in its size class. Things were getting worse, not better. Between 1930 and 1950, while Indiana's population was growing 21 per cent and the nation's increased 23 per cent, New Albany grew only 13 per cent, while its taxable property diminished 1 per cent. Downtown blight was gnawing further into the tax base, with parking lots spotting the shopping area where stores used to be.

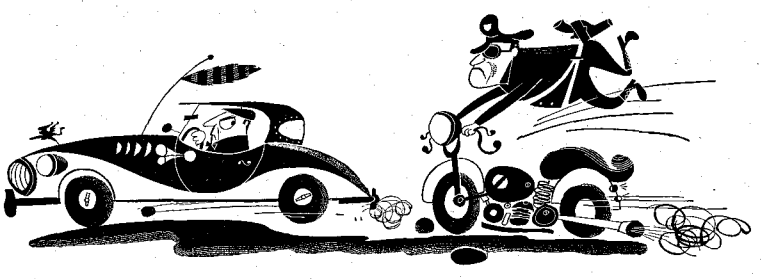
Meanwhile there were ever more demands on the city's services. Fire runs and police coverage were furnished on a grudging "good-will" basis to fringe-area citizens who weren't paying taxes for them. Outlying garbage-removal contractors were using city streets and dumps without kicking in for the city kitty. The sewer-building program was so far behind that the mayor had to endure a stomach-turning session with health officers at the state capitol on the subject of raw sewage in local streams and ditches. City buildings were in such disrepair that this reporter, on his first visit, mistook the city hall for a partly abandoned warehouse. Transfer of pupils from the country schools to city schools was an increasing trend. Though out-of-district parents paid tuition, they paid it only while their child was in attendance, while the whole principle of free public education depends upon tax support at all times. In sum, the city was probably going to need a lot more money than it could get.

The only solution Pralle Erni could see would be to take in the fringe area, which was properly a part of the social and industrial city, and let it share the tax load. But this was an almost quixotic notion. The archaic Indiana law made it so easy to block annexations of territory to cities that almost none had taken place in the state for two decades.

Meanwhile, events were shaping up at Indiana's capital that were to produce important changes. State Senator John Van Ness, of Valparaiso, had asked the Indiana Economic Council to study the annexation problem and come up with new proposals. The council, under its director, John Melett and state planning engineer T. W. Schulenberg, produced a bill which, if made into law, would break up the log jam. With a readiness that surprised almost everyone, the 1955 legislature passed it.

Mayor Erni was quick to see in the new statute exactly the weapon he had been needing. He seized it and he pounced.

In order to appreciate his strategy—and to shed light on a problem nearly



You be the Judge

By BRUCE M. JONES

Hotrod Harry, speeding along at ninety miles an hour, spied a motorcycle policeman coming after him. Unable to outdistance the officer, Harry whipped his car down a side road and through a field covered with underbrush. The officer came after him so fast that this try at concealment failed to work. However, the officer's cap, badge and clothes were torn or lost. Harry's lawyer promptly demanded the release of his client.

"State law," he argued, "prohibits arrests for speeding unless the arresting officer is wearing his badge and uniform. As this officer didn't have his badge, his arrest of Harry was illegal."

"In this instance your client caused the officer to lose his badge, the prosecutor replied. "Further, the officer is required by state law to arrest speeders, and your client certainly was speeding."

If you were the judge, would you free Hotrod Harry?

• •

Harry failed to win his freedom. The court said that the badge requirement did not apply. It added that no officer, simply by shedding or losing his badge, could nullify the law against speeding.

Based upon a 1931 Texas decision.

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universal with growing cities—we'll inquire as to why a new law was necessary.

The thing that annoyed Van Ness—and city planners and subdividers all over the state—was that under the old law "one or more persons" could convert an annexation attempt into such a legal stalemate that, in the language of the Economic Council's report, "everybody concerned became thoroughly frustrated."

Usually, the mere threat of court action was enough to forestall needed annexations. The New Albany affair of 1948 was typical. In that year, one segment of the fringe area had announced plans to set itself up as a separate village. Mayor Erni and his council saw at once that if this happened, the city's planned growth would be blocked. Acting promptly, they let it be known that they would annex the area at their next meeting.

On the appointed night the hall was jammed. A room meant to seat 150 was packed with 250 sit-patters and 150 standees, with an overflow crowd of 100 hot-headed citizens outside. Names were called; broad, unsupported statements made; tempers ran high in a hot three-hour meeting. One Horatius after another stepped out on the bridge to throw back the invaders with the charge that the city "just wanted more taxes, but had nothing to give for them." The mayor was accused—by a citizen who hadn't heard that he'd just reduced his own salary—of wanting the new land just so that he could get his pay raised, as head of a larger city, from $4500 to $5500. In the end, the city council bulled it through and passed the annexation 6 to 1. But feeling was so intense that the council knew they couldn't carry out the annexation without going to court. So a two-year truce was agreed upon—you don't incorporate and we won't annex.

Cities all over the state were similarly strait-jacketed. It was, the Economic Council reported tartly, utter nonsense. The council conceded that "while there is no doubt that the individual in the fringe area has certain rights," no one should assume that "those rights deserve absolute protection irrespective of the needs of the community."

The keynote of the council's report was that "demands for municipal services grow with the whole area, not in proportion to the city's population alone." Traffic, recreation, schools, police, fire protection, sanitation, zoning, planning and public health are matters concerning the entire metropolitan community. "For several decades," the report went on, "the cities of Indiana have been lagging behind their suburban counterparts. Dozens of large cities are surrounded by new developments—residential, commercial and industrial—but most efforts to take in those areas have been defeated. Herein lies the paradox. Cities are growing, but their boundaries cannot be changed!"

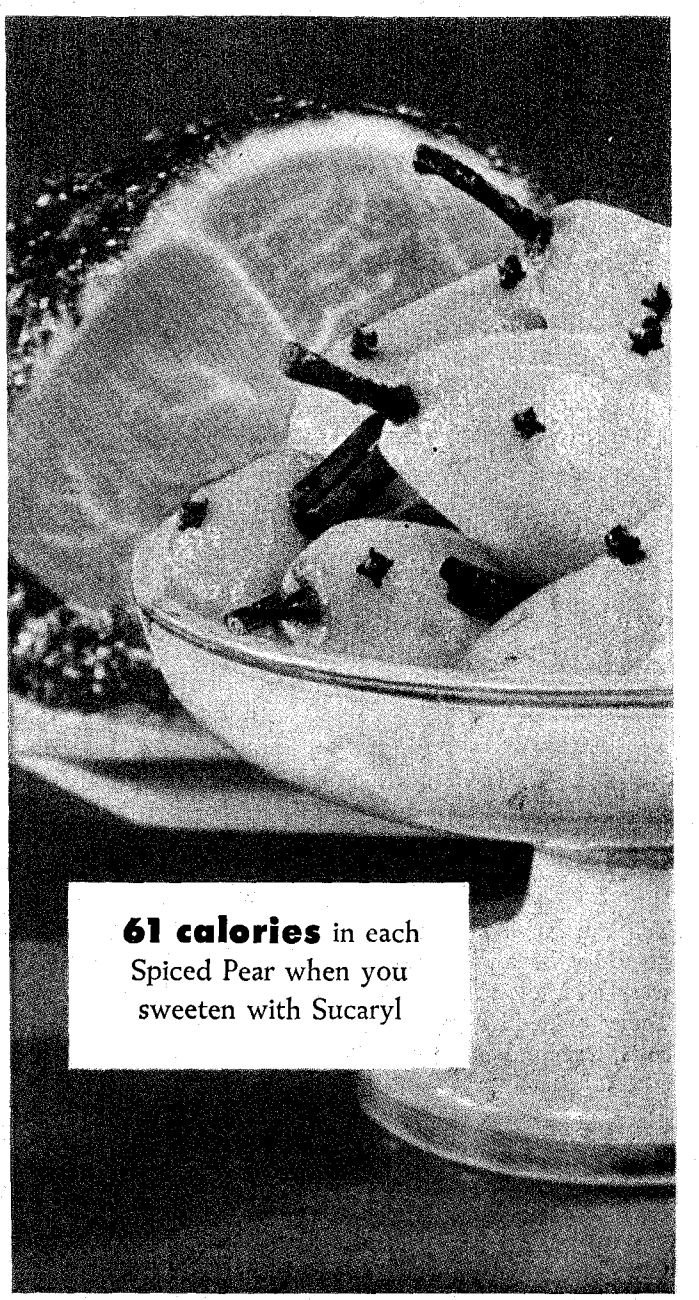
Did other states have similar problems? A study revealed that several states, notably those granting home-rule charters to their cities, allowed annexation without recourse by residents on the land. This had led to abuses. Certain Texas cities had posted their limits far out on open prairies. At the other extreme were states allowing annexation only by popular vote in the annexed area. Everywhere, the states were beginning to feel a need for change. Some of them—notably Michigan, Virginia, California—had set up commissions to study the problem.

The Indiana Economic Council laid down six principles, several of them borrowed from Virginia Court opinions, that may prove to be a Magna Charta for cramped cities:

1. Every annexation should be in the long-term best interest of the city and of the territory annexed.
2. The annexed area should be urban in character, an economic and social part of the city.
3. The terms must be fair.
4. The city shall be able to provide municipal services in a reasonable time after annexation.
5. If the area is undeveloped, it should be needed for the future development of the city.
6. The annexation must form a compact area abutting the city.

The new Indiana bill proposed that annexation be made possible by simple majority action of a city council. Instead of "one or more," it would require "a majority of the freeholders, or freeholders of 75 per cent of the land, whichever is the lesser number," to remonstrate. There was to be no legal dallying. Courts were required to rule on remonstrances within sixty days as to their sufficiency, and "without delay" as to whether they were sustained or denied. The measure passed the legislature hands down. And Pralle Erni, who had been in close touch, serving a term as president of the Indiana Municipal League, was ready to try it out.

Though he had known many a good fight in his day, the sixty-year-old New Albany mayor was not a man you would pick to become an outstanding battler for a progressive cause. Conservative in demeanor, bulging in contour, he looks a little like an oversize, clean-shaven, slightly out-of-sorts Saint Nicholas. Erni was born in the '90's at 8th and Spring Streets, New Albany, where the old family house still stands. His father was a physician, director of a cement company and a member of the city council.



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C. Pralle Erni went to Indiana University—where he played football in 1914 and 1915—as a premedical student; then changed his mind and switched to geology. He joined the Navy in 1916, was first a pilot, then engineering officer, and was discharged in 1919. He knocked around the oil fields of the Southwest for a time, learning the principles of canny investment. Ultimately he opened an office as geological consultant in Cleveland, but never gave anything other than "New Albany, Indiana" as his permanent home address.

Erni's first adventure in politics was as campaign manager for an up-and-coming congressional aspirant named Sherman Minton in 1920. Minton got licked, but made such a good showing that his manager, as a reward, was allowed to run for state representative. That was the year of the Harding Republican landslide, and ever since then Erni has considered thirteen a lucky number. He won by thirteen votes, was assigned seat No. 13, and was one of thirteen Democrats in the state house of representatives.

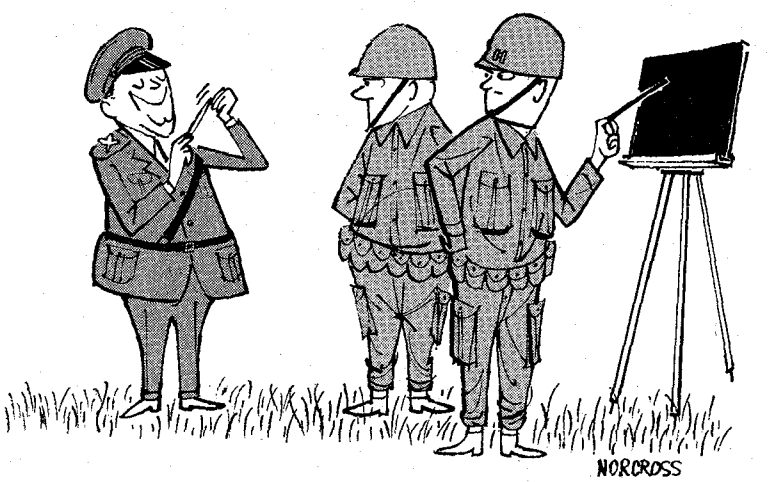
In 1937 New Albany was flooded, and Erni threw himself into the fight, finally victorious, to build the great Ohio River flood wall. Minton went on and up in Democratic politics, and then to the Supreme Court of the United States. Judge Minton after retiring for medical reasons, has lately returned to New Albany; Erni recently went up to Indianapolis to help dedicate a bust of him for the state capitol.

It was in 1947 that Erni, finding himself the owner of a local hotel—now run by nephew Joe Erni—and content with his investments, first decided to run for mayor. For a Democrat, in a county which normally turns in a Republican plurality of around 1000, there was a certain political hazard.

New Albany had fallen on evil days of brawling and gangsters. Just the year before, the local Chamber of Commerce secretary had been knifed for suggesting a cleanup of gambling. The incumbent mayor, deeply involved, had committed suicide. Erni campaigned on a platform of economy and clean government. He won his first term by thirty-three votes, a second term in 1951 by 400 votes, a third term in 1955 by 1700 votes. He married during his first term; his wife died—a tragedy that left a deep mark—during his third.

Whatever favor Erni may have acquired locally he needed during the annexation scrap. Though his prestige is unquestioned, his local reputation is a study in contradictions. Some, insisting he's short-tempered and vindictive, tell about the time he had two eminently respectable coal merchants thrown into jail and held there all one long night. Discussing the incident with the mayor, this writer noted no vindictiveness. "They'd been operating overweight trucks on city streets," the mayor said matter-of-factly.

Erni sometimes displays a most unpoliticianlike disinterest in the limelight. It took this reporter three trips to New Albany to nail down one good interview. Though the mayor is a Moose, an Eagle, a Presbyterian, and a member of Red Men and the American Legion, he's seldom seen at their functions. As voters, local Republican businessmen jump party fences to run up Erni's pluralities. As Chamber of Commerce members, many of the same men are irked with him for turning down their pet project, a measure to invest $20,000 in professional, area-wide planning. When the proposal hit a 3-to-3 tie in city council (one member being absent), Erni, exercising the mayor's right to vote in ties, killed it on economy grounds.



The Perfect Squelch

The major from the Pentagon acted as if he had been sent straight from heaven to tell the rest of the Army what to do. During a special briefing on combat communications, he interrupted repeatedly. "Now, at the Pentagon ——" he began every sentence. Finally a young captain chalked out on a small blackboard the setup of telephone-wire circuits for the field command. He labeled each, except for one which seemed to go nowhere.

"What's that line, captain?" the major snapped. "It appears to be perfectly useless. Where does it go?"

"That, major," the captain said in an innocent voice, "is your direct wire to the Pentagon."

Eugene M. Corbett

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The mayor's obsession with economy is legendary. A story is told of a councilman who, infected by the mayor's thrifty zeal, called for a cut in the fee of the town clock winder from the 1900 scale of fifty dollars a year to twenty-five dollars. Citing downtown shabbiness and litter, citizens have suggested that economy isn't everything, but the mayor continues to trim. Street repairs are paid for out of parking-meter pennies. Erni's fury at the coal trucks was roused by the fact that they broke up the pavement and it cost money to fix it. On the other hand, he's locally famous for private generosity, and once made the city an interest-free advance of $13,000—lucky thirteen—to get its Ohio flood-wall financing over the hump.

About the only point everybody agrees on is that Pralle Erni has grown accustomed to having his own way. "If there's one thing the mayor hates and despises," a friend of long standing told me, "it's opposition."

In the annexation move he was to find plenty, some of it deep-rooted in the city's history. Incorporated in 1813—lucky—New Albany's first fame was supplied by its boats. Here were built some of the great river boats of history and legend—The Glendy Burke, set to song by Stephen Foster, and the mighty Robert E. Lee, most famous of all the river steamboats, which steamed upriver from New Orleans to St. Louis in a breath-taking three days, eighteen hours, fourteen minutes, a record still unbroken. John B. Ford, whose name survives in Libbey-Owens-Ford, in 1867 produced the first usable plate glass in New Albany and installed it in a local tailor shop. Boat building ended with the railroad era and the glass industry moved out, but others came in. A big plywood factory was opened in 1901. One of the pioneer prefab-housing firms hung out its shingle during the 1930's. Furniture, clothing, fertilizer and machinery plants sprang up.

These factories all stood outside the city limits. Together they normally hired 6000 people and paid out $23,000,000 a year in wages. A group of electric companies, attracted by cheap barge coal and plentiful water, was erecting a huge new $50,000,000 generating plant on the river nearby. Owners of some of these establishments had enjoyed freedom from city taxes for half a century. How would they react to being asked, for the first time, to pay up?

By now Erni knew the importance of preparing the ground. He sounded out the Chamber of Commerce and the big electric company. Both came through with unexpectedly warm support. He approached representatives of the Silver Hills-Crestview Civic Association, representing the community's largest and most influential suburban areas. The fringe-area population had grown and its sanitation had deteriorated since 1948. Erni's arguments for annexation looked better now than they ever had before. The mayor reached a point where he thought it feasible for the council to act.

It was a daring, almost radical ordinance that the New Albany city council passed one steaming day in mid-July, 1956. In one stroke it more than doubled the city's area, from 4.5 square miles to 10.9. It hiked the population from 32,000 to 40,000. Assessed valuation—somewhat less than a third of actual value—was boosted from $25,000,000 to $34,000,000, with $15,000,000 more to come when they finished the electric plant. All the "sensitive areas" were taken in, including aristocratic Silver Hills and suburban Slate Run Road, the plywood, fertilizer, prefab and machinery factories and the new generating plant.

Some of these interests the mayor had already sought out and persuaded, but Erni had been too long in politics not to know the difference between a promise made and a promise kept. Besides, important elements remained uncommitted. The law allowed thirty days for objectors, if there were any, to proclaim their intention and test their strength.

Opposition was in action within forty-eight hours. A folder titled Information on Annexation was in circulation throughout the fringe area. It denied the wisdom of annexation and questioned the integrity of those who endorsed it. The circular was accompanied by a remonstrance-petition form and a plea that property owners sign it, which they were doing by the score. Why annex to gain fire, sanitary, school and library services, it asked? Most fire policies provided for paying for runs outside the city limits. As for sewers, what assurance was there that the city would ever get around to extending them, and besides, weren't septic tanks just as good? City authorities might gobble up school taxes for years and not provide new facilities. The same for garbage collection; and to annex in order to use the library was silly, when a nonresident card could be had for two dollars.

Erni promptly took over the mike at the local radio station and went on the air. Fire runs for fees are not the rights of citizens, he thundered, but courtesies extended by city taxpayers. Such courtesies, and others, like use of the library and access to the city dump, could be withdrawn for a cause, such as economy. Unless the city built trunk sewers for the fringes, it would only be a matter of time until the State Board of Health

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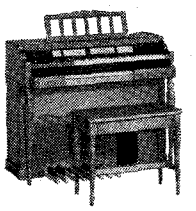

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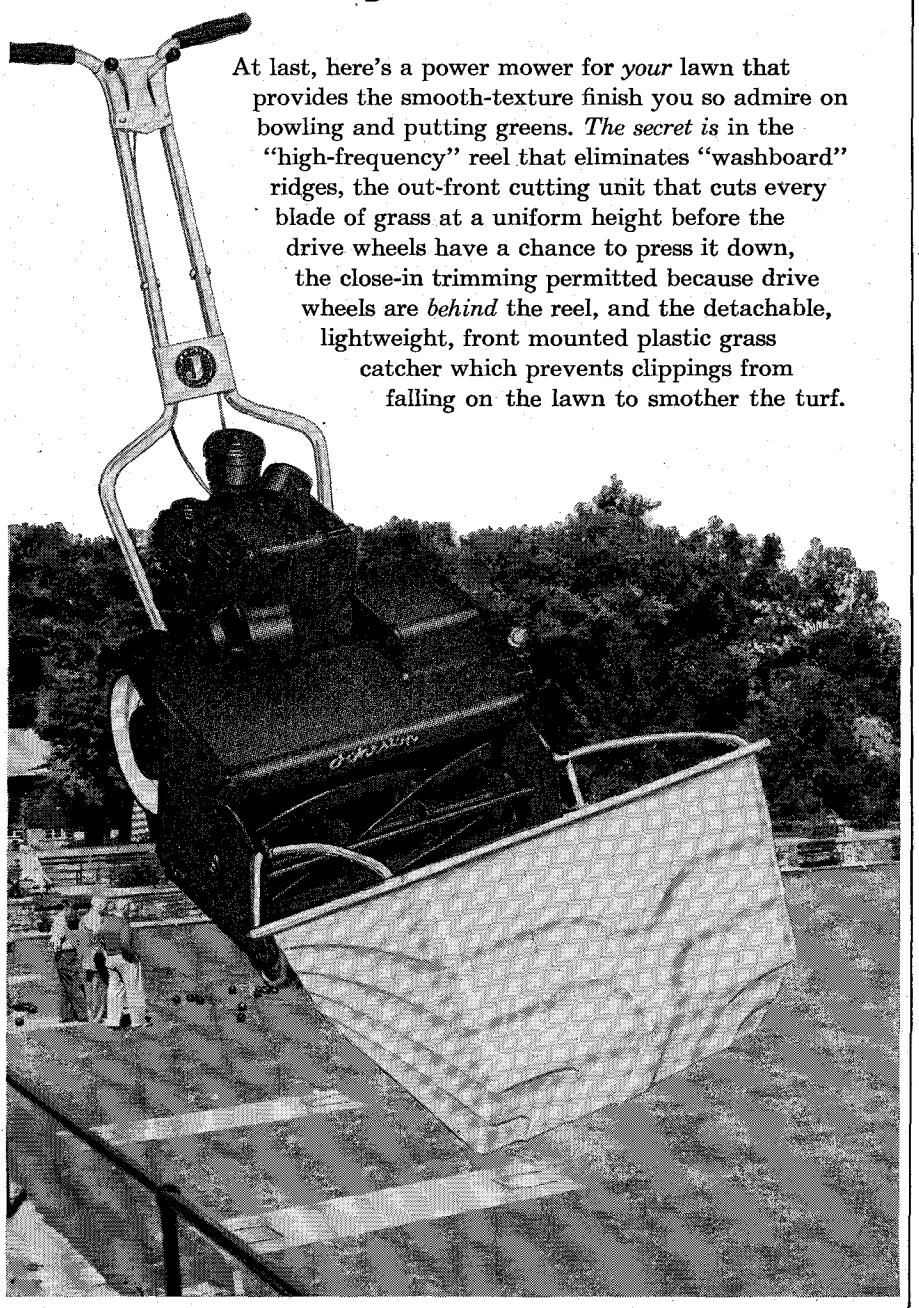

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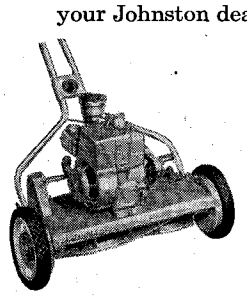
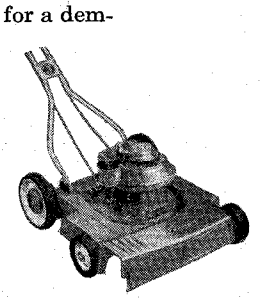
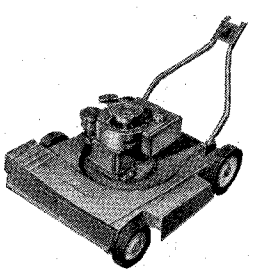


18-inch and 21-inch Lawn Patrol Reel Mowers



21-inch Power Propelled Rotary



18-inch and 21-inch Rotaries

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would compel property owners to build both sewers and disposal plants, and pay for them. To build disposal facilities for the whole area, as part of one city, was by far the most satisfactory way. And be not misled about the school situation, Erni admonished. Of course, consolidation of city and outlying school districts would not in itself provide new space. But it would make for more efficient use of the old. New classroom space was scheduled for completion within the year, he said, and entire new schools could be had, with annexation, in three years. Finally, annexed property owners, through city zoning regulations, would have protection against some unregulated and possibly noxious enterprise starting up next door. The immediate tax rise after annexation would not be great. The total tax burden in the long run would be less with annexation. "Don't sign that petition!" Erni roared. "If you've already signed it, have your name removed! Stand by your city! Protect her future!"

The pith of his talk was boiled down to fifteen questions and answers, which were printed in the papers and distributed as handbills. Forms were provided for canceling remonstrance signatures.

Erni now went after the authors of the remonstrance manifesto. The opposition's circular was traced to a duplicating machine in a certain company. Erni wrote to the company's president, asking if it was corporation policy to oppose the annexation. The president replied that it was not, and Erni made the letter public. This wiped out the last pocket of real resistance. Signatures on the remonstrance petition began to be expunged faster than they were added. On the thirtieth day the annexation became law. In the fierce competition among cities to attract new industry, the historic river town had suddenly become a formidable contender. Besides fuel, water and skill, it could offer a tax rate made lower by being shared by all who used the city.

If complaints were to come, one would expect them from those destined to receive the largest tax bill—the corporate owners of the big new power plant. Here, events exactly reversed the usual pattern. Both before and after the annexation, the electric-power people were, in a quiet way, boosters of the idea. Their representatives are willing to let it be understood that this was due to unsullied community spirit, and surely there was an element of that. But anyone could see that, sooner or later, property near the city was going to be taxed by some future or existing unit of local government. Economical New Albany was the better 'ole.

The strangest twist of all, perhaps, was what happened to residential-fringe-dwellers' taxes. Everybody was ready to accept something of a rise, in view of the additional services. They may actually be lower. The over-all city tax rate—civil city tax, school tax, county tax, township tax, library tax, state tax—is expected to be $4.90—last year: $4.68—as compared with the $5.00 a hundred township taxes before the annexation. Even with a sharp hike, property owners would be better off than anywhere else in the state, taxwise. The average per-capita local tax in the state's 535 cities and towns is $26.98; New Albany's is $14.17.

Other annexations indicate that the freeze on city growth is over in Indiana. Princeton, Kokomo, Bloomington, Bedford, Shelbyville and Fort Wayne have all taken on new bits of territory without notable strife. Though the hand of the cities is stronger, remonstrance can still be successful. Terre Haute tried to take in adjacent Harrison Township last summer, and there was vigorous opposition. Remonstrators failed to muster sufficient signatures, appealed, and the case is still in court. Industries around Lafayette have so far resisted annexation, substituting, in place of taxes, a program of paying for city services on contract.

Though still cautious, somewhat fearful of city councils' tendencies toward indiscriminate tax grabbing, industry's early response to the new law has been one of reserved hospitality. There's a general acceptance that wherever one goes one must pay one's freight, and that the only question is: What's a fair share? On the side of the states, the voices of the supreme courts of Kentucky and—in almost the same words—Arkansas ring ever louder: "Who goes to live, produce or operate in territory adjacent to a city does so at his peril, for it is the nature of cities to grow."

Mayor Erni sums up his advice in thirteen (lucky) words: "Do it big. If you try to do it piecemeal, you are licked."

The Courtship of Sergeant Postle

(Continued from Page 40)

was a shavetail. That's all. Old friends, like you might say."

"Figured you'd be heading fer home, Horse." The officer held out his hand. "I'm Otis. I was eight years old when you went fer a soldier."

"Well, now." Horace went back on his heels. "My kid brother, Old Drip-Nose Oats! How y'been, Oats? You changed a mite around the edges. Got shoes on and a lot of hair off. How's the family?"

"We're it," Otis said. "Lessen you're married."

"I ain't," Horse said.

"That's it then," Otis said.

A sudden and very deep wave of melancholy clouded down on the sergeant. He had never been homesick in his life until this moment, but he was now, like a mule kick straight to the belly button. If he'd been a crying man, he'd have cried a little bit with it. Not for himself, but for his kid brother. For one brief moment his mind's eye had seen Otis at eight again, barefooted, in overalls with a fishpole to his shoulder and his frayed straw hat pushed back from his fresh boy's face. "Gee, Horse, save a place at the wars for me!" and it hurt him bad to see Otis with a police gut and a police can on him, sparse-haired and cop-eyed and in some strange way straddling forever the highest point of the ridge line he'd ever climb to.

"Oats," Horse said to keep his thoughts off his thinking, "I kinda set m'mind to buying a house. Saved a little money here and there. Kinda had the picture in m'mind lately of Grandfer Soames' little old house out McCorkle's way. Still there?"

"Oh, sure," Otis said, "backhouse and all. Me, I board at Casenoves' over Bellsburg. Bellsburg's the plant town"—he pointed toward Quick's Hill. "That's a Hammond-Bell plant. Kinda by-passed Occonquink, except for the bank. Cooler up there than this bottom land."

"Know who owns the Soames house?"

"Reckon so." Otis looked at his brother with a swift sideways glance. "Abbie McCorkle owns it."

Sergeant Postle met the glance evenly, held his own pale blue eyes to the meeting. "Is that so?" he said. "How is Abbie?"

"Never married either," Otis said.

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"You putting under-meaning in that, Oats?"

"Hell, no," Otis said. "I heard the talk at the time you went away. Kids've got big ears for man-woman talk. But yore life's y'r own, and forty years is forty years."

"That Soames house for sale?"

"Find out sure enough."

"Find out, and with Abbie ownin' it don't get my name in the findin'."

Sergeant Postle settled into retirement with no strain. He was a horse artilleryman from the old three-inch days—those guns that had the gunners' seats on the axle beside the tube. But he'd gone on to 75's and prime movers, and on again to 155's and self-propelled mounts. That was natural development, but a few years ago, when some coffee-cooler put the bugle calls onto records, something went out of Postle. It went out of him the day a new Army file on the guard detail played Tattoo for To the Colors at five in the afternoon. So he retired on forty years. He had his work—and that was going to be it, from now on.

Actually he could have become rich with his work, for he had already made ten of his models. Little guns that were exact working-scale replicas of big pieces back through history. Each made to minute detail by Sergeant Postle's fine hand. Each made of its original metallurgical consistency, to reduced original ordnance specifications, and each with ten rounds of ball ammunition and each fireable. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., would have given him a hundred thousand dollars for the lot maybe. But they weren't for sale.

After four weeks boarding at Casenoves' with his brother, Otis, the sergeant closed the deal for the Soames cottage and moved in. He closed it through Sam Lockwood, the real-estate agent over in Bellsburg, and kept his own name out of it, for cause, for he wanted that house.

A thousand yards north of Occonquink, well out of town, it sits on the lower slope above North Branch. West, that is, of the road. But you can see the whole town below, and across the way on the higher ground about three hundred yards up a gentle rise sits the McCorkle house with its cupola and its gimcrack gingerbread, its mansard and its curlicue iron trim.

Sergeant Postle was unpacking and setting up his last bivouac when Abbie started. She'd been watching for him for an hour, all dressed and ready, with her hat on. She came down the drive, stalked down it like the regimental adjutant at V.M.I., opened her own gate, stormed across the road, stopped firm at Horace's gate and called, "Horse!" He came to the door in galluses, with the sun in his eyes, his hand up to shade. She didn't wait. She gave it to him with a cut fuse over open sights.

"I knowed it was you, Horace," she shouted, "from the start of the deal! You didn't fool me none! I let you buy that place—and there y'll set 'til you rot out! You ever cross this yere road and set foot on my side, I'll run y'off like I'd run off the plague!"

Sergeant Postle grinned and shifted his foot. "H'lo, Abbie. How y'bin?"

"It ain't no mind of yours, Horse, how I bin after forty years. I bin, and that's that."

"Well, now, Abbie, we had a little difference of opinion once, but ain't no use carryin' it too far."

Abbie said, "You mind what I say, Horse. I know you from way back. You got yore mind only on one thing. You jest set now, where I put you"—she turned and pointed with a furiously swept arm—"and step one foot on my place I'll take the old buggy whip to you, 'cause I still got it from the last time!" She turned, crossed the road again, slammed her own gate behind her and stalked back up her drive to her own house.

"Wimmin!" the sergeant said, and went back inside to his work of surveying in. Postle was a slow burner, like the best dog-faced generals. It comes of troop duty and dirt soldiering. A man is born with so much top—for that matter, so much everything else—and if he lets himself blow it all of a wad too often, he's got nothing left. So Postle didn't get really mad until about three hours later. Abbie'd taken off her dress and was in pants and jumper on the seat of her tractor by that time, plowing the front field. The tractor was old, with a dismal, oil-eating, bronchial howl.

When Abbie turned beyond her gate and started a back furrow, the sergeant pulled on his coat, crossed the road in her blind sector behind her, opened her gate and went in. He followed slowly after her until she got to the end and turned the tractor again. When she did, he was standing about twenty yards from her, his legs spraddled, his arms folded.

She throttled down and stared at him with eyes (*Continued on Page 117*)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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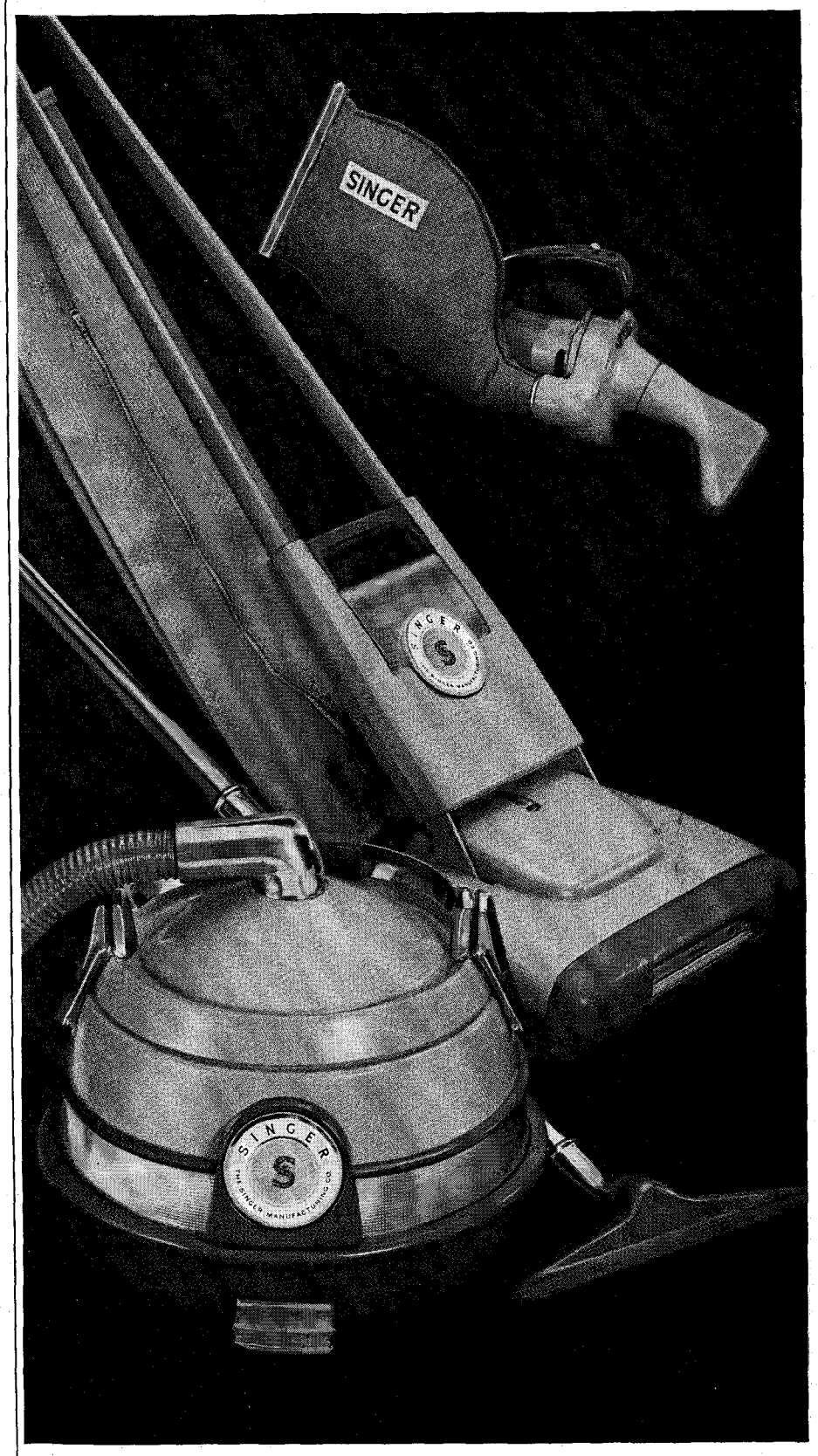

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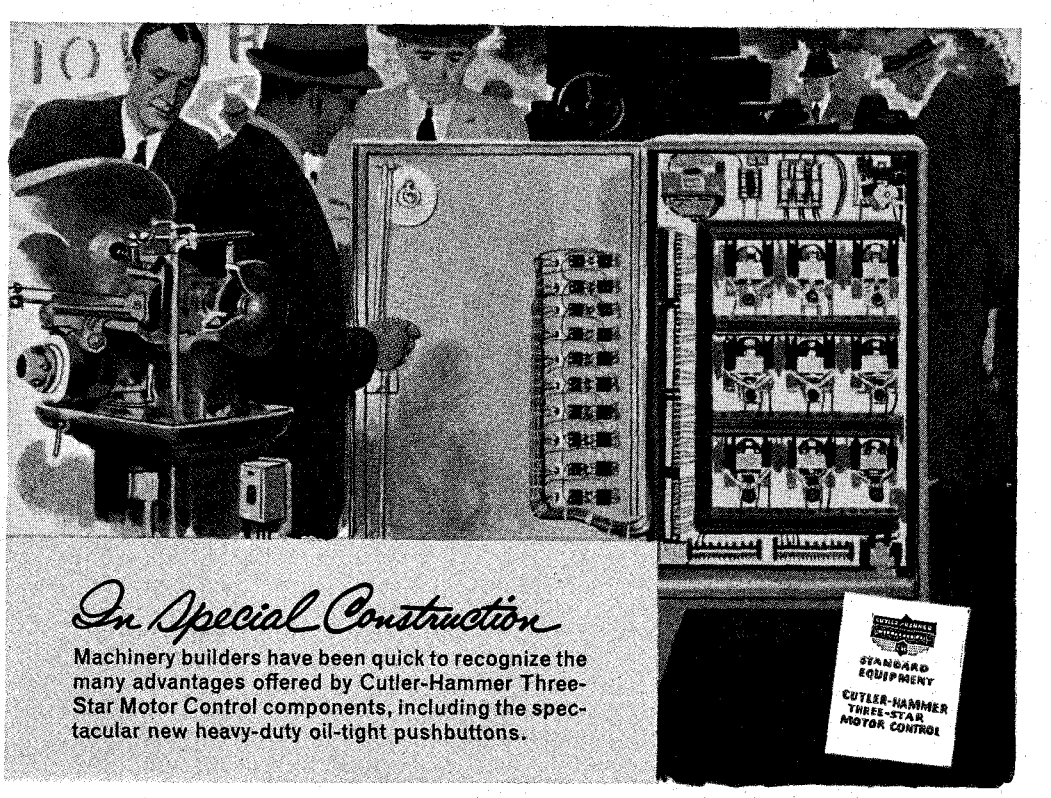

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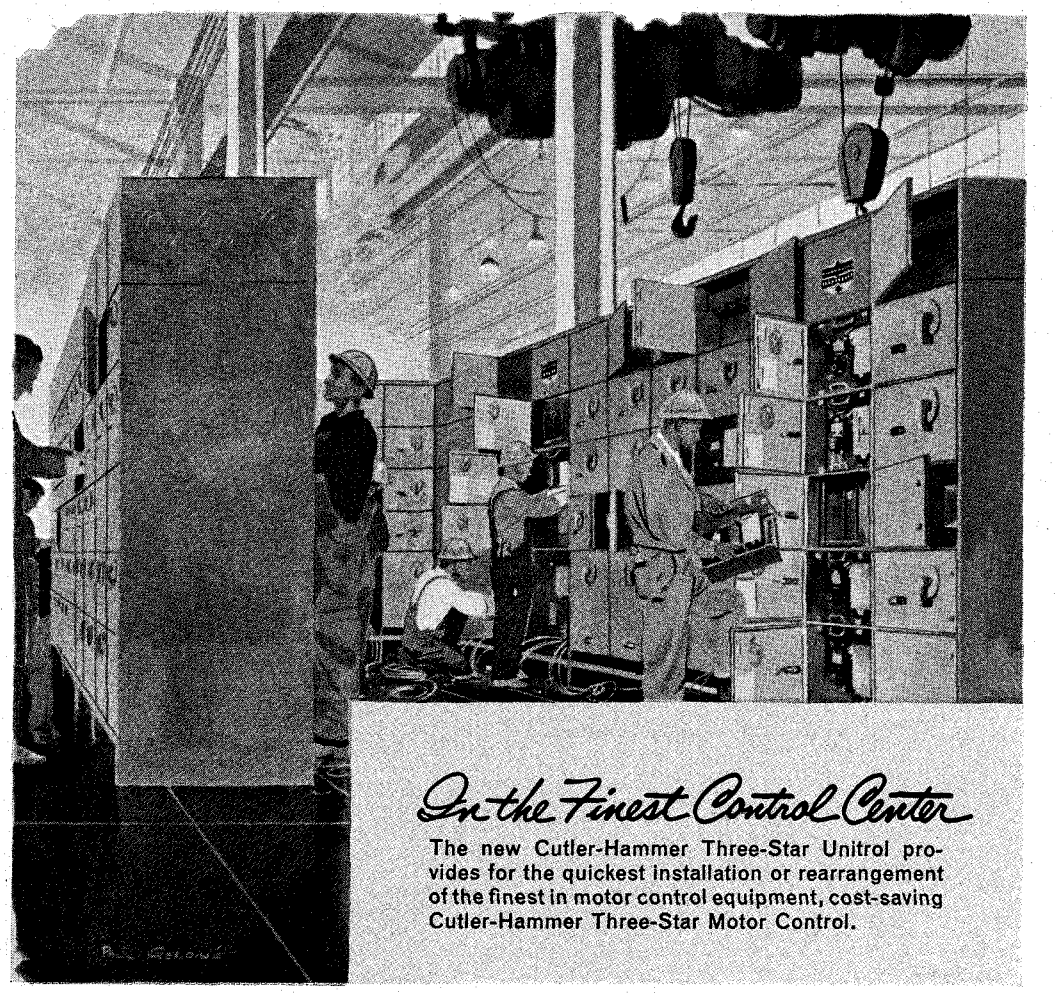

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(*Continued from Page 115*) like the muzzles of two 9-mm. Parabellum Lugers. "I told you once, Horse. I ain't tellin' again."

"That's right," he said. "So now I'm tellin' you." He said it just as quiet as she had. "I bin toyin' quite a while with the idea of marryin' you, Abbie, but I ain't toyin' a mite longer! You're a hardheaded woman; you always was and you always will be. You called on me. I'm returning the call. Book's closed." He was going to turn on that and give her his back, but he couldn't because the professional habit was too strong in him. He hesitated just a moment, then he strode up to the tractor, leaned to it briefly with both fine hands at the engine—and he took the bronchial howl out of it that it had suffered with for ten years.

"What you done to that motor?"

"Fixed it—from years of woman driving."

"You never!" she said. "Must've done it itself. Carson's Garage give it up long time back."

Sergeant Postle leveled his index finger at her. "Let me tell you what's wrong with that motor and this whole danged world, Abbie. Wimmin bein' men. Simple as that. They glommed all the money in this country one way or another, from the men. So then they pulled on the pants. That's why nobody enlists the Army any more, only get hog-tied in. Wimmin are men, men become wimmin. But it won't work. Woman's got to be took and taught rough. They never have no respect for a man they can beat down, and without respect they never can be happy." He cocked his first sergeant's eye at her. "You want me to doctor that tractor back like it was and leave you with it?"

"You keep your hands off my tractor!"

Then Sergeant Postle did turn, gave her his back full, and went over the road to his own side with the slow burn screaming up to fragmentation.

Two days later he found the old D Battery gun. It was like an omen of some kind. Like all the parts of a long-drawn plan falling into place, as they do sometimes in the end. Say like an attack building through hot sweat until, just before H, the pieces begin to fall into slot fast with the sound of a one-armed Juarez silver-dollar bandit hitting the pot.

He was down behind his house on the bank of North Branch, wondering about rigging a line to catch bullheads. There was flood drift matted up high from last spring and a big chunk of bank had been undercut, cracked through and carried away. Just a tiny crescent of the muzzle of the gun protruded, but the water silt had dirt-braised the brass to a fair enough sheen still to catch the westering sun. The minute the sergeant put his fingers on the brass he knew what it was. A brass six-pounder from way back. So he dug all afternoon, rigged an A frame and pulled the old gun loose about sundown.

At first it was just somebody's old gun from the '63 skirmish—still a gun's a gun to an old redleg. But when it came free and Postle got the muck off it, it was his gun forevermore, for knife-scratched in the brass by the breech end ordnance marking was a rough-cut "D Bat—— 5th Art." like someone would scratch initials on a fence rail.

You know about D Battery of the 5th? Alexander Hamilton formed it in 1776 from King's College boys—Columbia now. It was the whole rear-guard artillery at the Battle of Long Island. The 5th Field was the entire United States Army at one time. First Division since 1917, and the Big Red One isn't an outfit; it's a religion.

Sergeant Postle went to D Battery soon after he first enlisted. He had put D Battery metal into Krauts at Soissons, Berzy-le-Sec and Cantigny. A quarter century afterward he put it into them a second time over at Kasserine, across France and over the Rhine River until they uncled. After Korea, he asked back to D of the 5th and retired from it.

He knew at once that no gunner ever scratched up his own gun the way this was marked, so he figured it was a piece cut out of the 5th by Jackson's boys somewhere up the line and marked for prideful identification. That way, it was his gun two ways, because his Grandpappy Soames was Jackson's 1st Brigade from Falling Waters to Chancellorsville, where he left a foot well up to the knee—and never gave a damn, live or die, because Jackson died.

So he didn't write the Government. He took over. Hand work all the way, out of heart oak, with the old ordnance specifications from one of his books to guide him, forging the metal by hand, he made a complete carriage to mount the tube.

When he had it done to a nub, he rolled that old brass gun out onto his side yard and laid it needle fine on half a degree elevation, trained on Abbie McCorkle's house. Now it had taken him weeks and he'd seen Abbie off and on all that time, but they'd never spoken or looked so's you could see them. Side of eyes maybe. But no more. But when he rolled that gun into position, she stood it three days, and then she stormed down her drive again.

"Horse," she shouted, "you point that cannon the other way!"

He stared at her coldly. "That ain't a cannon," he said. "That's a gun, and it stays as is."

"I wouldn't put it past you to have bullets for it."

"That's right"—he jerked his head—"I have. Hand-mixed charge to specification. Hand-turned ball. What good's a fireman without a hose?"

"I'll have you arrested!" Abbie screamed.

"Gettin' nervous, Abbie?" And he started slowly toward her, hands in pockets and a grin in his eyes that made him sixteen years old once again. You could see then what he'd looked like once with his bleached white chino breeks, his laced leggings leather-faced inside, his redcorded campaign hat sugar-dip-blocked, brim-ironed.

"No, I hain't gittin' nervous!" she shouted.

"You're lying, Abbie. Take them pants off your mind and get female."

"You lay a finger on this gate, Horse Postle, I'll kill you!"

Well, he kept on coming, slow, steady and easy, and when she saw he wasn't going to stop, she turned and ran. Horse went over the gate after her because he figured it was a pursuit at all costs. It wasn't. It was a retrograde movement to a prepared position. She took off straight for the barn and that old buggy whip. Horse almost got his hand in her back hair. Just missed, at the barn door, so she got the whip and laid on him and brought the blood through his pants legs with a look on her face like a twenty-year-service master-at-arms flogging a man through the fleet at Portsmouth in Bligh's day.

Just once she cut at him before the sergeant closed the range, got the whip, broke it across his knee, slapped her face twice, front and back hand, and kissed her.

"Now," he said, "you old fool. Get yore hat and we'll go get it done right off at the Baptist Church and get on with this yere honeymoon you broke off with that whip forty years ago!"

Abbie went under slow. First off she wouldn't have the wedding for another six weeks—to have it right—with all the Occonquink trimmings. She was going to run it, like she ran everything. Her way.

And then the damnedest thing happened. After the ceremony they drove back out of town toward their houses in Abbie's Model T, Abbie driving. At her gate she started to turn in.

"Hold up," the sergeant said. "Where we goin'?"

"My house. Why?"

"No, we ain't. We're goin' to my house."

"Live in that little place when we got the big one?"

"Oh, he's fighting a cold. Looks like the tenth round coming up."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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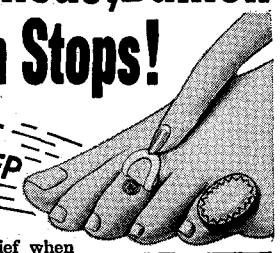

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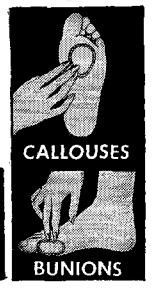

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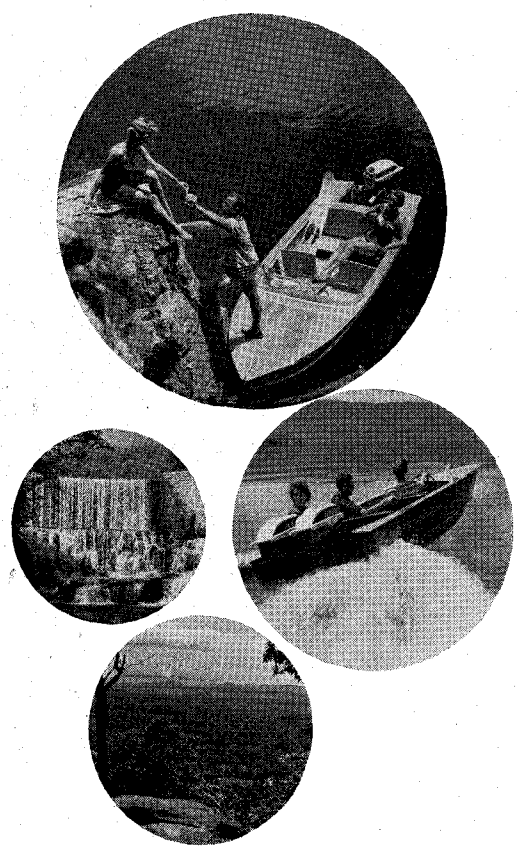

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"That little place is my house," Sergeant Postle told her. "Yo're m'wife. That's where you live."

"Now you listen to me," Abbie said. "I've lived in the McCorkle house all my life, and that's where I'm going to live all the rest of my life!"

"Get out of this danged car 'fore I drag you out, Abbie!"

"You lay a finger on me you'll be sorry."

"A finger!" Horse shouted.

"You heard me," Abbie said. "We live in my house or nowhere"—and there was cold chrome in it.

Sergeant Postle opened the car door and got out. Slowly he walked around front to her side and put both hands on her door. "Abbie, you hear me out. It won't never work on God's green earth that a woman tells a man what t'do and he answers 'yes'm.' I only been married thirty-five minutes m'whole life, but in thirty-five minutes I shore learned why I ain't! A woman's got to be took and taught. White, black or yellow, and especially them as packs knives and cuts upward. I could drag you inside and quirt the hide off'n you in slow strips, but I wouldn't want what'd be left. So I'm goin' to tell you somethin'. You bin in m'hair forty years, man and boy. Get out of it! Because now, if I was cast up on a South Pacific island with you or you was the last danged woman on this earth, I'd turn you loose and treat you like a man!" Then he raised his right hand as if he had old D Battery on the line, whipped up his left wrist with his watch, and said, "Ten seconds you got to decide." But Abbie didn't take two, she kicked in gear, spun him off the car and drove furiously up her own drive.

It must have been starting down at the bank in the village while they talked. Payday for Hammond-Bell puts almost four hundred thousand cash in the Occonquink Farmers and Merchants. Afterward, as Horace remembered it, he kind of saw it happening out of his eye corner, but he was too mad to register.

The getaway car was in front, toward the post office. The fellow with the black bag made the car with his cover man behind.

They said afterward that the cashier, Tommy Momford, opened fire first with a bank gun they'd overlooked. He spun the cover man twice around, and spinning, the cover man fired and took out the post-office front window like snow melting on a hot stove.

Now the virtue of the regular Army mind is that up to, but not including the next higher echelon of command, it works automatically from years of habit. It hit Horace Postle one-two: *That post-office window is Federal Government property. I'm R.A. military personnel still, for all retirement. Bank's one thing, post office makes it a Federal case, so I'm in it.*

Just then he saw his kid brother, Otis, come busting hell for girth out of the sheriff's substation, his Police Positive banging hot from the hip—and he saw Otis stop cold and go down like a pole-axed ox. That made it Postle-family business.

Horace was into his house like an I.C. horse saddle-burred. Out again with the charge he'd made for the old D-Battery gun. The getaway car was spurting out of town below, just roaring past the Jackson Oak. Sergeant Postle rammed his charge home, tamped the hand-turned ball in and stood to. He lowered his elevation to zero on the hand screw and decided to hold fire for just before Abbie McCorkle's south gatepost. The reason was that he couldn't take a lead, for the piece wouldn't traverse except by man-handling the trail. And he had only one round.

Set and ready, he lit a cigarette, and with the car making better than sixty miles an hour toward him, from force of habit he breathed, "Steaday! Number One Gun!" and then, jamming the cigarette into the touchhole, "Fire!" and "On the way!"

The gun took off backwards for thirty-five feet or more. The white smoke clouded full like a parachute with the jumper just on the ground. The six-pound ball hit that car where the windshield makes up—half on the metal, half on the glass, sleeting it into the driver's eyes—and the car ditched and vaulted endwise over twice, with the four bank robbers and a quarter million dollars spewing out. But the ball didn't stop. On a screaming ricochet, it howled up over Abbie McCorkle's front field and struck her cupola with force still in it to take out the center beam, smash all the Gothic windows and drop a half ton of wreckage into Abbie's attic—through the upper floor and down the stairs in a cascade of splinters, broken balk ends, plaster and jagged glass, with a roar like a Matterhorn avalanche and a cloud of blinding dust.

Abbie dodged it, white-faced, kept dodging parts of it through the lower house, choking and screaming like a vestal on the hot-pursuit lam from Roman dishonor.

The good Lord only knows what did go on in her mind and heart, but whatever it was, she was off the porch finally, into the petunias headfirst, crawling, gasping; then running down the drive in her torn and plaster-dusted wedding dress toward Horace's—both slippers off, and necessity in her like the plague.

There'd been a car after the bandit car from Occonquink. And a state-police car sirening in from the opposite direction. People on foot from all over, so that in no time there was a fair-sized crowd around the wreck, gathering up the money, hauling the hoods out and laying them in a row for the undertaker. Talking to Horace.

Through them, Abbie pushed, clawed and prodded, still in wild-eyed shock, till she got to Horace. She clutched her fingers into his upper arms.

"Horse!" she sobbed, and she pressed her head frantically into his chest.

"What's this, Abbie?" he growled.

"It's me, Horse," she said. "I knowed all along it had to be. Just tryin' it on fer size, like a fool woman, Horse. But you done right—kep' at it. Yo're a hard man, Horse."

Then he looked up and across, and for the first time he saw what that ricochet had done. But he was an old horse artilleryman, so his eyes didn't flicker.

"You go inside, Abbie. My house. Take off that dress. It looks like Chosin Reservoy been retreated through it. On the sink there's a bottle. Take a long tug at it fer nerve steadiment. I'll be along soon's I get m'gun back in position and rid of the crowd."

All they did was to crease Otis Postle, so he lived. That means that there'll be sixty-four Postles—counting Abbie now as one—to call somebody else back someday to Occonquink and the county. Don't think there's been a miscount either, because you can take medical history and all other history and stuff it up the flue when the artillery thunders into position.

But if that's too general a statement, you go see Doc Tolliver in Bellsburg. He knows. Come the magnolia again, there's going to be a Postle in a playpen next that brass six-pounder in the sergeant's yard. And boy or girl, it'll ride to the guns when the time comes, because that's the way they breed 'em down Occonquink way, even if it takes forty years, you mind.

THE END

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Third Honeymoon (Continued from Page 26)

"Fortunately," Jonas said to Margaret as if she had asked the question, "I was able to recoup the button from under the crinoline petticoat of somebody else's secretary. I then had it sewed on in an invisible-mending emporium for one dollar. This, as a result of our going out to dinner last night with our best friends for the first time in months, left me with seventy-four cents. It was payday, but we don't get paid till after lunch."

Jonas dragged in a new supply of breath. "I didn't cash a check because, as you so well know, when the elm tree blew down last week, it loused up our month's budget just beautiful. So I told the guys at the office I had an ulcerated tooth and I luncheoned at a gourmets' haven called Barney's Baloney Bar. While baloneying, I reflected upon why in hell it is that even though a man earns a pretty nice salary, he always has to think about money, money, money. I thought about the nice vacation I want to take you on and how another elm tree will probably blow down. I thought about taxes, bills, mortgages, time payments, the new car we won't get, and ——" Jonas thundered at his wife, "Look at your skirt!"

"What is the matter with my skirt?" Margaret thundered right back, pulling the garment down.

"That and the other green thing are all you've got. You look good in any skirt, but for the love of heaven, are we so groveling in poverty that ——"

Margaret got up and walked out of the room.

"Oh, wonderful! Now has she got a burn on?" Jonas asked his daughter miserably.

"Nope," said the daughter. "Wait till you see what she's got on."

When Margaret came back into the room, she was radiant in a delectable new dress. If she had been entering a teeming restaurant on Jonas' arm, the headwaiter promptly would have seated them at a choice table and never have looked at Jonas at all. A few women can do this. Jonas uttered a great happy sigh. "Ah-h!" he rejoiced, and the word contained several complimentary sentences.

Betty glowed, "Boy, father, is your wife a knockout! Regard that figure, sir."

Margaret turned on a little blush, an old-fashioned trick which it is too bad most modern women don't know how to do. Then she triumphantly announced, "I bought it today at the church thrift shop. For precisely four bucks. You like?"

Whereupon the man who was earning a pretty nice salary blew his top. "Thr-r-r-rift shop!" he erupted. "That old-clothes-exchange joint! We have now descended to where you have to wear other people's cast-off stuff!" Running out of words, he swallowed the wrong way and began to cough horribly.

"For crying out loud, listen!" Margaret snapped. "A certain very nice woman bought this little number last winter in Miami, wore it once, came home and out-fatted it this spring. For obvious reasons, her name will forever be unrevealed by either her or me. It was a neat deal, my friend."

Then Margaret sat down on the arm of Jonas' chair, placed one hand in his hair and told him, "Look, dear, I've got something better to say. After buying the new dress, I came home and did a lot of number work regarding our budget. You know I know more about our finances than you do, so believe me when I say that we're going to have enough wampum next month for a lovely vacation—even including the fact that for some cockeyed reason you always have to splurge with your tipping. Now finish your alcohol, master. Then we'll have a carefree dinner and go sit out on the porch and hold hands. A full moon will be mooning."

Two hours later the daughter of the house was sitting cross-legged on the kitchen counter, talk-talk-talking into the telephone to a person of the opposite gender. Out on the porch her parents were spooning in the moon-silvered night, Margaret's right hand rolled up inside of Jonas' left hand. Why they were never able to spoon satisfactorily with the other two hands, they did not know.

Then the doorbell rang. Margaret went in to answer it, and suddenly screamed. The sound trickled down Jonas' spine like an injection of ice water. He tore into the house, and there Margaret flapped a piece of paper against his nose, crying, "Read! Peter! Johanna! Western Union! Well, what do you know!"

Betty grabbed the paper, read it and screamed.

So then the father got to read the paper. A cablegram from Peter. It said:

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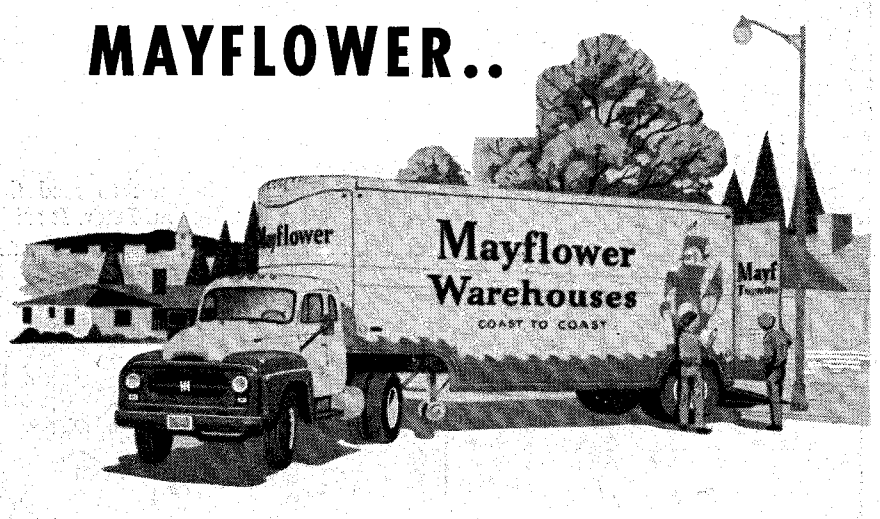

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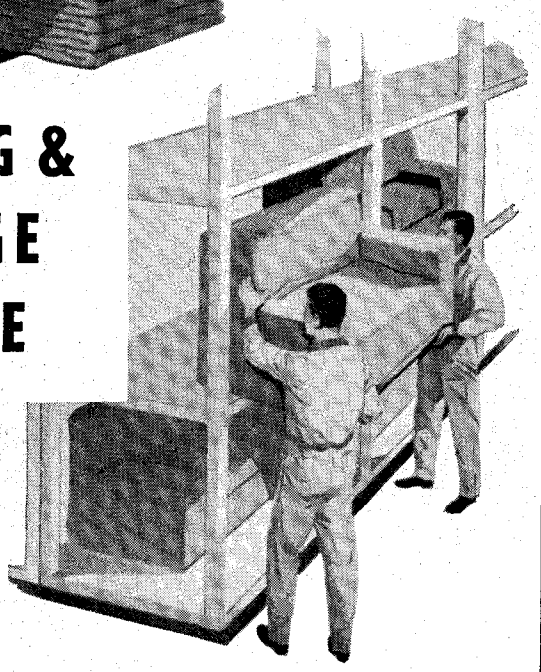

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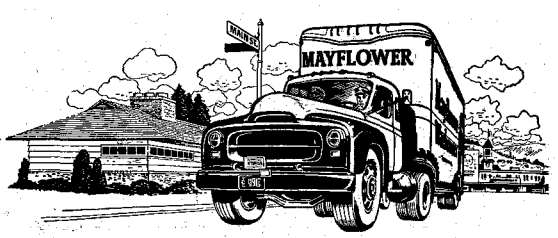

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Jonas, Margaret and Betty wandered dazedly out into the porch moonlight and they were so happy about Peter that they acted fool-headed. They shook hands all around, and then they kissed all around, as if the three of them had just got married.

"Champagne is what this calls for!" suddenly cried Jonas. The only champagne he had was two little one-drink bottles of Élysées XIX—'42—Brut that his secretary had brought home to him and Margaret when she took a vacation in Paris last year. As Jonas came out with the precious bottles, the thought occurred, *What with all the expenses of helping the kids get settled, guess we'll be shoving off the vacation till maybe sometime next August or so.* He saw that Margaret was looking at him, and he knew that she had given him this thought, or vice versa. They didn't say anything. Then happiness rolled in over the thought, and it vanished. They split the two champagnes three ways.

Well, you know how the schemes o' mice and men and checkbook figure-uppers gang aft agley, and they ganged aft agley this time. The vacation got shoved off twice, and then was schemed for early in September, or around there.

Peter came home with stars twinkling in his eyes and spirits, and he rented a ninth-floor apartment at the upper end of the New York subway, and slept on the floor of the bedroom in a sleeping bag, pending furniture and the arrival of his homemaker to select same.

In only a few weeks Johanna came. Long ago the creaking immigration machinery had been started grinding on her case, but now the marriage had oiled it up so it whirred. Johanna was beautiful both to look at and to talk-and-think with. Can you want anything more of a young woman? Her new family enfolded her, and she them, and in no time it seemed as if this oneness had always been. At first, Jonas found himself shy about being called dad by a new girl, as if he were a boy on his first date, but any competent girl can bring a man out of this sort of shock in a hurry.

The wedding present was money, which is such a valuable thing to have. It begat furniture. Then there turned up a number of this-and-thats regarding which Jonas and Margaret saw that the new Mr. and Mrs. needed help—Margaret seeing most of them; men being nearly blind about homemaking. Budget-wise, these incidentals sprinkled along over July and August, and on Labor Day weekend the hot-water tank in the cellar blew a small hole in its stomach, sprinkling the cellar, also blowing a hole in the family checkbook. Jonas didn't blow his top, but one evening two weeks later, right in the middle of a girl spectacle on television, he got as mad as hops because the living-room ceiling was developing some brown spots; and he stomped outdoors and began pacing up and down the driveway like a caged lion—correction: caged man.

"But, mother," Betty said anxiously, "the brown spots have been there two years."

"You're telling me," Margaret muttered, and she went out in the darkness and linked an arm with the caged one.

To Jonas she said, "I want to proposition you, mister. Did you have a good time on our second honeymoon at Virginia Beach in 1941?"

"Twice as good as our first honeymoon."

"Really!" the bride bridled, but she bounced back with, "The first week in October, which was when we went before, take me there again. I'm in love with you."

Jonas said, "I can't tell you the exact number of points the cost of living has gone up since 1941, but I can look it up tomorrow. Honeymoon Two cost us four hundred and seventy-five bucks."

"Jonas, we stayed at that snazzy hotel. This time we'll find a nice motel right on the ocean, and eat in nice, cute little restaurants, and if we can't do it for two hundred, I'll eat my blank checks. If some of our bills have to go over a month, over they go. Jonas, let's chuck everything but you and me. Let's go swim again in the water—and the stars."

When they went into the house, there was a little breeze stirring out of the night against their cheeks, and it was soft and dream-making, like a breeze from a gentle sea.

During the rest of September Jonas was a changed man; at breakfast he would chatter six or eight sentences instead of emit a few gasps. One morning, after he had taken off for the office looking practically happy, the postman brought a brown envelope from the Audit Division, Internal Revenue Service. *Oh, good, sweet Uncle Sam,* Margaret prayed to her country as she tore it open, *make it a refund; for Jonas' sake, make it a nice lovely refund.*

It was a notice to appear three days hence at three P.M. and bring all records and receipts relating to the return filed for 1952, signed "Paul Stump, auditor."

That was the year they had sold their house in New York state, moved to Philadelphia and rented a house in the suburbs. That was a fiendishly complicated income-and-outgo questionnaire to translate into English, but she and Jonas thought they had been honest and true about it. So now this Stump would twist some more money out of Jonas. Margaret wandered out in the garden, vaguely smelled a rose, discovered that a tear was running down into the thing, and exclaimed to the birds, "Hell!" She decided, "This, my Jonas won't know about till after the honeymoon. I will take care of this Stump alone."

For some years Margaret had been gradually taking over the horrors of making out their joint tax return; mathematics made Jonas cringe, but she rather got a kick out of making the stuff behave. However, she was as terrified about Stump as if he were a dentist. At the zero hour, she faced him.

She turned on her charm, which was not cloying—she had deft taste, she was an old pro. Stump seemed unaware of whether she was male or female. He disordered all the papers, regretted a number of deductions Jonas and Margaret had made, agitated his pencil and walloped them $162.44, leaving them $37.56 for vacation.

Margaret turned off the charm. Reaching into her handbag, she riffled through her checkbook to the last blank check and tore it out. She inscribed on it the required amount and took her leave of Stump. A debtor, a husband deceiver, she should have felt awful when she faced Jonas that night, but somehow she felt as burdenless as breeze-borne thistledown.

And then, just before vacation time, Jonas remembered to start worrying about something he had been occasionally worrying about for months, and he compounded a deceitful secret of his own. The tires on the car were worn skin-smooth, so that they all looked bald-headed. It had been one thing to fool around the garage-studded suburbs on these dubious bladders; now with fright Jonas contemplated sixty-miling it over those Southern highways where, often as

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far as the eye can see, nothing is visible but landscape. So ——

On the evening before they took off, Jonas muttered that he had a couple little last-minute things to pick up over at the drugstore, and he drove to his pet filling station and baby got four lovely new shoes. They were recorded on his charge account. He reflected that as the shoes might bring Margaret down out of the stars, he would just tuck them away in his mind till next month. *She'll never notice them. A woman doesn't notice a tire till it goes bumble-bumble from being flat as a waffle.* Price of the tires: $162. Adding this to Margaret's secret, status-of-vacation budget now: $124 in the red. Actually, as the vacation would shove about $200 worth of bill payments into another month, a more honorable computation: $324 in the red.

Next morning they took off, with Betty, on the porch, crying "Bon voyage!" and waving a dish towel. She was going to stay with an aunt, two towns up the railroad. The honeymooners were like kids fleeing from school in June. Boy, was it sweet to drive down the familiar street and drive past the station where wretched earth-bound mortals moribundly awaited the train that was late. All day as they purred down through the fair, free-horizoned farm lands of the Delaware peninsula, their past kept receding into the past and their future into the future. Then, at twilight, they were on an ocean-size ferry; Cape Charles had sunk out of sight in the water behind them, and the last southern strip of Virginia would not rise out of the water ahead of them for an hour, and there was nothing but the sea. The sunset saluted them, the afterglow saluted them, and they saluted each other, just sitting there, not even having to kiss to do it.

It was very late at night when they undressed for bed, but time was standing still anyway. After dinner—price very modest; modest tip too—they had walked two miles beneath the Milky Way on the endless sugar-sand beach, walking in their bare feet, paddling along sometimes in the kindly water. Their motel room was twice as big as the hotel room of their second honeymoon, and nearly three times easier on the pocketbook. The front of the room was all glass; beyond the glass was a balcony, privately recessed for spooning; below the balcony was a dew-jeweled lawn, and between the lawn and Europe was water. They slipped on robes and sat out in the spooning department.

"Wish we had those two champagnes to redrink," Jonas said, far from sadly. "Howsomever"—he lifted a glass—"do you observe how much this beer resembles champagne?"

"The breeze," said Margaret, "is like warm satin."

"That's because it got worn smooth from rubbing against that satin water. What color is our ocean?"

"It's a black-blue counterpane, and somebody has sewed a billion sequins on it that look just like stars."

But they didn't want to talk; they just wanted to be. Be who and where they were. And by and by there was a little orange patch on the counterpane, over toward Spain, and then, so quickly that one could really see it move, up out of Neptune's back yard climbed a moon as big and magnificent as a pumpkin. When it got smaller, it got brighter.

"Look how light it makes everything," said Margaret, looking sidewise across the lawn to where their car was parked. "Yep, there's our darling old car, fast asleep. She's so tired."

At the word "tired," Jonas winced in his mind.

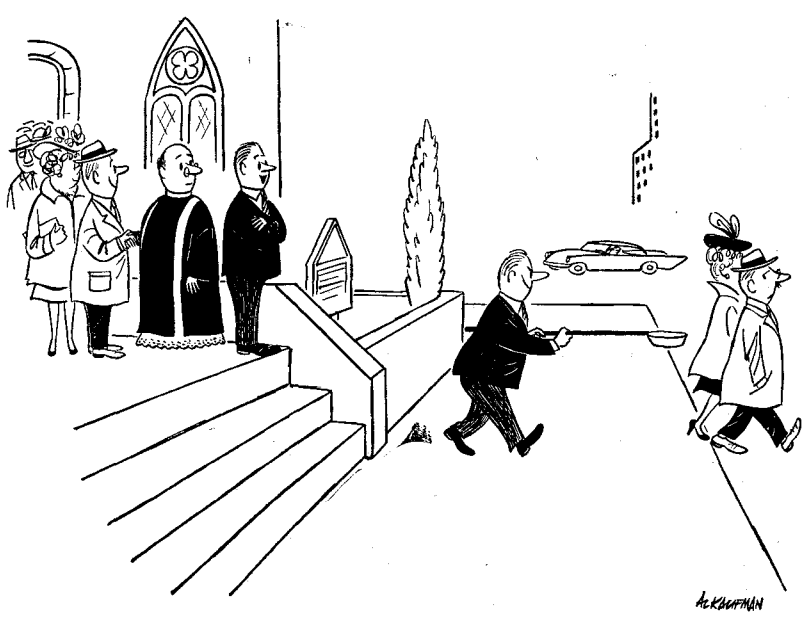
"She's had a hard day," Margaret was saying. "Look at the funny little moon mirrored in her mudguard. The light makes funny shadows on her tires, doesn't it? I can't ——" Suddenly she stood up, cupped her eyes and had herself a good hard look at those tires. Then she turned around slowly and said, "Big, fat, new tire treads. Jonas!"

"My heaven!" cried Jonas. "I had a decent, honorable secret because I love you, and the moon tells you! I would like to kick the damn thing down the beach like a football!" But as Margaret sat down, he put his arm around her and pulled himself together. "Dear, we had to have tires, and I don't want any more money to come between us right now, and now can't we forget?"

Margaret burst into great laughter about the moon. When this wore off, she gasped, "We forget," and she snuggled back down beside her man, and they went back at being free and alone.

Or tried to. There was a bit of a scar on the situation. To be sure, the cost of new tires wasn't life or death. But all the costs of everything had been wearing out their buoyancy. Jonas couldn't quite shake off being sore at the moon. Then he discovered that Margaret was crying. She seldom cried; when she did, she never made a sound; she just shook. She was shaking.

He held her and waited, knowing that words would come behind the crying. They came. "I—I've got a secret, too, but



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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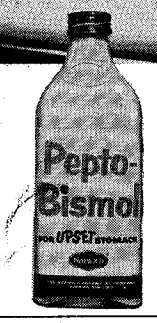

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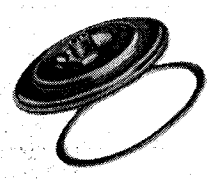

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The Senior Class Goes to Washington

(Continued from Page 25)

cowboy hats, the jubilant Little Cypress seniors set out for Washington.

Of course, few of the visiting seniors journey this far in school buses, and few arrive on chartered planes. Most come by train or chartered bus. But however they travel, they swarm through the historic shrines, governmental departments and streets of downtown Washington until, at least during April and May, white-collar workers complain that they can't shoulder their way into cafeterias because so many teen-agers are under foot.

The Bureau of Engraving and Printing, where all United States paper money is printed—$36,000,000 worth a day—is usually the first place visited by senior classes. On peak days more than 8000 seniors tour the plant. Some mornings the students line up at six o'clock, two hours before the bureau's opening time, in a glassed-in hallway leading to the entrance. They wave banners and sing school songs, and the Northern and Southern schools vie with Yankee and Rebel marching airs.

"You ought to see us first thing in the morning," says Mrs. Florence H. Penland, who has been receptionist at the bureau for a good many years. "Thousands are standing in line hollering and singing. Then we open the doors and bedlam breaks loose. Chaperons are waving letters from their congressmen asking that their classes be allowed to go through first. Groups are charging in all directions. Kids are getting sick from the heat, fainting and breaking out with the measles.

"There is a woman at the pay phone in the corner trying to call the White House to put on pressure to get her group through at once. Another woman chaperon has a hundred-dollar bill she wants me to change. I have maybe two dollars and thirty-five cents in my purse. She thinks that we ought to have lots of change since we make money.

"Our elevators will carry only twenty-five people, so we have to break up classes into groups of that size for the tour. On a busy day we dispatch one group every forty seconds. We try to keep each group moving from one point of interest to the next, with no detours en route."

An example of what can happen occurred last year, when a young woman, newly hired by the bureau, was en route to the medical department for her required physical examination. She was in the custody of a lady from the personnel department, who was convoying her near the wall to avoid the stream of high-school visitors charging down the corridor. But there was a mix-up between two groups, and in the confusion the new employee was separated from her escort and shoved into a group of students from a small town in North Carolina.

Simultaneously, a school girl was pushed behind the lady from personnel. Thinking she still had the new employee in tow, the personnel lady reached back, grasped the high-school girl's hand and led her before the medics. They were soon examining the girl, thumping her chest, looking down her throat and inoculating her against various maladies. This was more than the girl had bargained for.

"I didn't know," she quavered, "that you had to go through all this just to see them print some money."

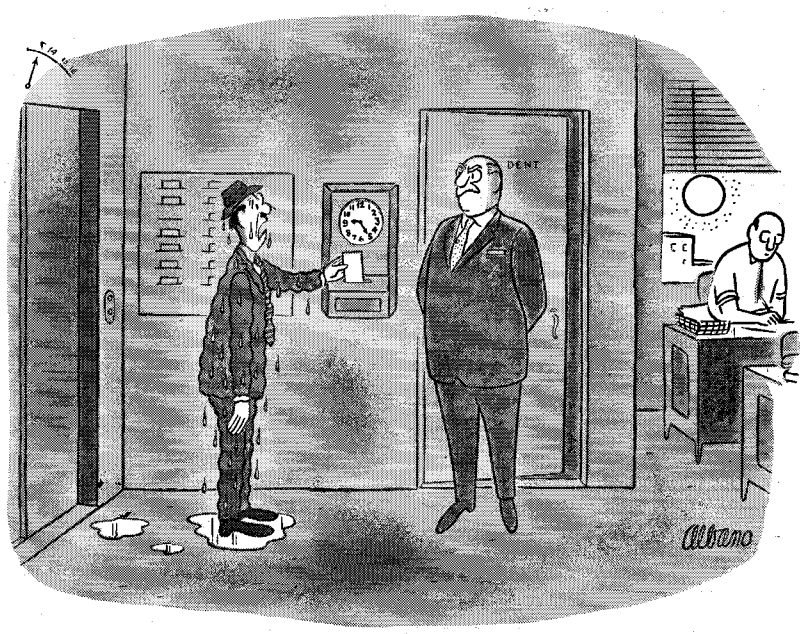
Such crowded conditions were unknown back in the days when the seniors of Central High, Trenton, New Jersey, pioneered the trip-to-Washington movement. That was in 1910. Two years later, Highland Park High, in the Detroit area, sent its senior class to the capital for the first time; there were fourteen of them. Last year Highland Park put on its forty-first Washington trip, with more than 300 seniors.

Highland Park's early trips inspired the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad to start promoting the Washington junket among schools throughout its system. This it has done with such success that last year it hauled 50,000 students to Washington and back. The Chesapeake & Ohio, next largest student carrier, handled 43,000 seniors last season.

As early as September, railroad agents make their pitch to senior classes, emphasizing Washington's wonders with the help of color movies. In addition to transportation, they arrange for hotel rooms. meals, baggage handling, tips and sightseeing services.

The trip can be as elaborate as the size of the travel chest permits, and the students often start raising money while still freshmen. They sell magazines, Christmas cards, pies and cakes, they hold rummage sales, they give dances and plays. As juniors they may sell refreshments at athletic events. In rural areas they dig potatoes and help harvest corn and hay.

With every big load of students, the railroads send along a special passenger



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I missed the ferry."

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agent. His job can be one of the most harassing in the history of human frustration. At night he must keep a reasonable facsimile of quiet on the train, despite the urge of some students to sing until dawn.

At least half the students seem to carry small cameras equipped with flash bulbs. When they spot a classmate asleep, they shoot his picture, causing violent flashings in the darkened car. And then, of course, there are water pistols, the most horrible of weapons, in the view of chaperons.

In Washington the railroad representative must see that luggage gets to the right rooms and that the travelers don't get on the wrong sight-seeing bus. Sometimes he has to steer students away from deadfalls and fleshpots. One night B. & O. Representative Bob Galloway, of Toledo, spotted some girls he believed to be members of one of his high-school groups disporting themselves in a Washington drinking place. When he directed them to follow him to the hotel, the young ladies called him names that high-school girls are not supposed to know. It turned out that they were department-store clerks.

One class in charge of B. & O. Representative John Foote, of Boston, returned late from its last day of Washington sightseeing, when their train was almost ready to leave for home. Foote told his charges that they would have to run from the hotel to the station, and that he would lead the way. Some policemen, observing a man apparently being pursued by a crowd of youngsters, leaped to the conclusion that he was an escaping thief. They promptly grabbed Foote and would have run him in, but the students managed to talk him out of trouble.

Sometimes a railroad representative gets a free night in Washington. That is when one of the schools takes a moonlight cruise down the Potomac aboard the excursion steamer Mt. Vernon. Student traffic has become so heavy that the Mt. Vernon devotes four nights each week for nearly three months exclusively to high-school passengers. The cruise is highly popular with chaperons, because for that one evening their charges are surrounded by water, and unable to get into the usual varieties of mischief.

Perhaps the most widespread form this mischief takes is appropriating hotel property as souvenirs. This form of larceny is not without its compensations to the hotel people, as Robert Blackistone, owner of the Plaza Hotel, can attest. Arrested for speeding in New Jersey some years ago, Blackistone was taken before a justice of the peace. The latter regarded him closely for a minute, then told the state trooper that he (the justice) and the girl he later married had been members of a senior class that made a trip to Washington.

"Two of the most sentimental possessions that we have in our home today," mused the justice, "are a couple of towels from the Plaza Hotel. We stole these towels from Mr. Blackistone here. How am I going to fine a man from whom I have stolen? Case dismissed."

The Plaza is one of about twenty Washington hotels that depend largely on the touring students for their profits. In two and a half months the Plaza's ninety rooms will house between 10,000 and 12,000 seniors, four to the room, at a flat rate of $8 apiece a day, including meals, or $3.50 without meals. Thus, a room that would rent ordinarily for $5.50 a day brings in $14 when it is shared by four students.

Profitable as it is, however, the student trade is not without headaches for the management. For one thing, it is difficult to get the seniors to bed at night. They like to sit up and talk, walk the corridors and bang on the doors of friends' rooms. Regular guests complain bitterly. Sometimes the boys play tricks on chaperons and the hotel staff, with electrifying effect. Once a fun-loving group put a youth in a bathtub at the Plaza, threw some red gelatin powder in the water to make it red, then spread the alarm that their classmate had cut his throat. This caused quite a flap.

But R. V. Bryce, manager of the Harrington Hotel, has a philosophy that illustrates the attitude of tolerance that hotel managements try to take toward frisky students:

"Of course, the kids have fun with our automatic elevators when we aren't looking," Bryce said not long ago. "Some will empty sand out of the cigarette urns on the carpet. They sometimes rip open pillows and scatter feathers. What can you do? We talk to the kid, and if he looks a little bit sorry, we forget it."

Last May I traveled out to Defiance, Ohio, to accompany a typical senior class on its Washington trip. Defiance has a population of 13,000, and most of them seemed to be at the B. & O. station the night of the big departure.

Parents helped the class aboard Train No. 26 with their mounds of new luggage, going-away presents from mom and pop. The class had three special cars. The boys, most of them clad in dungarees, sport shirts, plaid caps and moccasins, occupied the front car and the front half of the second car. Then came a barricade of chaperons. The girls, who wore blouses, sweaters, flat-heeled shoes and peasant or tweed skirts—or toreador pants—were in the rear part of the second car and the entire third car. Kenneth V. Green, faculty sponsor, was in charge of the 172 seniors and nine chaperons. He said the class had raised more than $10,000 for the journey.

After a restless night spent on reclining seats, the Defiance seniors looked amazingly spruce when No. 26 rolled into Washington's Union Station at 9:30 in the morning. Chartered sight-seeing buses promptly whisked them off to inspect the Bureau of Engraving and Printing and, later, the Capitol.

At noon the class assembled on a lawn in front of the Capitol for its photograph. Set up and waiting was the staff of a Washington photography concern, headed by Mr. E. P. Sexton, a short, explosive man. He carried a megaphone, through which he has shouted posing instructions to hundreds of senior classes over the years. Sexton punctuates his remarks now and then by shouting, "Hubba-hubba!"

"Ladies and gentlemen," Sexton began, after arranging the class in sitting, kneeling and standing rows, "this is the finest group that I have seen this year. . . . Hubba-hubba! . . . Do not move. This will be a time exposure. The camera will revolve on its stand, beginning at my left and traveling along your entire line toward the right. Now smile."

He whipped from his pocket a large letter E, made of plastic, and continued: "Now say 'E' as the lens passes you. . . . Hubba-hubba! . . . 'E' is what they say when portraits are made in Hollywood. It shapes their mouths just right for photographs and makes them look good. Hubba-hubba!"

During the remainder of their stay in Washington, Defiance seniors shouted Sexton's strange cry at one another at frequent intervals.

Early the next morning we boarded five chartered buses to visit the FBI. We witnessed examples of marksmanship with Tommy guns and revolvers, observed the arsenals of the Dillinger, Karpis and Baker gangs, saw how fingerprints are

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filed and how ultraviolet light shows up secret writing.

After visiting the Smithsonian Institution and lunching at the Willard's special cafeteria for students, the Defiance group was driven along Embassy Row. Later the class visited the National Archives and the Library of Congress, ending with the Lincoln Memorial and the Washington Monument.

At the Washington Monument, many high-school seniors feel impelled to run, not walk, up the 898 steps to the top, 555 feet above the Capitol Mall. This form of activity distresses a good many middle-aged ladies, who write the National Capital Parks Division of the Interior Department, suggesting that the monument stairs be closed. They fear that students running up them will get heart attacks. Actually, there is no record of any heart attack caused by climbing the stairs, although years ago some people fainted while ascending in the elevator.

"Somebody would topple over nearly every day," Edward J. Kelly, National Capital Parks superintendent, recalls. "They fainted because of the height and a feeling of claustrophobia brought on by the shaft's narrowing toward the top. We used to buy ammonia by the quart to revive them. The faintings stopped suddenly in 1943, when we recorded a short history of the monument to play as the elevator ascends. The talk takes people's minds off the height and closing walls, and nobody faints any more."

At the Washington Monument and certain other shrines, seniors may buy dignified souvenirs, such as views of Washington, reproductions of the Declaration of Independence and books on Washington, Lincoln, Jefferson and Lee. But the bulk of Washington's $2,000,000 souvenir business is done by about 200 stands in hotels, restaurants, stores and the Union Station. The biggest seller is a year pin. This is a small brass representation of the Capitol with the year attached by a short chain, all plated in gold or silver. Students buy about 200,000 of these a season, for thirty-five cents each.

Years ago, practically every male student bought a twenty-five-cent walking cane. Nowadays it's hats, a different type each season. Four years ago the rage was for bebop, or pizza, caps—great, baggy, checkered affairs with small bills. Next year it was jockey caps and, the year following, black derbies. Last year the vogue was Civil War officer hats, two dollars each, and flat-topped forage caps, one dollar. Confederate headgear outsells Union hats three to one.

Our Defiance seniors bought no Civil War hats, even though they were in Washington on Memorial Day. It was the last day of their visit, and they went out to visit the Jefferson Memorial, and to tour Alexandria, Virginia, Mount Vernon and Arlington National Cemetery.

During the ride to Mount Vernon, our driver, C. A. Payne, gave a demonstration of what drivers call "keeping the kids interested during the 'dead spots.'" The bus hit a bump, and driver Payne sang out over his microphone: "George Washington used to gallop on horseback home from Alexandria. We try to give you the same sort of ride."

Returning from Mount Vernon, I rode in driver Ray Boyle's bus. One of his tricks to sustain interest is to offer prizes for answers to difficult questions, such as:

"I will give a box of candy to anyone who can name the eight Presidents of the United States who came from Virginia." (Answer: Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, W. H. Harrison, Tyler, Taylor and Wilson.)

At Mount Vernon our group became part of the endless line that tramped among the old brick outbuildings, then up and down the ancient stairways and through the low-ceilinged rooms of the mansion.

The drivers say that the students who come to Washington nowadays are better dressed, better looking and more interested in things than seniors of years gone by. Even so, some seniors want to see Grant's tomb and the United Nations, both of which are located in New York. They expect to find the President in the Capitol, and some even ask if any relatives of the Unknown Soldier have ever been located.

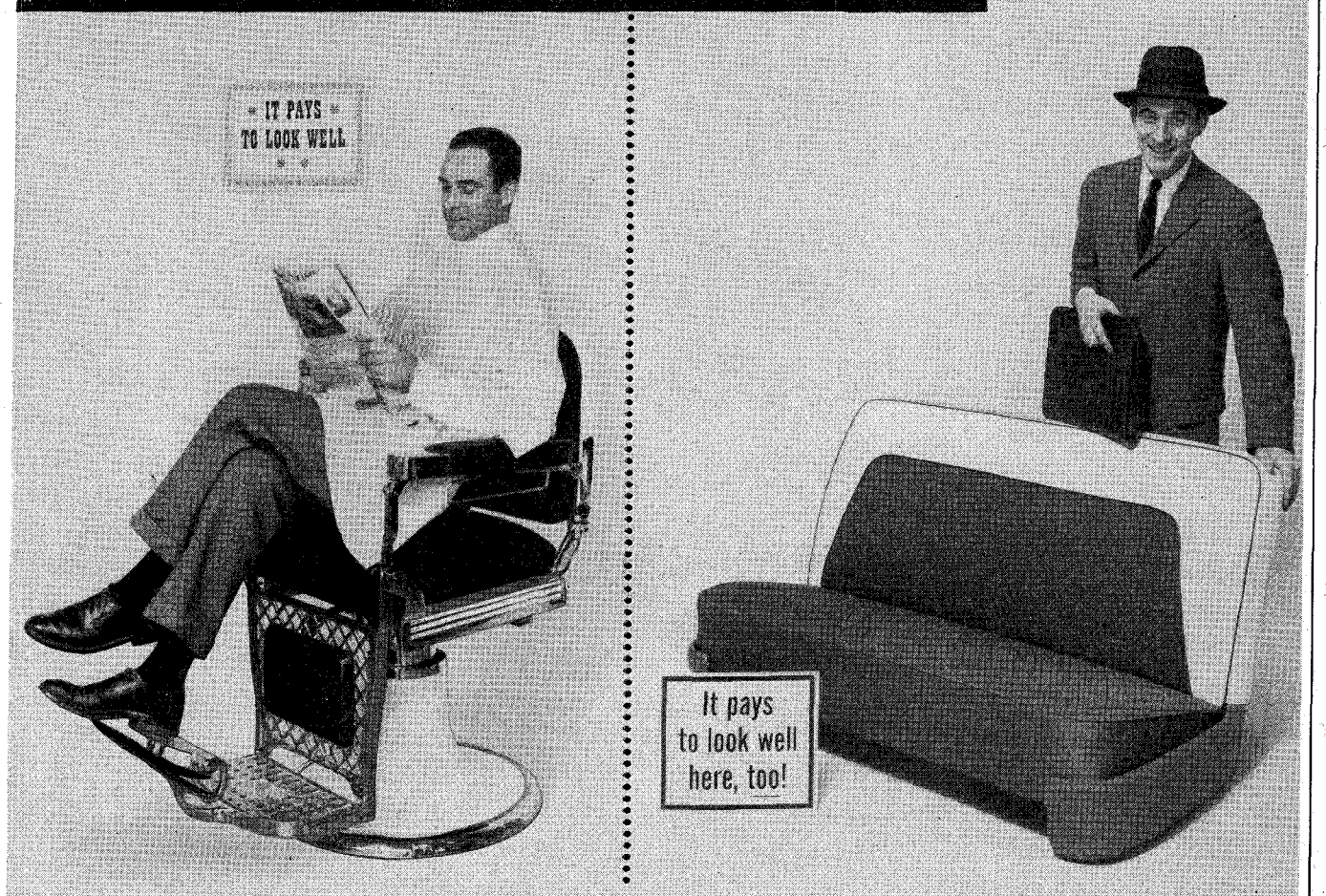
Late on Memorial Day we left for Arlington Cemetery to see the changing of the guard at the tomb of the Unknown Soldier. Some went to the movies that evening. Others just sat in the Willard lobby with their shoes off, waiting for train time. They boarded at eleven o'clock that night. As I walked through their cars just before the train left, most of them said they hated to be leaving just as they were beginning to understand Washington. Most said they probably wouldn't get back again. But, if past experience means anything, some will be back sooner than they expect.

Robert Blackistone's Plaza Hotel often receives letters along these lines:

The girl I am about to marry and I were members of a senior class that stayed in your hotel during our class trip three years ago. She was in Room 510 and I was with three boys in 316. We want to spend our honeymoon in your hotel and, for sentimental reasons, we would like to have Room 510 for three nights and Room 316 for three nights. Please see that double beds are put in each room.

THE END

both seats help you create an impression!



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You Can't Afford a Divorce

(Continued from Page 31)

commissioners, is the biggest single court in the United States—probably in the world. At least one judge and three commissioners each year devote full time to these preliminary hearings. Most of the other judges and commissioners spend a large percentage of their time on divorce cases. And well we should. One third of the 100,000 cases filed in our court last year were domestic-relations matters. And the avalanche gets greater each year.

In nine out of ten preliminary hearings, our main problem is how to divide the family income between husband and wife. We get plenty of practice in this—hundreds of cases a year apiece. But if there's any satisfactory economic answer, we don't know what it is.

Trying to make one dollar do the job of two is terribly hard on both of the marital partners. But it's hardest on the woman.

As America has become more conscious of the enormity of its divorce problem, which is by far the worst in the world, a great many articles have been written on various phases of the subject. These serve a valuable purpose. They call the attention of any person contemplating divorce to some of the factors which should be considered. The psychological and social effects upon the parties—and particularly upon their children—have received a lot of magazine coverage.

This is all excellent. However, the economic aspect of the subject has been largely ignored by the writers. And it's too important to be ignored.

Of course, you wouldn't think money was much of a problem in divorce, from your reading of the newspapers. Almost daily one reads that this socialite got a multimillion-dollar property settlement and that movie star is asking for several thousand a month alimony. However, these cases are terribly rare. If they weren't, they wouldn't be newsworthy. In the run-of-the-mill cases, particularly if there are children, the woman rarely receives an adequate award.

It may sound heartless to talk about money in connection with divorce. Certainly the economic hardships are not, at first blush, comparable to the emotional dislocations. And if the only economic effect of divorce were that each spouse no longer had money enough to gratify all his wishes, it would not be worth mentioning. But this is by no means its only effect.

Economic factors intensify all the other undesirable sociological and psychological effects of divorce. Lack of money aggravates the already unfortunate emotional climate in which children live after the divorce. It increases the hopelessness and emotional dislocations of their parents, and contributes to juvenile delinquency. It is hard to find an area affected by divorce which is not also affected by the economic privations which follow it.

Sometimes I'm asked, "What is a routine case?" There is no such thing. Divorce touches the very core of at least two people. No two people are alike, so no case can be exactly like any other.

But they do tend to fall into more or less of a pattern. Here is a "typical" case I heard recently, with nothing changed but the names. Bill and Lois Gale, married seven years, have three children. They lived in a new tract house about five miles from Bill's plant. Bill, 28 years old, had been doing very well. He had just been made a supervisor and was earning $95 a week take-home pay. He and Lois had the usual "easy-monthly-payment" expenses of young people in their group—$65 house payments, $75 on a new car, $20 on furniture, $15 on the TV, and another $15 on a washing machine. They also had a regular clothing account with one of the stores, on which they paid $10 a month. They had anticipated Bill's promotion to supervisor a few months before it occurred, and had wanted to buy the new car. In order to make the down payment, they borrowed several hundred dollars from a finance company, which they were paying off at $25 per month. None of these items was so horrible in itself. But, together, they were.

In addition to these, they had all the normal household expenses that any young couple with children would have—food, milk, utilities, medical, plus insurance, incidentals, and some entertainment and recreation. All told, these came to more than Bill was making.

"Well, that certainly gets the season off winging!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Bill and Lois had had difficulties for the past couple of years, the routine differences which beset any young couple. Each loved their children and had tried very hard to avoid irritating the other, especially when the youngsters' interests were threatened. And they had seemed well on the road to adjusting their differences.

But the new car and the finance-company payments, coming on top of all the others, increased the economic worries which Bill was bearing on his shoulders, and increased his irritability toward Lois. Their arguments became more frequent and more bitter. Their attitude toward each other cooled. Finally, without really understanding why, they came to believe that their marriage was no longer salvageable. This brought them into my court.

Once a young couple have been through a court hearing, their marital problems become much harder to resolve. Hearing your husband or wife make accusations against you on the witness stand hardly creates the right atmosphere for reconciliation. Lois and Bill's case was entirely too typical. They are divorced now.

Here was a case in which economic factors had a direct bearing upon the divorce. This is commonplace. Whatever the reasons, it is nevertheless true that today, after a decade and a half of a general prosperity unparalleled in history, we find a vast number of couples whose greatest difficulty is their inability to live within their incomes. Many of them need a business adviser far more than a marriage counselor. With many other marriages, the connection between finances and divorce courts is not so direct, but it is there.

Do people escape from money problems when a divorce is obtained? Never. They merely make them worse.

Most people, while contemplating divorce, think seriously of its probable effects upon themselves and their children. They appreciate the loneliness which they will face, at least for a time. They understand how undesirable it is to bring their children up with just one parent. But they overlook, or at least underestimate, the importance of the economic factors which will affect them after divorce.

This is especially true of women. Despite the vast number of working women today, it's still true that the average wife hasn't been earning wages since the children began coming. She has only the vaguest idea of what it would cost her and the children to live if she were to be separated from her breadwinner.

Furthermore, the newspapers and the advice of her friends—at least those who have not been through divorce—do little to disillusion her. She expects to obtain an award which will cover at least her minimum needs, although she is probably aware that some tightening of the belt will be required.

The husband has little if any clearer idea of what it will cost him to live alone. But he has read the papers, and believes that "the courts always favor the woman." He comes to the preliminary hearing as if he were mounting the guillotine.

What do you suppose the average husband is ordered to pay his wife and children? I have put this question to a number of lawyers and also to a cross section of nonlawyers. As you might expect, the lawyers' guesses were the more conservative. Their estimates averaged about $75 a month per person. The laymen thought this was too low. Their ideas ranged from $100 to $300 per month apiece. The facts are vastly different. My last several hundred orders have averaged not $150, not $75, but $35 per

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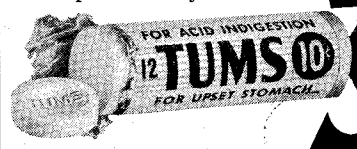

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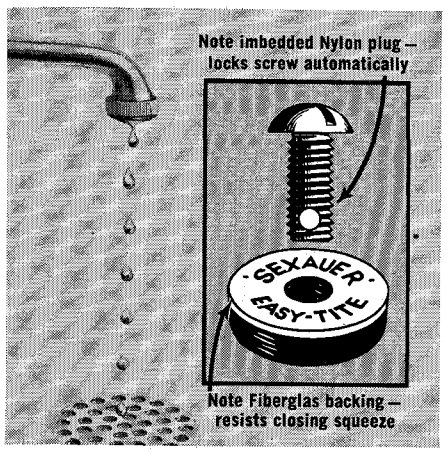

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month per person. A wife with two children will get slightly over $100 a month to feed, clothe and shelter her brood and herself.

But if these are the facts—and they check pretty well with orders made by other courts, both in Los Angeles and in other parts of the country—why do most people think the wife makes out so well in a divorce?

The answer seems to be: because there is just enough basis for this attitude to make it understandable. For example, a recent case in our court received considerable newspaper publicity. The wife, 38 years old and the mother of four children, ages 6 to 13, had been awarded $50,000 a year as alimony and child support by the judge who granted her divorce in 1952. She now asked to have this increased to $78,000, claiming that her expenses were over $5800 a month and that she couldn't get by on the sum she was receiving. She also claimed that her ex-husband's income had doubled since the divorce. Although her request for an increase was denied, it is easy to understand the widespread interest which the case aroused.

Similar rare exceptions do arise from time to time. They get into the newspapers and confuse the public mind. The newspapers do not touch the 99 per cent of cases in which a mother with two children gets about $100 per month. This is an average award, meaning that many wives get even less. But a woman whose husband earns $500 to $1000 a month doesn't do much better. While the earnings of this group are higher, so is their standard of living. The executive's wife is seldom much better off than her sister who married the factory worker. All of them must lower their standard of living after divorce. You can't run two households for the price of one.

It's even true considerably further up the economic ladder. Due to accumulated capital, the reduction in living standards may not be immediately apparent. But it takes effect sooner or later. Even Mr. Tommy Manville must at times feel a pinch in the pocketbook.

Obviously, Mrs. Average Ex-Wife isn't going to be able to support herself and the children on $100 a month. The judge who decides how much should be paid knows that. Why, then, does he make such an order? Certainly, it offends one's sense of propriety. It seems reasonable that the wife and her two children should have about three quarters of the family income, with the husband required to get along on what is left. Instead, the wage earner's wife and children get less than one third of his income, leaving the balance for him. How can this be justified?

As a theoretical matter it can't be. It certainly leaves the husband in a much better position, dollarwise, than the wife and children. And isn't it the principal duty of the court to protect the best interests of the children? How can we feel we are doing this when we make orders like that?

The answer is simple. It is not the court order itself which feeds the children. The court's mere ordering of certain amounts doesn't mean they will be paid. If it is to mean anything, the order must be a workable one. This means that it must be not only one which the husband is able to pay but one which he himself feels he can pay.

The law leaves it up to the court to fix a "reasonable" amount to be paid as alimony and child support. This means that the court must (a) determine the wife's reasonable needs, (b) find out the husband's ability to pay, and (c) make the support order accordingly.

In reality, the first factor is unimportant in almost all cases. Rarely do we see a case in which the wife's needs aren't considerably greater than the husband's ability to pay. The law doesn't cover this situation at all. But as a practical matter, the judge must give it serious consideration. Naturally, he must prune the husband's needs down to the barest minimum. He must pare the wife's estimated expenses in a like manner. But, usually, the husband's minimum needs, subtracted from his income, leave a great deal less than the wife's bare necessities. What to do?

A court can adopt only one policy, if it is to stay within the bounds of common sense. It must figure the husband's reasonable needs, subtract that amount from his earnings, and give the balance, however inadequate, to the wife.

Sounds horrible, doesn't it? It certainly doesn't go along with the popular concept that the wife gets the better of it in divorce. In fact, it seems downright heartless.

But suppose we didn't do it this way. Suppose the order was for a higher amount—one which came closer to the wife's needs. What would be the effect?

I recently heard a case which illustrates perfectly the end result of this course. A couple we'll call the Goyers, who had three half-grown boys, were divorced. At that time they had no debts. Their sole asset was a few thousand dollars in Goyer's retirement fund, which couldn't be touched as long as he continued in the same job. That job paid $65 a week. From this, the court had ordered him to pay $30 a week as child support.

No one would quarrel with the idea that it takes at least $10 a week to feed, clothe and shelter a growing boy. Certainly Mrs. Goyer was not growing rich on this amount. She unquestionably needed far more. But the fact remains that after the $30 per week was taken out, Goyer had only $35 each week to live on. Bare existence may be possible on that amount, but it is certainly a cheerless prospect.

Goyer was basically a conscientious man. Aware of his duty to his children and respectful of the court order, he complied almost completely for over a year and a half, being only a few dollars in arrears at the end of that time. But in so doing, he had gradually got deeper and deeper into debt. He went through the usual steps which are taken by a man living beyond his income. First he would borrow a few dollars "until payday" from a friend or fellow employee, and repay this by borrowing from another. When he began to exhaust this source of funds, he borrowed from the credit union at his factory, and finally from finance companies. Interest charges and refinancing costs took an ever-increasing number of the few dollars he had for his own use. His child-support payments became tardy, then less than the full amount. This incurred his former wife's ire, for which you could hardly blame her. Each week Goyer felt more and more trapped. Each week his creditors were more clamorous, his wife more strident.

All this despite the utmost frugality on his part. He paid $10 a week for a furnished room and allowed himself $2 a day for meals. His other expenses were likewise kept to a minimum. He had almost no diversions, even giving up smoking in order to save a few cents a day. But still he couldn't make ends meet.

Goyer now owed approximately $1500 in bills, finance-company obligations, and so on. He had not had a car for several years. He was going along with this oppressive weight on his shoulders, getting nothing out of life. He could see no daylight ahead. He could not hope to remarry, just simply couldn't afford to. There was nothing in his future except an ever-greater burden on his back.

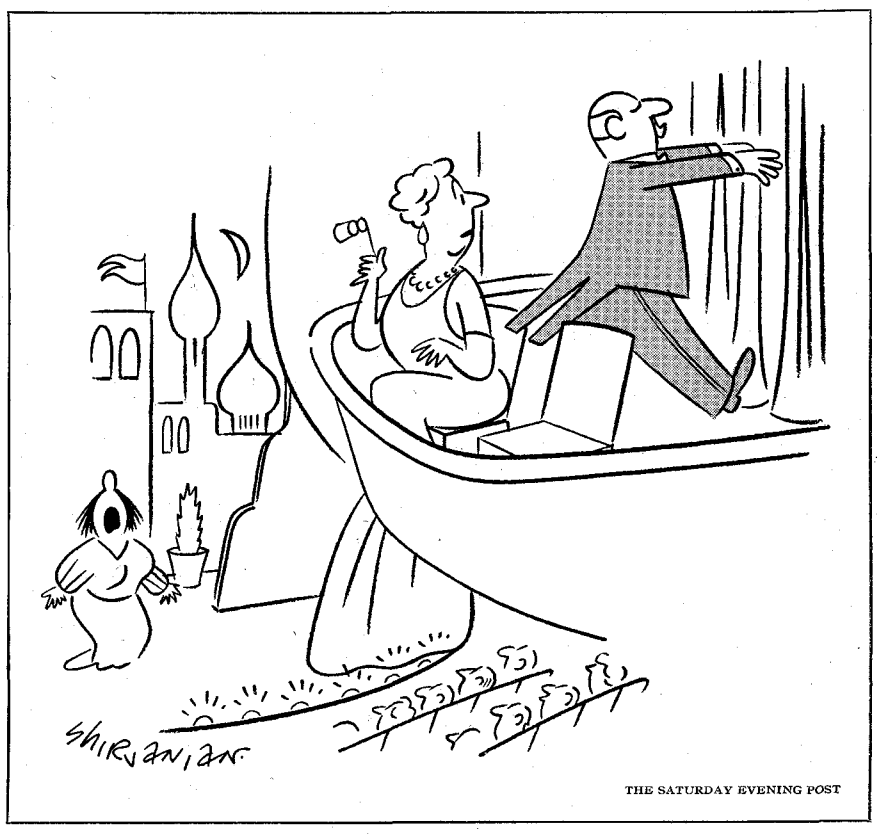
This is a situation which breeds desperation. And desperation breeds recklessness. Then it happened. One day Goyer decided he had had all that he could take and that he could never comply with the court order anyway.

He wrote his former wife a letter, parts of which read this way:

—— you know you're pretty lucky to have been getting the support for so long as it is.

I know it must be hard for you. But on the other hand it's darn hard for me to keep you in payments and keep my own household and try to carry on a half normal courtship with any one else. All I've been doing the past years is eat crumbs and bum around myself and finally I've gotten just darn tired of it. Frankly I can't see any future in it. . . .

There's no use threatening me with what the court said I was to do because I'm pretty well acquainted with what they said and what they can do if I fall back on it, but I don't give a darn any more. I've scraped and done without for too long and the way it is I wouldn't be any (*Continued on Page 130*)



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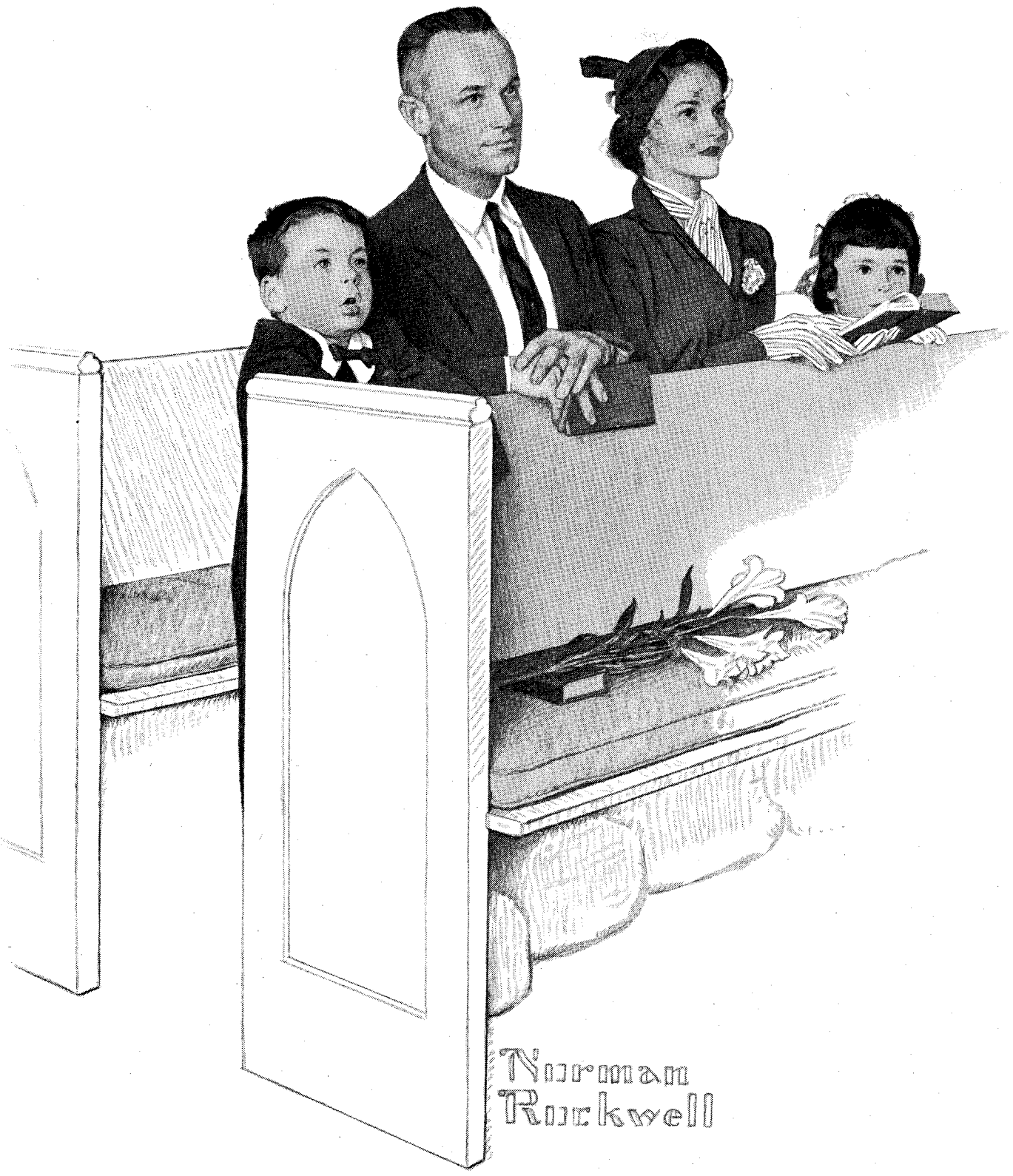

In this season it is well to remember that the hope of our world rests on faith. Through faith our forefathers—men of varied faiths—built this country. And only through faith can we, in our turn, build confidently for the future.

Faith is a family matter, too . . . and with it goes the responsibility for helping our children prepare for tomorrow's world.

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(*Continued from Page 128*) worse off in jail and if that's where they want to put me it's O.K. with me. At least I won't have to worry about the rent. . . .

I've tried every diversion I can think of, but I always run into that blank wall and there you are demanding your money. I'm just tired of it all and I just don't give a darn any more.

. . . so I just decided to give up and let matters take their course, and as far as you saying you will get your back support, all I can say is good luck to you, because I don't know where I'd get it.

Regardless of whether he was right or not, his state of mind shows pretty clearly, doesn't it?

The next day he quit his job and drew out his entire balance in the retirement fund. First, he paid off all his outstanding debts. Next he made a down payment on a new automobile. The balance he disposed of by taking a trip to a gambling resort. In about ten days he got rid of every dollar it had taken him many years to accumulate.

About three months later Goyer had still paid nothing more on child support. In fact, although he had got his old job back, he was worse off than before. The money was gone and he had additional expenses, such as automobile payments and upkeep. He was haled into court by his wife, and the matter was dumped in my lap.

There was no question but that he had deliberately disregarded the court order, for the past three months at least. Therefore I could have sent him to jail for contempt of court. Goyer offered no excuse. He stated the facts calmly, admitted he knew he had been ordered to pay child support, and that he deliberately hadn't. He offered no suggestions as to what could be done. Essentially, his attitude was: "Send me to jail."

But the matter wasn't so simple as that. Sending him to jail wouldn't feed the children. Goyer had tried very hard to live up to his responsibilities as a father, until the burden became overwhelming. He just was unable to cope with a future which offered no ray of light.

Fortunately, neither his wife nor her attorney was vindictive. They wanted to get child-support payments, not to have Goyer thrown in jail. After spending a lot of time trying to work out a solution, everyone finally agreed that child support be cut to $20 a week. We were able to work out some reductions in Goyer's expenses, such as trading in his new-model car for an older one. In all probability, he will be able to comply with the $20-a-week order in the future.

Will Goyer actually make these payments? I think so, although it will still be rough going.

There is nothing unusual about Goyer's conduct, except that he made a more sustained effort than most husbands would to live up to an excessive court order and he remained around to face the music when he broke under it.

The average husband in this position is apt to skip town. In good times such as these, the average individual can find employment in almost any part of the country. There are certain legal steps the wife can take, but these are of no use to her unless she can locate him. Even if she does, and sets these legal measures in motion, he can avoid them by going to still another state. These "skips" impose a heavy burden on the taxpayers. The state of California alone spends about $60,000,000 a year to support children who have been abandoned by their fathers.

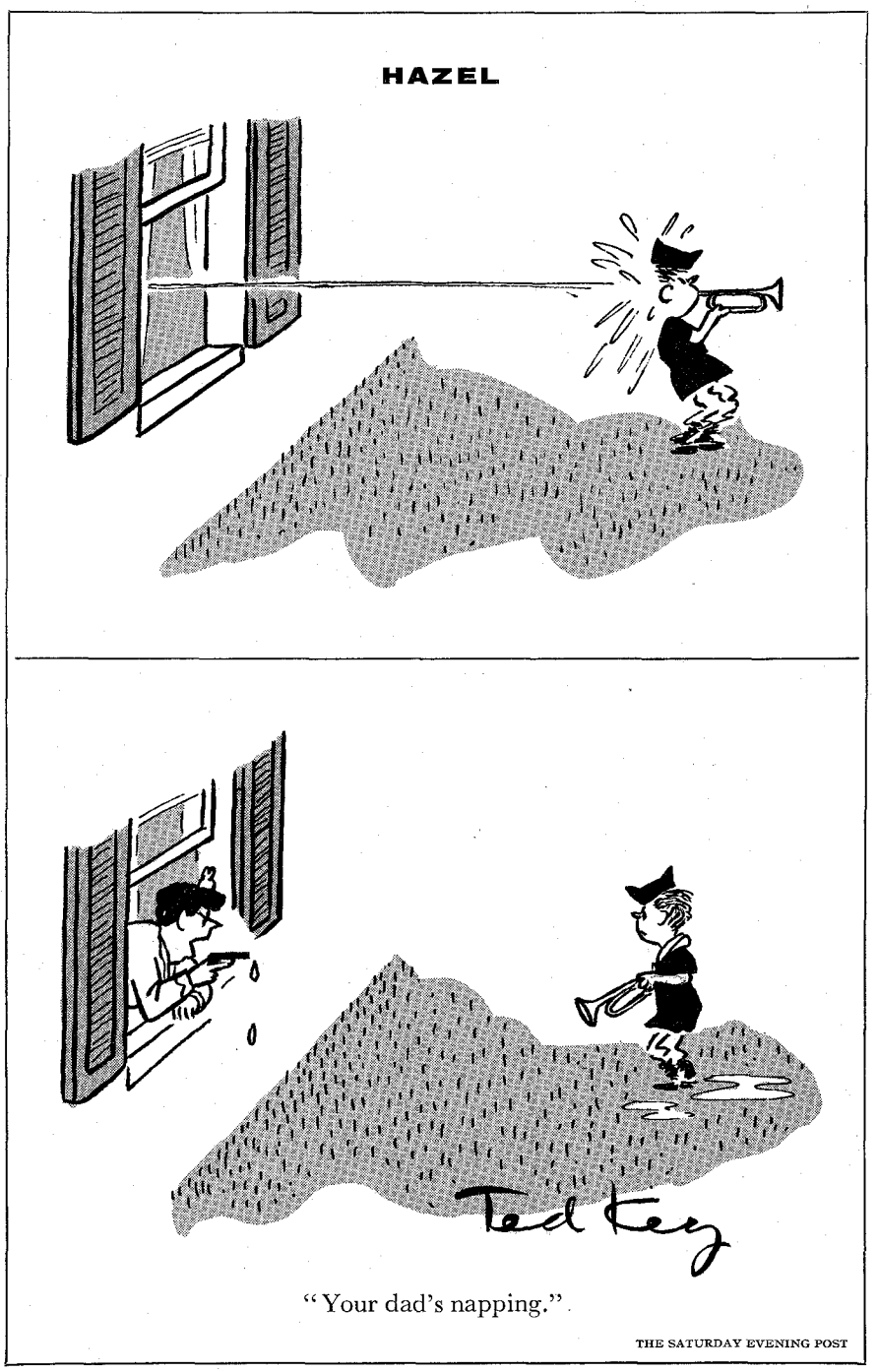
It is these considerations which make the average court err on the low side when fixing an award. All we can hope for is to do the maximum which is practicable to induce or goad the husband into making payments. The court's job is to see that this burden is not too great, so that he has sufficient incentive to keep him pulling in the traces.

Suppose that our typical wife receives, promptly and in full, this $100 per month ordered by the court. Even so, she and the children can't exist on it. According to governmental and private studies, a woman with two children, living in or near a large city, can just about get by on $250 a month at today's prices. Thus she must obtain at least $150 more each month. Except for the fortunate few, this extra amount must be earned by her. She must get a job to supplement their income.

What is she qualified to do? Ordinarily, nothing. She may have worked a short time before marriage, but seldom has she retained any abilities which have great value on the labor market. So she must take a job requiring little or no training, and this generally means it is also low paying.

Normally, she works as either a waitress or a retail clerk. But no matter what her employment is, she also attempts to maintain a home. The maximum incidence of divorce comes after approximately seven years of marriage, so the children are seldom more than primary-school age and cannot be left without supervision. Out of her meager earnings and the child-support payments, she must pay a baby sitter, unless there are relatives available. The average mother does well if she collects enough in child-support payments to take care of her baby-sitter expense.

To get an idea of the changes divorce makes in the lives of its participants, suppose we turn again to the George West family, who were mentioned at the beginning of this article. Out of his $350 a month, the court has ordered George to pay $125 to Betty and their two children.



"Your dad's napping."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Betty has got a job which pays her $50 per week. Her baby sitter costs $15 a week. So, even before we consider the other expenses of working—transportation, lunches, better clothes, and so on—she is netting about $150 a month from working. Add to this the $125 George pays, and she has $275 to meet monthly expenses which differ very little from those barely met out of an income of $350 when they were living together.

She doesn't think much of her baby sitter, an old slattern whose sole virtue is her cheapness. The more desirable ones are able to get $20 and $25 a week, which is more than Betty can pay. The housework is always hanging over her head. The place is perpetually in a mess, but she lacks the strength to tackle it after a full day's work.

She worries also about the attitude of the children. They are very resentful over the divorce, and seem to blame her more than their father. This is particularly true after the alternate weekends the court allowed George to have them. It seems to take almost the entire two weeks to put their relationship with her back to normal, and then it's time for the visit with George again. She wants desperately to spend more time with the children, but her weekends are taken up with housework.

Betty West realizes that she has become irritable. She knows this is alienating the children and making them harder to control. She also knows they resent her complaints about their father. She is overworked, run-down and beset with financial and other problems. She can't seem to control her nerves. Is she better off than when living with her husband? Only Betty West can answer that question. But it seems unlikely that the annoyances of married life seem as important as they once did.

How is George making out? Has his position improved since he moved out of the home? It's hard to see how. Instead of watching TV in his own living room, he now watches it in the corner tavern. His furnished room is too small to hold a television set, even if he could afford to buy one. His stomach is perpetually sour from the meals he buys at the cheap restaurant down the block. Betty was no great cook, but he frequently thinks wistfully about her meals, which improve greatly in memory.

During the day, things aren't too bad. His life at work is much the same as it ever was. But the evenings are rough. No one in his room to care about him, to joke with, even fight with. No children to get underfoot. Nothing but loneliness. To escape this, George has been spending more and more time at the tavern, drinking more than is good for him. Even so, he must nurse his drinks, for he is operating on a very tight budget. The court order saw to that. There's no real leeway in it.

The alternate weekends when he has the children have become the high points of his life.

When he has the children, he tends to spoil them, and he knows it.

But how can he help it? Betty has them for twelve solid days; he has only the two days to maintain his position in their hearts.

Outside of these alternate weekends, his life is drab. His enforced pinchpenny habits infuriate him.

The thought of skipping out has entered his head, but he thrusts it away. It wouldn't be honorable. Besides, it would mean losing the kids completely, and they are his whole life now.

Will George West feel the same way after several more years of this niggardly existence, or will he, too, run away? Only time can tell. But no matter what George eventually does, Betty cannot evade the responsibility of the children. Their burden falls squarely on her shoulders. She gets the major share of the problems created by the divorce.

It is hard to see how George and Betty West have improved their lot by a trip through the divorce courts. And they are representative of the young married group who make up the bulk of the divorce seekers.

There are always some situations in which it is impossible for two people to continue living together. Here the inevitable worsening of the economic position is probably justified. But, normally, divorce is simply the exchange of one set of frustrations for another. Regardless of whether this is better or worse emotionally, it is unquestionably worse economically. And for both of them. You cannot maintain two houses for the price of one.

THE END

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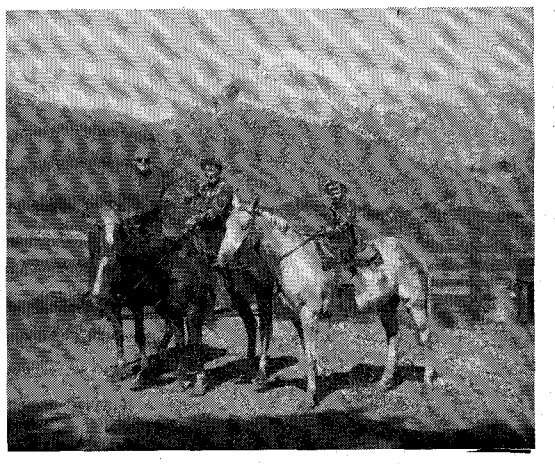
Keeping Posted

Where Did the Paintings Go?

Maybe you'd like to know what became of the portraits of President Eisenhower and Adlai Stevenson which Norman Rockwell painted for Post covers last fall.

The Eisenhower picture, with the approval of all parties concerned, now hangs in the Museum of the Eisenhower Foundation in Abilene, Kansas, where, according to museum director J. Earl Endacott, it has been a major attraction to the numerous visitors who pass through. The other portrait went to Libertyville, Illinois, and after its arrival Adlai Stevenson wrote Art Editor Ken Stuart, "I am indebted beyond expression to the Post, first for having commissioned Norman Rockwell to do my portrait, and now for having presented me with the original of that extraordinarily fine painting. It will promptly claim a place of honor in my home."

The Bellahs in the Old Paiute Country



James Warner Bellah, whose business is writing books, stories, screen plays and TV plays, says, "We're also still in the business of bringing up two young boys. Herewith photo of the family, mounted. The horses are old enough to vote." That's John riding alone, "whereas Stephen, a great man with the ladies, has his mother riding pillion." Behind the Rocking K Ranch in Inyo County, California, climb the High Sierras, this being country where one can go from desert parch (Death Valley is just around the corner) to snow in an hour. Here is the old perennial camping grounds of the Paiutes, and here Jim Bellah wrote the story on page 40—says he, "That can near the fence contains the first draft."

All this is indeed a harmonious setting for an author who writes often of the wide places of the West. But just for the record, his home is on a street in Santa Monica.

Life Among the Editors' Daughters

Miss Kilker

A pretty girl went into a Philadelphia store and a woman shopper turned to her and said, "I'm associated with Dan Moerder, the photographer, and you make me think of the kind of girl he is trying to find to pose for an advertisement. Would you like to be a model?" The lass, whose name is Gail, said she most absolutely would, but somebody had better telephone her mother about this. Photos of Gail were presently made, and after that she pretty much forgot about the matter. Until one recent morning when a classmate emotionally exclaimed to her, "Hey, last night I saw a magazine ad with a girl wearing our school letters, and the girl is you all right, and now what's this all about?" To climax matters gracefully, it was then discovered that the same ad was scheduled to run in this week's Post. See page 50, courtesy of the Bell Telephone System.

In suburban Wynnewood lives the Post's associate art editor, Frank Kilker, with Mrs. K. and two Misses K. Daughter Gail, a senior at Mater Misericordiae Academy, is a scholarship-level student, an editor, an actress, a committeewoman, a letter winner, and very handy at drawing—and some college will be glad to see her next fall when she and her parents make up her mind which one. Meanwhile, in the person of Gail's sister, eleven-year-old Linda, the Kilkers have another talented young charmer coming up.

Belafonte Becomes an Audience

Back in 1954 photographer Jack Holmes and his author-wife, Jeanne, wanted to introduce their daughter, Vande, and son, Rip, to America's heritage of folk songs, and a music shop recommended a Harry Belafonte album. One thing led to another, as things do. Rip became a dandy imitator of Belafonte; Jeanne decided to write a piece about Harry (page 28); Belafonte became a good friend of the Holmeses during visits at their Coral Gables, Florida, home; and now Jeanne and Harry are planning a book. Belafonte is so busy that he had to be interviewed a lot by telephone; hence the photos of Rip serenading the other singer. The aria he is rendering is Timber.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"On the Loose in Moscow"

With camera in hand, David Duncan wandered about the Soviet capital and even "shot" Khrushchev without anybody noticing. You'll want to see the most remarkable photos an American ever took in Russia.

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